ESSAY BACKGROUNDS FOR WRITING AND SPEAKING

ANTHONY FAULKNER BLANKS

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ESSAY BACKGROUNDS FOR WRITING AND SPEAKING

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TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND AND TEACHER

ROBERT IRVING FULTON

LATE DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF ORATORY

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

PREFACE

Well-considered opinions do not rest upon hearsay, tradition, gossip, prejudice, hasty generalizations, emotional propaganda, thoughtlessly written and hastily read newspaper items, or irresponsible magazine stories. They are based only upon careful research. It is the main purpose of the alert instructor to establish for his class a method of reaching well-considered opinions upon the more important subjects of current inquiry. To place in the hands of his students reliable material for attentive reading and heedful analysis and to promote thoughtful discussion in the student group are the two definite aims of this collection.

It must be assumed that the instructor will understand the fundamental principles of composition and the essential factors in effective delivery. Helpful direction and constructive criticism in both the field of writing and of speaking are considered essential in any satisfactory employment of these essays as a classroom text. Some reference to accepted texts in composition and delivery has been made in the appended bibliographies.

We hold with Professor C. T. Copeland[1] of Harvard that college is an actual stage of life rather than a separate chrysalis stage of academic preparation for it, and that the student is not a finished genius but a human being undergoing with enthusiasm a course of confident and competent training to enlarge his spirit and his mind according to the best standards that can be established through the effects of one man's words upon another. But ability to speak and write comes only partly

[1] Essay in the Appendix of Copeland's "English and American Readers," Scribners, 1927.

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from the study of books. A natural endowment of proper faculties comes first; living fully and intelligently is the next essential; then come good study and good thinking in general, and, in particular, the study of good literature; and, finally, practice—all indispensable.

Upon this general procedure this anthology of speeches and essays has been arranged under such general headings as: Philosophical, Political, Religious, Literary, and Critical Inquiry. The unifying word "inquiry" was chosen designedly for the emphasis it places upon "investigation into the facts, causes and effects, and relations generally" that furnish the bases for our opinions. We wish to use the word as Gladstone used it in his "Gleanings of Past Years," "Inquiry is a road to truth."

The nature and wide variety of the discussions in this collection make it available for many different purposes—such as classes in written composition, classes in argument and persuasion, classes in extempore speaking, in open forums, and in many similar groups. Some suggestions will be found in the Introduction showing how this and much closely related background material may be employed in classroom practice to illustrate the descriptive, narrative, and persuasive qualities inherent in these addresses and essays, and likewise to encourage students to employ their own powers to the fullest extent in the light of the experience gained by a detailed study of excellent examples. It often happens that in this way the creative instinct is aroused in minds that have remained persistently closed to the more formal pedagogical procedure.

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HOW TO UTILIZE THE TEXT

Educators realize that the University cannot "confer" education upon the student. Education is and must remain a matter of personal effort and initiative. What the college or the university can do—and it is no small matter—is to offer guidance and direction. Upon the assumption of the correctness of this theory is based the justification of the method briefly outlined in the following pages.

The inquiry constantly comes from many people both within and without our colleges, "In what way is a college man to be distinguished from others?" Now it is a common failing to pass snap judgments upon our fellow men. The casual surface impression, gained through the eye alone, too often lays the foundation for our future opinions of people and too definitely guides our conduct toward them; but at the present moment we are concerned more nearly with a second medium through which our impressions of people are gained. This is the medium of speech, and implies both the sound of the voice and the nature of the thoughts expressed. Of the various factors of personality that are conveyed to us almost simultaneously, speech probably leaves the deepest and most lasting impression.

Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to hold that the manner of speech and the nature of the ideas expressed are the most distinctive evidences of college training. Correct grammar, well-chosen words, an adequate vocabulary, unhesitating sentences, cultured tones, direct, logical attack upon a problem, a command of sources of knowledge, these are the unmistak-

able indications of clear thinking and careful training. In the mastery of these processes inheres whatever superiority there is underlying a college education.

In the furtherance of this objective instructors will immediately perceive many and varied possibilities in this selection of articles. No doubt resourceful teachers will readily adapt them to schemes of instruction and discipline that have already proved satisfactory in their own classrooms, while new schemes will constantly present themselves as the personal character of classes changes and as public interests vary.

However, it may be of some value to restate a tested and quite satisfactory method for utilizing such articles. This method is based squarely upon a postulate of Cardinal Newman's:

"There is no enlargement unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding then, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already."

Training in constructive, consequential thinking is the surest background for constructive, consequential writing and speaking. The determined, systematic effort to think logically, clearly, pointedly is the surest corrective for illogical, rambling, inaccurate speaking.

In striving to attain this facility, first in thinking and then in speaking out effectively his thoughts, let the student follow this plan:

I. Read the entire article carefully and with a questioning mind. Read it first with the simple purpose of finding out why it is interesting and timely and to understand

clearly what is being set forth. A hint as to the proper way to read is gleaned from Kipling's "The Elephant's Child":

> I keep six honest serving men
> (They taught me all I knew)
> Their names are What and Why and When
> And How and Where and Who.

II. Read some collateral article on the same general topic, preferably one written from a different view-point, but by an author of accepted standing.

III. Investigate the reputation and history of the authors of the articles just read. Test them as authorities in their fields of research. Satisfy fully the pertinent inquiry, "What experience and knowledge justifies these writers in asking me to accept their statements?" Also learn something of the conditions under which the articles were produced, when and where published. In short, read the articles in the light of the circumstances under which they were spoken or written and published.

IV. Brief or outline with considerable detail both the argumentative and the illustrative material presented in the articles read under steps I and II.[1] Preliminary oral and written discussion by the class may be introduced at any time after an article has been read; certainly it may be taken up with great relish and to distinct advantage after steps III and IV.

V. Following these preparatory stages, the student should be ready and eager to compose his own speech, with the subject, central idea and "speech aim" drawn from his previous reading and discussion. Experience has shown

[1]Excellent directions for briefing may be found in "Argumentation and Debate" by William T. Foster (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), revised edition, 1917; and in "Principles of Argumentation," by Baker and Huntington (Ginn and Co.), revised edition, 1925.

INTRODUCTORY

HOW GREAT SPEAKERS PREPARE THEIR SPEECHES[1]

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

From *The Empire Review*, December 1924 (London Public-Affairs Monthly).

A correspondence in a Sunday paper led me some time ago to write a note on the use made by my father in his public speeches of poetical quotation, and, if I may judge by the expressions of opinion which reached me, that glimpse into the methods of work of one of the great speakers and the greatest Parliamentary debater of his generation was not without interest. The newspaper itself remarked that "it is always fascinating to look into a prominent man's workshop," and this observation, spurring my own curiosity, has led me to try to carry the matter further. How do great speakers prepare their speeches? Is there, or has there been, any uniformity of practice? Is there any golden rule which will lead the beginner to success? It is improbable, but, except among contemporaries, it is not very easy to collect the materials for an adequate answer. Notes of speeches are apt to be torn up as soon as they have served their purpose, or, if retained for a time, to be destroyed at the first overhaul of papers. Even if the notes themselves are by any chance preserved, they do not necessarily reveal the extent or the character of the preparation which went to their composition. Descriptions of the effect of historic speeches upon their listeners are common

[1]From *The Living Age*, Jan. 3, 1925. Reprinted by permission.

enough, but we more rarely get a glimpse of the craftsman at his bench sharpening his tools or shaping his work.

Yet the subject is surely a fascinating one. Nearly forty years ago I begged of John Bright the notes of the last great speech that he delivered in public, and I have often been tempted to make this the basis for a collection among my contemporaries. But the fear of being importunate, and the formidable frown with which Mr. Bright greeted that first request—though a couple of days later it was most kindly granted—have deterred me; and apart from speeches of my father I have but few examples.

There is another difficulty. Every successful Parliament man must be a debater, able to speak without preparation and without notes, or with only such notes as he may hastily jot down while listening to the opponent to whom he is about to reply. But some of our greater speakers never use notes even for speeches that have been the subject of careful preparation; and in such cases, unless they themselves have disclosed their secret or some friend has observed and recorded it, we are thrown back upon speculation and guesswork. I suspect that in the more leisurely and rhetorical days of the late eighteenth century and of the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century an ampler preparation was in most cases both possible and more necessary than to-day.

A good deal of information can, however, be gathered if one takes the trouble to search for it, though I do not think that any one has yet sought to bring it together. Of Chatham's method I can find no account, and of his notes, if he used notes, none have survived. In the case of the younger Pitt we are more fortunate. His success in Parliament was immediate and decisive.

Not even the memory of Chatham's lofty eloquence could

lessen the fame at once acquired by his favorite son. "He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!" Burke exclaimed after listening to his maiden speech, and Lord Stanhope has preserved for us not only Pitt's own account of the training that he had undergone at his father's hands, but also a description of his method and examples of his notes. Chatham, he tells us, was not only accustomed to send the young Pitt specimens of oratory to study, but "bade him take up any book in some foreign language with which he was well acquainted, in Latin or Greek especially," and "to read out of this work a passage in English, stopping where he was not sure of the word to be used in English, until the right word came to his mind"; while "to train his son in sonorous elocution, Lord Chatham caused him to recite day by day in his presence passages from the best English poets, especially Shakespeare and Milton." Lord Stanhope says that when after this training in his boyhood he came to speak in the House of Commons "he did not prepare the structure or the wording of his sentences, far less write them down beforehand. The statement of his friends upon this point is much confirmed by his own notes, as scattered among his papers. These notes, which are in his own handwriting, are all extremely brief, at most some figures for his finance, and some headings for his argument." And then Lord Stanhope gives as instances "his only writtten preparation for two of the most remarkable among his many great harangues."

Here are the notes as printed by Lord Stanhope for his speech on the renewal of the war in 1803:

NOTES OF SPEECH (MAY 23, 1803)

Acts since the Preliminaries.
Elba.
Etruria.
Louisiana.

Since definitive Treaty.
- Black Sea.
- Piedmont.
- Germany.
- Switzerland.

Cases which may arise.
- Encroachments on Austria or other parts of Continent.

On powers guaranteed by us.
- Portugal.
- Naples.
- Malta.
- Turkey.

On Maritime Interests.
- Spain or S. America.
- Portugal or Brazil.
- Holland or its Colonies.
- Egypt or Maritime Possessions of Turkey.
- N. America.

On objects immediately British.
- Shutting Ports of Europe.
- Sending forces to India, or advancing claims there.
- Press.
- French emigrants.

General state of Naval and Military preparation.
Finance system.
System of Foreign connection.

This is the speech of which Fox said that "if Demosthenes had been present he must have admired and might have envied," and which Lord Stanhope placed among the three best that Pitt ever made.

To me these seem the perfection of what notes should be, if (but what an if!) from such bare headlines the speaker can make, I will not say a speech that Demosthenes might envy, but one which is at all adequate to the occasion. But for a set speech of immense consequence, both from the position of the speaker and the circumstances of the moment, the very baldness of these notes suggests to my mind careful preliminary thought and concentrated mental preparation.

Fox, on the other hand, appears to have given little thought to preparation and to have used no notes. Sir George Trevelyan describes him as an "extempore speaker," and attributes no small share of his facility to his early fondness for amateur theatricals. "The pains which he had bestowed on learning to speak the words of others enabled him to concentrate his undivided attention upon the arduous task of improvising his own. If only he could find the thing which required to be said he was sure to say it in the way that would produce the greatest possible effect." Thus his biographer; but then we have Fox's own confession that he acquired his preëminence in debate by speaking at least once every night for two sessions—an example which no possible victim of the practice would commend to aspirants to a like fame.

Of Sheridan's method I can find no trace; but Wyndham, whom Erskine May describes as his superior in education and attainments, and little inferior in wit, and to whom he assigns a higher place as a debater, is shown, by papers preserved in the Additional Manuscripts at the British Museum, not only to have made full notes, but, on some occasions at least, to have written out in full all that he intended to say. The manuscript of his speech on the Rohilla charge against Hastings is preserved together with much material that went to its preparation.

The Additional Manuscripts also contain similar drafts and notes of speeches by Charles Yorke and Huskisson, and some of the First Lord Liverpool's speeches in the handwriting of his secretary. These, like the others, are written out in full, even to the "Mr. Speaker" or "Sir" which opens the speech or introduces a paragraph. Lord Liverpool was certainly no orator, but it would be unkind and doubtless untrue to infer that his speeches were made by his secretary,

though such things have been known to occur. I remember a Member of Parliament in my early days who made some very polished speeches, full of good things. "How do you hit on these things?" I once asked him. "Well," he said, "I have a very clever secretary, and I shut him up in one room, and myself in another, and we each write a speech. Then we compare notes and I take the best of both!" *Sic vos non vobis,* O private secretaries and civil servants; but how you must suffer when your chief bungles your arguments and blunts your points!

In such cases as I have been describing the preparation was evidently very careful and complete. But what is preparation? My father once said to the late Sir E. Hamilton, then Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, that Mr. Gladstone told him that he did not prepare his speeches, unless it might be some peculiarly important and delicate announcement on foreign affairs. "I don't know what he means by preparation," retorted Sir Edward. "If he means that he doesn't sit down and write, I dare say it's true; but he lies on a sofa and 'wombles' it in his inside. And I'll tell you this, Mr. Chamberlain, none of us likes to go near him the day before he makes a great speech!" As a very wise parlormaid once said of my father on a similar occasion, "No, Mum, it's not what he says, but what he looks!" What private secretary could not tell a like tale? I do not believe any man ever made a good speech without feeling strain beforehand, if he had time to think about it.

No doubt in these busy days, when the occasions for speech are so numerous and the opportunities for thought so few, much of the preparation is only semiconscious or subconscious, the result of "wombling" at odd moments and amid other preoccupations, and much is left to the hazard of

the moment. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "it concentrates a man's mind wonderfully to know that he is to be hanged in a fortnight," and a man's knowledge that in another moment he will be on his feet addressing three or four thousand people, or the fact that he is already doing so, is equally stimulating to his faculties. Under this pressure ideas that have been vaguely floating in the mind suddenly take shape and scattered thoughts fall as suddenly into place. "Why do you worry, Chamberlain?" Mr. Bright once said to my father who was lamenting the fate that compelled him to deliver three speeches "each with a beginning and a middle and an end" to three great mass-meetings on one Saturday afternoon —"why do you worry? There is always inspiration in a great crowd." No doubt in such circumstances some things worth saying will be forgotten and the *esprit de l'escalier* will torment the speaker with the vision of lost opportunities as soon as he sits down. But this matters little. Those are the happy ones who, on such occasions, can resume their seats without having said something that they would wish immediately to recall.

Disraeli was as independent of notes as his great rival. "He was," says Mr. Buckle, "gifted with a marvelously retentive memory, which often, indeed, betrayed him into plagiarisms of a sustained character in speech and writing, but which, at any rate, enabled him altogether to dispense, in his ordinary practice, with the use of notes." Disraeli himself justified his practice by saying, "If I once used notes, I should lean upon them; and that would never do." "He depended," we are told, "in some degree on catching inspiration from his hearers;" he told Delane he was "much influenced by my audience and the impromptu." This does not, of course, mean that there was not careful preparation before

any great effort, or that, in particular, the biting phrases by which he will always be remembered were not deeply studied in his mind, and assiduously polished before they were launched, apparently at random, upon the world. In preparing the few speeches of importance which he delivered outside Parliament he often made use of a highly original method; he privately rehearsed them, either in whole or in part, to an experienced reporter of *The Times,* J. F. Neilson, in whom he placed especial trust.

In like manner Macaulay, when he spoke, "had no notes in his hand and no manuscript in his pocket," but his speeches were most carefully prepared and were repeated without the loss or omission of a single word. "If a debate were in prospect he would turn the subject over while he paced his chamber or tramped along the streets. Each thought as it rose in his mind embodied itself in phrases and clothed itself in an appropriate drapery of images, instances and quotations; and when, in the course of his speech, the thought recurred, all the words which gave it point and beauty spontaneously recurred with it." Macaulay's memory was of course phenomenal, and has become proverbial. But it is curious to find how many men, who prepared their speeches carefully, used no notes.

The late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Bonar Law were of this number, and Lord Salisbury at least was not only a most effective, but a most polished speaker. In answer to my inquiry the present Lord Salisbury writes: "It is quite true that my father always spoke without notes. He had nothing in the shape of papers in his hands unless he was going to quote some one else. . . . He once told me that the epigrams (though he did not use the word, I am sure), or it may be the illustrations—for both of which his speeches were not-

able—occurred to him only as he was speaking. . . . I remember also that he was accustomed to use some *memoria technica* in place of notes." Toward the close of his last Administration Lord Salisbury told me that he regretted that he had not accustomed himself to the use of notes in his younger days, for by that time he had begun to feel the strain of being wholly dependent on his memory for the substance and arrangement of what he meant to say. It may be that neither he nor Mr. Bonar Law ever attempted verbal preparation unless of some passage of singular importance, but even so the strain of composing the whole speech without putting pen to paper, of marshalling the arguments, of arranging the order of presentation of the facts, or remembering that this thought or argument had been rejected and that other substituted in the course of preparation, must have been immense. Mr. Bonar Law himself told me that two hours of such work left him as exhausted as a twenty-mile walk.

But if some men use no notes and some forego preparation altogether, we can set against their example the practice of others not less illustrious. Of Canning's custom in his earlier years we have no certain knowledge, but it is not likely that he was less careful then than later, when he had long established his reputation as an orator and his position as a statesman. "Certainly during his last tenure of office when he was about to make an important speech, his whole mind was absorbed with it for two, or perhaps three, days beforehand. He spared no labor in obtaining and arranging his material. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or even five hundred. At these periods he was not easy of approach; interruption

irritated him, except it related to the matter in hand." Once again the private secretary reveals the strain of long preliminary labor which produced the smooth delivery and glowing rhetoric of the speech itself.

So, too, with Bright. Though he said that he had once written a speech and then found its delivery so great a strain that he had never attempted it again, he became, I think, by his slow and leisurely method of preparation, almost word perfect in what he intended to say, and could probably have repeated a speech the moment after its delivery with very little change of language. He was accustomed, I have been told, to try in conversation the effect of his arguments and sometimes even of his phrases, but he had a fine ear for the cadences of language and an unfailing instinct for the right word which must have been a natural gift. "If my manner of speaking is good, it may have become so from reading what is good," he once wrote to a correspondent, and probably few could rival his knowledge of the Bible and of Milton and, rather surprisingly, of Byron. An aunt of mine, in whose house he was staying, once asked him to read some Browning on a Sunday afternoon toward the close of his life. He consented, but he did not care for Browning's poetry, and in a few moments had laid the volume aside and was reciting from memory long passages of Byron's poetry, to which he was attracted perhaps as much by its rhetorical character as by its passion for liberty.

The mention of Byron and Browning recalls to my mind two stories of Bright that are worth telling. Bright and Browning dined one evening at my father's house in Prince's Gardens about the time of the publication of Donelly's Cryptogram. Halfway through dinner the lady who sat between them said, "It is time that you intervened, Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Bright and Mr. Browning are coming to blows."

It appeared that Mr. Bright, who enjoyed legal puzzles, and was said to know the evidence in the Tichborne trial better than any layman, had professed his belief that Donelly had succeeded in proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; and Mr. Browning's temper had not been proof against the strain. As later I held the door open for the guests to pass out of the dining-room, I caught the echo of the storm. "Stupid old man!" growled Bright to my father, "I don't believe he understands his own poems." And a moment later, as Browning passed out, "Obstinate old fool!" he muttered, "I don't believe he ever read a play of Shakespeare in his life." And indeed I do not think that Bright ever showed any great appreciation of Shakespeare.

The second story I was told by my father. Bright was addressing the annual meeting of his Birmingham constituents in the Town Hall. He was speaking of the horrors of war—I do not know the occasion—and began quoting, "Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands," throwing up his hands as he did so in anticipation of the coming image, when a look of agony crossed his face, and turning to the chairman he demanded fiercely, "What's the next line?" The chairman, poor man, was unequal to the occasion—how many of us would have done any better?—but the line was at once given by Mr. Sam Timmins (a well-known Birmingham figure of the time, whose name is recorded in the Free Library as one of the principal benefactors), and Mr. Bright sailed on:

> Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
> His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
> With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
> And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.

But this is a digression. Mr. Bright's notes were very full. His biographer prints a facsimile page of the notes of a

speech made in 1860. "Each idea in its order," says Mr. Trevelyan, "is represented by a few words or figures, while the 'key sentence,' or 'island,' as he used to call it, is written out at full." I possess the notes for two of his speeches, one as a chairman of a Rochdale meeting in 1877, and the other the only speech he made on Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill. It was addressed to his constituents in the Birmingham Town Hall on July 1, 1886, and was, I think, the last speech but one of his long public life.

The earlier speech must have occupied fifteen or twenty minutes in delivery, the later one more than an hour. The notes for the former cover three sides of small-sized letter paper, those of the latter nine. Both are in small but very clear handwriting, and almost every word is underlined. Long sentences are written out in full or nearly so.

The first four lines conclude his examination of the Land Bill. Then he turns to the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster and to the alternative suggestion that they should attend only for imperial business. It will be seen how detailed all this is, even to the very characteristic aside "and rather commend them," which is followed up on the next page with the equally characteristic "Vote of censure—or 2d. income tax to pay for new Bombardment—or blunder on Afghan frontier." If these are "islands," Mr. Bright sailed amid a veritable archipelago. The earlier notes are almost equally detailed, and hardly bear out Mr. Trevelyan's conclusion that he wrote out "only the heads of his argument with an occasional 'key sentence,' and ending up with the peroration transcribed in full."

The mention of a peroration reminds me of the advice of an old parliamentary hand—I think Lord Palmerston—to a beginner in the House: "You need not bother about the be-

ginning of your speech, because that will naturally arise out of the debate. Nor will the body of the speech give you much trouble, for that will be concerned with the subject under discussion, and unless you were fully conversant with the matter you would not speak; but you must know your peroration or you will never be able to sit down."

In my early days of public speaking I studiously acted on this advice, so far at least as the peroration was concerned, but I found that the sentences so carefully committed to memory were not infrequently used halfway through the speech to fill a gulf suddenly yawning at my feet when all ideas had momentarily forsaken the earnest but very nervous orator.

"Get your transitions clearly in your mind," was the late Lord Goschen's advice to me, "the bridges which lead from one subject to the next; for the language you can trust to the moment." This is good advice, but Lord Goschen certainly wrote out much of his speeches beforehand, and was able on occasion, like Disraeli, to go through them with a reporter before the meeting. I recall one such instance in the case of a speech that I heard him deliver one evening in my schooldays at Rugby when he was closeted with the representative of *The Times* for an hour in the course of the afternoon. Lord Goschen was very short-sighted and wrote a minute and very illegible hand, and this must have added to his difficulties in using notes. More than once, the present Lord Goschen tells me, his father would appeal to him: "I know I have something good here, but I can't read it. Can you make it out?"

Mr. Winston Churchill has not found any of his father's notes preserved among his papers, but here Lord Salisbury again comes to my help. "Lord Randolph," he writes, "once lent me the notes of a speech he was going to deliver, or had

been going to deliver, to help me for a speech when I was an undergraduate. The notes were most elaborate—headings, subheadings, and sub-subheadings. He told me at the time that he had used every method—learning by heart, elaborate notes, and impromptu debate." I dare say that most of us have done the same. There was one of many delightful week-end parties at Taplow Court in the early years of this century, when guests wandering about the grounds on Sunday morning reported that they had found the late Lord Percy reciting his Monday's speech in one alley, Lord Hugh Cecil preparing himself in another, and Mr. Churchill practising his peroration in a third.

Of Mr. Asquith's notes I possess one example—those for the speech which he delivered in August, 1920, on the proposal to place my father's statue in the lobby of the House of Commons, and which I begged of him at the time as a memorial of the tribute paid to my father's memory by a political adversary who has ever been as generously appreciative of the qualities of his opponents as staunchly loyal to his friends. These notes are very full, but the occasion was exceptional. "They are, of course," writes Mr. Asquith in a letter giving me permission to reproduce a page of them, "more elaborated (as to language, etc.) than what I should normally use at a public meeting, or for a speech in the House." And he adds that his practice as to extent of preparation varies so much, and his habit of consigning his notes to immediate destruction is so inveterate, that he cannot now give me a more typical example.

Here there is certainly evidence of careful and even of verbal preparation; but Mr. Asquith's style is natural to him and differs little in his prepared and unprepared speeches. In both there are the same clean-cut and faultless sentences, the

same wide command of dignified and sonorous language, and the same secure and easy progress, through whatever parentheses he allows himself, to a conclusion that is not only intelligible but grammatical.

Far different is the case with Lord Balfour. I have been told by my father that, when he first entered the House, Mr. Balfour was a bad speaker, and he has never acquired the easy flow and smooth delivery which do so much for the comfort of the audience. His preparation is generally slight and never verbal. His notes are few and little consulted by him when speaking; and I think I have observed that even when he affects to consult them it is often only a gesture securing a moment for reflection. The right word does not always occur to him at once, and he is far too fastidious to use, as most of us do, the first word which presents itself, when it is not the best one. Thus he hesitates and pauses, and sometimes recasts the sentence, and so, as I have found, has occasionally disappointed those who heard him for the first time. But his mastery of the House of Commons was complete. "He plays on you all like an old fiddle," a friend whom I had introduced to the gallery once said to me after hearing Mr. Balfour wind up a debate, and whatever the imperfections of his manner, he dominated us all, almost as much, perhaps, by his personal charm as by his intellectual preeminence. It may be said of him as a speaker as Sainte-Beuve said of de Broglie: he is "un des esprits les plus originaux de ce temps-ci; il l'est surtout dans la forme, dans la méthode et dans les moyens de démonstration qu'il emploie; même quand il pense la même chose que tout le monde, quand il arrive aux mêmes conclusions, il y arrive ou s'y confirme par ses raisons à lui; il a en tout ses raisons, vraies peut-être, subtiles quelquefois, ingénieuses toujours, et qui ne sont

jamais du vulgaire; son aristocratie, s'il fallait en rechercher quelque trace en lui, se retrouverait par ce coin-là."

I have preserved the notes of two of his House of Commons speeches. Of these the more interesting are those for the speech which he made on Mr. Chaplin's amendment to the second reading of the Budget of 1903, on the occasion of the abolition of the one-shilling duty on corn, for in that debate not only were Mr. Balfour's followers sharply divided among themselves, but the opposition had fiercely attacked his personal conduct and denounced what they were pleased to consider his breach of constitutional practice. The notes are written, as was Mr. Balfour's habit, on long envelopes headed respectively "Preface I," "Self II," "Finis." He spoke at the opening of the second day's debate, and the notes show every sign of having been jotted down as the debate of the previous day proceeded. The first two contain about half a dozen notes apiece. The third is much fuller, though the matter covered by it occupied about the same time in delivery. The second envelope concludes with

> Here should end the case!—
> But large question.
> Ministerial responsibility.

The report of this portion of the speech fills about a column of *The Times,* and would, I suppose, take about twenty minutes in delivery. These are by far the fullest notes that I have ever seen Lord Balfour use, and any one who takes the trouble to look at the report will find that all, or nearly all, the notes find expression and development in what he actually said. But this with him was unusual. I remember on one occasion when we were in opposition being left in charge for some time during a Friday afternoon's debate. After a time

Mr. Balfour joined me and, with one ear on the debate, chatted delightfully on many subjects as they crossed our thoughts. After a time he said, "Well, if I am to wind up, I suppose it's time that I began to think what I am to say," and pulling out half a dozen long envelopes from the rack on the table of the House he wrote without hesitation a headline at the top of the first and a second headline halfway down; then did the same with a second and, I think, a third envelope; then more slowly jotted in a very few subheadings, and the work was done. I watched as he wrote, and was fascinated not only by the quick working of his mind but by observing how the speech at once presented itself to him as a whole. The framework appeared the moment he put pen to paper. Some details were added almost at once; more appeared only in the speech itself, occurring to him as he developed his argument, or as suggested by the interruptions with which he met. But the first idea of the speech sprang from his brain as a whole, consecutive and complete, though he had certainly done no conscious preparation beforehand. I once begged of him another set of notes, now unfortunately mislaid or lost, the interest of which lay in the fact that after opening in the manner indicated by the first headline he never again approached the "signposts" that he had jotted down, but followed a new train of thought apparently suggested as he spoke by his own opening words, and I suspect that, in the case of Lord Balfour, notes, even the most complete, are never more than headlines, and certainly they are never allowed to hamper his freedom of movement in action.

This, indeed, suggests one of the difficulties of preparation. If a practised speaker knows exactly what he is going to say, and has it somehow firmly fixed in his mind, he can say it and yet preserve a large power of variation in reply to

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interruptions or in response to the inspiration of the moment. If, at the other extreme, he has only the broadest outline of the speech before him, he is quite likely to be equally successful, and sometimes so, just because he knows himself to be dependent upon, and trusts entirely to, the inspiration of the moment. But there must be many who, like myself, have found careful but imperfect preparation a fatal snare, for the knowledge that you have not only something particular to say, but that there was a particular way in which you meant to say it, is paralyzing unless that way jumps to your mind when the critical moment arrives. It was the realization of this fact that caused me after a time to act upon my father's advice: "Don't take so much trouble with your speeches as I have been accustomed to do. I don't mean that yours will be better because you take less, but, now that so many speeches are called for, the burden is too great."

My father, indeed, took immense pains with his prepared speeches. Such a speech as that with which he opened his Tariff Reform campaign at Glasgow in 1903, or those in which he developed his "Unauthorized Programme" in 1885, meant not only months of study beforehand, but days of actual work upon his notes. When he first spoke as a young man in Birmingham he was not, I have been told by relations who were his contemporaries, a ready or even an easy speaker, and he himself said that in his early days he could only deliver one speech a month because it took him a fortnight to prepare it and another fortnight to recover from it. Of course, in his later days he often made debating or impromptu speeches, and among them were some of the most effective. But if he had time—and especially for great meetings in the country or set occasions in Parliament—he thought no pains too great to get his argument into the best

form and to secure that every passage conduced directly to the particular result that he desired to produce. For Parliamentary purposes the task would be simplified because the question put from the Chair dictated both the subject and the scope of the speech, but of speeches at public meetings he would say: "The first great difficulty is to find your subject —to get your line. After that the main task is to exclude everything, which, however good in itself, does not lead directly to the particular conclusion that you wish to enforce." Is not this exclusion of the irrelevant or the merely superfluous the secret of all great art?

Given plenty of time—and to get it undisturbed he habitually worked far into the night—his practice was to make a first draft of the speech in writing. This would cover four, or, more rarely, six or even eight, sides of note paper in a very small hand. From this draft he made his speaking notes, and in doing so often discarded much of what he had originally written and introduced fresh matter. These notes, when finished, he would go over at least once, more often two or even three times, until, I think, they were clearly fixed in his mind. But even so, when speaking he used his notes freely and never sought to conceal them; but he could turn aside to demolish an interrupter or to answer an objection with no fear of losing the thread of his argument or forgetting the point which he had reached at the moment of the digression. This perfect ease and security on his part, coupled with his singularly clear voice, had much to do with the comfort and enjoyment of his audiences. And by the time I attended his meetings he seemed as easy a speaker, as free in his movements, and as completely master of his resources, as any man could be, though even after that he still continued to develop his mastery of the technic of speak-

ing until the last year or two of tremendous strain and lessening health. Few people, I think, who saw him just before a meeting when the work of preparation was done and he had resolutely banished all thoughts of speech and notes from his mind, or who listened to the delivery of the speech itself, so easy, so natural, apparently so spontaneous, without a sign of strain in voice or manner, could have guessed the immense and wearing labor that went to its preparation, but Mrs. Chamberlain, now Mrs. Carnegie, who could watch him at work in his library, has told me that few if any such set speeches in the country cost less than three days' constant toil and that five was the more usual number. Again and again I have known him to shut himself up in his library from breakfast to lunch, from lunch to dinner, and again till the early hours of the morning, and emerge at last with nothing definite accomplished. "I cannot get my line," he would say, and he would admit at times that in despair he had taken refuge in a French novel. And then perhaps next evening he would say, "Well, whatever happens, I am going to make my speech before I go to bed to-night," and he would do it, though he had to work till dawn. When I think of the infinite trouble that he took I am ashamed of such measure of facility as I have acquired by much practice and the all-too-ready acceptance of a lower standard.

But although his preparation was so careful, my father would never do what some others of his day did habitually—that is, give to a representative of the press the terms or even the substance of his speech before its delivery. To do this, he felt, would be to put himself under constraint to make the speech in that particular form and no other, and thus to subject himself to an intolerable strain. . . .

The Glasgow speech was an unusually long one occupying

an hour and forty minutes in delivery. It not only presented the general case for Tariff Reform, but developed a detailed programme and contained a number of figures. I think it is not too much to say that in form, construction, and language, in clearness of presentation and cogency of argument, it is an almost perfect model of what such a speech should be, and contemporary accounts speak of the sustained power and ease of its delivery. It had cost him immense labor, and his notes were certainly longer, and I think fuller, than usual, but subject to this qualification they are typical of all that he used for set speeches. They cover eight sides of note paper, divided into paragraphs by lines drawn half across the page, but with scarcely any special marks to draw the eye to particular points. He made a second speech at Greenock the next day, and for this also he had prepared notes before leaving home. Indeed, in the course of that campaign most of his meetings were in couples, and he found the strain of having a second speech on his mind when delivering the first so great that he presently resolved not to think about the second till the first was over, either making such notes as he could on the morning of the second day, or, as at Newport, on the day after he had spoken at Cardiff, abandoning notes altogether and trusting to his complete possession of the subject and the stimulus and inspiration of the moment—a trust which was in this case brilliantly justified not only by the immediate approval of the audience but also by the judgment of his readers. *The Times* wrote two days later of this unprepared speech: "Nothing bears more eloquent witness, not merely to his physical energy, but to the mastery of the subject and the abundance of the resources on which he draws, than the way in which he is thus able, time after time, to follow up one remarkable utterance with an-

other, perfectly new in character, and not less impressive."

With this account of my father's methods I have carried my theme as far as my knowledge goes. No set rule emerges from the examination that I have made. Each speaker has his own method—often more than one. One man makes elaborate notes; another makes none. One man writes his speeches; another never puts pen to paper. We may choose what system we like, or have no system at all, and we can still find some model to justify our practice. But one conclusion, I think, stands out clearly—that those who say to public men, "Oh! speaking is no trouble to you," have not seen them in the hours of preparation. Their wives and their private secretaries tell a different tale.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF GREAT SPEAKERS[1]

WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

How does a great speaker prepare his speeches? As he addresses an audience, his words flowing gracefully, his thoughts unfolding themselves in a panorama with each idea in its natural place among the others and the whole thought clear and vivid, so spontaneous may the effort seem that one is likely to say, "Oh, he is a natural born speaker and does it without effort." Indeed I once heard a highly successful business man congratulate a speaker, saying, "You speak as I think every man ought to. You just stand up and say what is on your mind. I have always said that this working out a speech beforehand took away its natural qualities and left it stiff and dry." I suppressed a smile, for I happened to know that that seemingly "natural" speech, although it was only twenty minutes in length, had taken the speaker exactly twelve hours in preparation! As Chesterton once said, "It takes a long time to prepare an impromptu."

At any rate it is interesting to follow a great speaker into his workshop and see him prepare the address which sounds so easy and natural in delivery.

Theodore Roosevelt, for example, prepared his speeches with the greatest of care. He was, to begin with, one of the most widely read men of this generation. He was acquainted alike with science, art, politics, economics, history, and literature. Such a wide knowledge came from a lifelong habit of

[1]From *American Speech*, August, 1925. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

constant and extensive reading. Even during his African hunting trip he read Balzac in his spare moments and, during the South American expedition, Gibbon. Always, on the train, in the office, or at home, he had a book at hand and read during every available moment. His opinions were already crystallized and the information at hand for almost any speech he was called upon to give. Yet, in spite of this, he wrote out important speeches in full and revised them as many as five or six times.

As a first step in preparing a speech Roosevelt carefully organized in his mind the general nature of what he wanted to say. Then, walking up and down in his study or office, he dictated it to a stenographer. Then came the important task of revising. If it was a speech of importance, he generally submitted it to any number of people who he thought might give him valuable constructive criticism. Sometimes he would invite such persons to come and hear him as he dictated the speech. Any accepted suggestions or criticisms were then worked into the dictated draft as he went along. At other times he would first work out and revise his own draft, then invite others to criticize. Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, writes in a personal letter:

"I remember on more than one occasion, when one of a large group at luncheon at the Harvard Club, having him pull a manuscript out of his pocket and say, with a grin, 'You may think that you have come here to have a good time, but for your sins you are now going to listen to a speech of mine.' Then he would read the speech and expect us all to criticize it. The man who gave him merely the complimentary blah-blah was generally not invited again. You were expected to have definite constructive ideas. You were

at perfect liberty to criticize and he felt at perfect liberty to disagree with your criticisms! On more than one occasion I have seen his speech so hashed up that he did not recognize his own creation when the conference was over.

"He was, as you know, receptive to criticism, and he sought it even among his opponents. Early in 1918, before his reconciliation with Mr. Taft, he sent the address which he had written for the Republican keynote meeting at Portland, Maine, to Mr. Taft among others, and I remember well his chortle as he said, 'Do you know, isn't it funny? I have received two of the best suggestions from Brother Taft!' "

William Draper Lewis, in his "Life of Theodore Roosevelt," recounts his experiences in criticizing a speech Roosevelt was to give at Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 20, 1912.

"We found the speech was already in manuscript. I think the copy we used was the second or third revision. At any rate the Colonel himself had already made numerous corrections in pencil. . . . He read the typewritten sheets aloud, not minding in the least if one or the other of us interrupted him before he had completed a single sentence. When, some time after twelve o'clock, we had apparently reached the end, he said, 'I shall have to sit up and go over this again tonight, becaues it must go to the newspapers to-morrow. . . . But before you go to bed I should like to read you a concluding paragraph which I have written. This is what I feel I want to say.'

"From the drawer of the desk he took several soiled pieces of gray tissue paper, on which he had written in pencil. . . . He read to us the final paragraph of this—one of the greatest of his speeches—a paragraph which, when delivered a few nights later, brought a vast audience to its feet and

when published stirred the hearts of millions of his fellow countrymen. They were great words, and praise would have belittled them. When his voice ceased we rose and, with a simple good-bye, left him and passed out into the night."

Former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, one of the greatest speakers of this generation, recommends much the same kind of preparation, and not only recommends it but, so he assures me, practises it as well. "The speaker must master his subject," Mr. Beveridge wrote in his refreshing little book, "The Art of Public Speaking," written in 1924.

"The speaker must master his subject. That means that all facts must be collected, arranged, studied, digested—not only data on one side but material on the other side and on every side, all of it. And be sure they are facts, not mere assumptions, or unproved assertions. Take nothing for granted. Therefore check up and verify every item. This means painstaking research, to be sure, but what of it? Are you not proposing to inform, instruct and advise your fellow citizens? Are you not setting yourself up as a teacher and counsellor of the public?

"Having assembled and marshalled the facts of any problem, think out for yourself the solution those facts compel. Thus your speech will have originality and personal force—it will be vital and compelling. There will be *you* in it. Then write out your ideas as clearly and logically as you can. . . . The speech must now be rewritten—and then done over again, the oftener the better. The purpose of rewriting is to remove obscurities and ambiguities—in short, to make every statement logical and clear. It is said that throughout his life Lincoln would rewrite many times any proposition about which he was thinking, in order to reduce the statement of that proposition to its simplest terms. . . .

"The final item of preparation is the submission of the finished manuscript to several friends for criticism and suggestion. . . . At last comes the ultimate revision, tightening loose bolts, strengthening feeble places in argument, reënforcing statements of facts, making clearer points which some critics think obscure, and the like.

"Preparation thus finished, put aside your manuscript and make your speech. Do not try to commit it to memory, unless it is to be delivered on a very important occasion and it is vital that the speech shall be reported accurately."

Mr. Fred Schortemeier, now Secretary of State in Indiana, has said that during his early days as a reporter he often held the manuscript on Mr. Beveridge, and found that he almost never deviated from its exact wording.

This painstaking care in preparation, recommended and followed by Mr. Beveridge, may account for the fact that, although even great speakers may have their off days now and then, Mr. Beveridge is a rare exception. He never makes a poor speech.

Some of our most famous clergymen, who are compelled to speak oftener than the average speaker, also insist upon writing their speeches. Says Bishop Francis P. McConnell, "I write a great deal and all that I say in public has usually been written in one form or another, although not necessarily for a particular occasion. I never feel that I have organized my thoughts until I have them in written form. I also revise carefully for publication." But mere writing is not enough, according to Bishop McConnell, for he believes that writing can be as extemporaneous as speaking if it is not outlined. He adds, "I lay great stress on a careful outline in writing and give greatest attention to the proportion to be assigned the different parts of the subject."

From this limited survey, one might be brought to the hasty conclusion that all great speakers write their speeches in full. But not so. Harry Emerson Fosdick, for example, uses a wide variety of methods, having only one element in common: "I would never think of speaking without, in some way, ordering my thoughts." This ordering of his thoughts, however, assumes many different forms. Sometimes a speech is arranged only in outline form. These outlines, in turn, are sometimes a bare sketch and again filled out in minute detail, depending, as Mr. Fosdick says, "upon the nature of the occasion and the time I have for preparation." Again, portions of a speech are written out in full and notes made of the rest. Finally, the whole speech, at times, is written out in full. "My Sunday morning sermons," says Mr. Fosdick, "I commonly write with great care. I also revise tirelessly both as I go along and when I have finished the first draft."

In contrast with the practice of writing speeches, a practice followed by Roosevelt, Beveridge, and McConnell and often by Fosdick, we find other great speakers who never write a speech.

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, says, "My public speaking is almost purely extemporaneous, and the printed reports of my speeches are my revision of the stenographer's notes."

Jane Addams of Hull House never writes a single word of her speeches, but arranges her ideas for a speech in outline form—not even in detailed outline form at that but mere jottings to suggest the order of procedure. These she memorizes and carries in her mind while speaking.

John Sharp Williams, a speaker of rare power who was for thirty years a Congressman and Senator from Mississippi and at one time Democratic floor leader of the Senate,

likewise never writes his speeches but orders his thoughts in outline form. As to the value of outlines, or notes, he says, "They are useful, not to follow slavishly, but first, to order one's discourse logically, and second, to prevent one from being prolix, 'getting out on a limb' away from the subject." Mr. Williams also gives a hint of the source of his great power as a speaker in these words: "No one should speak until he has mastered his subject by research and reflection, and is so full of it that expression of it 'oozes out.' "

Mrs. Harriet Burton Laidlaw, a compelling speaker, famous of late because of her gunning for anti-World Court Senators, says that she never writes a speech, "except," she adds, "where I have to present a copy for radio." She further adds, "I believe that writing out of speeches is a very poor practice. Note the Honorable Mr. X (naming a very prominent American in high official life) and other persistent readers and those academic reciters of learned speeches!" As to her method of preparing a speech, Mrs. Laidlaw says:

"I use notes, never in detail, but just jottings, notes in the form of finished sentences to be memorized would take away spontaneity. I also pay attention in advance to such things as climaxes, antitheses and allusions. These are not written out but just noted, because fortunate allusions, examples and flashes of thought come to one during preparation and would be forgotten if not noted. I never use these notes while speaking. It is obviously a bore to keep people waiting while you look up notes."

After detailing this information, Mrs. Laidlaw adds that she is doubtful of the value to any one else of her method of preparing speeches, for while "practice and speaking are a sine qua non," she significantly concludes that "only thorough

mastery of the subject and devotion to a cause, added to human understanding, can ever make a speaker."

Three of the greatest American speakers of this generation never wrote a word of their speeches (except where advance copies were desired for publication). I refer to Woodrow Wilson, Russell H. Conwell, famous among other things because of his great lecture "Acres of Diamonds," and William Jennings Bryan.

For a speaker whose style was so clear and incisive, and whose periods were so polished as Woodrow Wilson's, it may come as a surprise to many to learn that he did not write his speeches in full. Mrs. Wilson, however, is authority for the statement that he wrote only his messages to Congress or other public papers that had to be printed in advance of delivery. Even these great state papers, so famous for their lofty style, were rarely ever revised, but were written by Mr. Wilson himself on his typewriter and given to the Public Printer, who came to the White House for them, exactly as they came from the machine. In preparing a speech, Mr. Wilson habitually wrote out in short-hand a brief outline of the subjects he wished to cover. This he would later revise and transcribe with his typewriter on a small square sheet of paper and carry in his vest pocket while speaking; but often he never referred to it.

On the famous western trip in behalf of the League of Nations, when Mr. Wilson made nearly a hundred speeches before his final physical breakdown, he followed his usual plan of making notes for the first week, with a slightly different outline for each speech. But after the first week he had his thoughts so organized in his mind that he omitted even the notes and spoke entirely extemporaneously.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell relates that his first attempt at a

written speech was at the age of fourteen. Although he had written it with great care and practised it "through the pastures and forests and the valleys and mountains around," yet when the great day came for it to be delivered a "horror of darkness" enveloped his mind. He arose to speak; words refused to come. Finally he blurted forth that well-known quotation which he had reserved for the climax, "Give me liberty or give me death," and, perhaps, secretly hoping for the latter, he rushed from the room. Never after that, in all of his sixty years of speaking in public, did Dr. Conwell ever write a speech. He dictated even his books. He believed that the practice of writing speeches was an excellent thing for many speakers, but not for himself. He preferred to organize his thoughts for a speech by notes or in an outline form. Miss Agnes Rush Burr, in her life of Dr. Conwell, gives a few typical outlines of his speeches. The following is for a sermon delivered on February 24, 1884:

"Taking our friends to Christ."—Matt. 17: 16.

1.

The Boy's Symptoms

Disobedient. Runaway. Play on dangerous Water. With fire. Profane.

Vile habits

Drink. Crime. Prison.

2.

The cures tried. Medicine. Persuasion. Hiring. Precept. Hiding bottle. Whipping. Tears.

3.

The father's talk with the multitude. The testimony to Jesus' power. The sick daughter. Crippled father. The runaway son. The drunkard. The bad husband. The cruel father. The jealous wife. The profane. The disobedient. The criminal.

4.

Goes to Disciples.
Peter says whip him. Has tried it.
Philip says hire him. Has tried it.
Nathanael says teach him. Has tried it.
Judas says let him go. Has tried it.
John says love him. Has tried it.

Then take him to Jesus

The interview. The father bringing his son. The cure. The return home. An example for us.

The name of William Jennings Bryan stands as a synonym for eloquence and his method of preparing speeches is of peculiar interest. As a pure extemporaneous speaker Bryan was without a peer in his generation and ranks with Patrick Henry and Charles Fox in the triumvirate of the most gifted extemporaneous speakers that the English-speaking world has produced. Yet when he was a young man this extemporaneous ability was not so pronounced and Bryan wrote out his speeches with great care. Before many years, however, he was able to abandon this practice and afterwards, except for purposes of newspaper publication, he never wrote his speeches. Indeed, he seldom even used notes but carried an outline in his mind of what he wanted to say. Mr. J. R. Farris of Lincoln, Nebraska, who was Mr. Bryan's secretary for about twenty years, told me that in all these years he never saw Bryan put any notes on paper in preparing a speech. Even in dictating a speech for advance copy to newspapers, he kept his outlines wholly in his mind. Mrs. T. S. Allen, Mr. Bryan's sister, and her husband, who was Mr. Bryan's law partner, state that they do not recall ever having seen him make any notes. Mrs. Allen recounts one occasion when, at her request, he made a speech for her

church. He asked her to find for him certain Bible references which he read carefully just before going to the meeting and used in his speech. But he made no written notes. Mr. Farris, Mrs. Allen, and many of Mr. Bryan's close friends were of the opinion that he used no notes whatever in preparing speeches.

Mrs. Bryan, however, is authority for the statement that if her husband spoke on a new subject, he made brief notes of the heads of paragraphs. These were never written out into full sentences, but consisted of a word or two only, to direct the thought.

Bryan's retentive mind seemed able not only to organize his thoughts for a speech without any notes, or with but scant notes, but also to carry that outline—along with dozens of others—for an indefinite period without ever setting it down in writing. His memory was almost, if not fully, as phenomenal as Macaulay's. Often on his lecture tours he would allow the audience to decide, after he went on the platform, which of six or seven different addresses they wanted to hear. He carried no notes or manuscripts of these speeches with him, but depended wholly upon his memory. Yet in his mind was a clear-cut outline of each speech, for often he would tell the audience in advance just how he was to treat the subject and then proceed to fill in the outline.

Such an ability is rare even among great speakers. Webster, for example, was not a ready speaker, and the great majority of speakers find it necessary to order their thoughts carefully, either in writing or by outline. Besides Bryan and the other two members of the great extemporaneous triumvirate, Patrick Henry and Charles Fox, it is known that such speakers as Gladstone and Disraeli likewise used no notes. Yet Gladstone's private secretary said that for a whole day

before he delivered an important speech he would lie on the sofa and "womble" it to himself. Disraeli, when his speeches were of unusual importance, went so far as to rehearse them privately with a friend. Obviously these men did not prepare with the ease of Bryan.

When it was necessary for him to prepare an advance copy of an important speech for the newspapers, Bryan would organize his thoughts and dictate the speech to a stenographer with substantially the same fluency as when speaking it to an audience, and without a reference to notes of any kind. During these dictations he never paced the floor, as do most men, never hesitated for a word, and never retracted a word. Rather he sat upright in a chair and spoke as though in private conversation. Even the rate of utterance was adjusted to the comfortable speed of the stenographer. Having dictated the speech, he would take the manuscript, revise it, then dictate it again in final form.

This does not mean that Bryan prepared his speeches without effort. He was a constant and indefatigable reader and was forever sifting and weighing what he read in its relations to his general knowledge. His mind was always seeking new illustrations, tracing out analogies, and storing away new facts. This habit, carried on year after year, gave him a great storehouse of material to draw upon. On top of this, it must be remembered that for more than thirty years Bryan spoke constantly upon political and religious questions. Upon every phase of these questions his thoughts were organized and carefully wrought. So it was that he was able to speak upon short notice. But these speeches were not of sudden creation; they were the product of years of constant reflection and study.

What conclusions shall we draw from this survey? None,

if we are seeking to learn one best way to prepare a speech. Only a few prominent American speakers of this century have been discussed here, but were the list extended indefinitely among great speakers of this generation, or of past generations, in this country or in other countries, the summarizing generalization will be found the same. Some speakers write their speeches in full, some only in part, some use full notes, some scant notes, some scarcely ever put a pen to paper. Each speaker develops his own method.

But in the preparation of speeches there is one factor common to all speakers, this no matter what the method of preparation may be. Sir Austen Chamberlain has well expressed this common factor in his study of English speakers: "Those who say to public men, 'Oh, speaking is no trouble to you,' have not seen them in the hours of preparation. Their wives and their private secretaries tell a different tale."

That great American pulpit orator, Henry Ward Beecher, made a similar testimony: "Though a man be born to genius, a natural orator and a natural reasoner, these endowments give him but the outline of himself. The filling up demands incessant, painstaking, steady work."

ON DISCUSSION[1]

RANDOLPH BOURNE

Graham Wallas, in his "Great Society," wrote few more interesting sentences than that in which he remarked the paucity of genuine discussion around him, the lack of skill in meeting each other's minds which Englishmen show when they talk together. Particularly in this country where mere talk is always contrasted unfavorably with action is discussion rare. The only way we can justify our substitution of talking for acting is to talk badly. And we like to talk badly. To put into talk the deliberate effort which action demands would seem an insufferable pedantry. Talk is one of the few unspecialized talents still left in a mechanical world. The plain man resents any invasion of his last preserve of freedom. He resents the demand that skill and effort be put to work in raising talk into real discussion where points are met and pre-suppositions are clarified and formulations made. So conversation is left to grow wild as a common flower along the wayside of our personal contacts.

Yet this lack of art in discussion is not really due to lack of desire. An inner need drives talk into something more formal. Discussion is popular, and because it is popular it needs, in spite of the plain man, a certain deliberate technic. One often stumbles on groups which have met not because some problem has seized them all and will not let them go until it is satisfied, but because they have felt a general

[1]From "The History of a Literary Radical," by Randolph Bourne. Copyright, 1920, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. Reprinted by arrangement with B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

craving for talk. They find that their mental wheels will not rotate without some corn to grind. In the revelation of what each person thinks it important to discuss, one gets the attitude of his mind and the color of his governing philosophy. Such a group is a kind of kindergarten of discussion. Ostensibly equal and sympathetic in the background and approach, they show in very little time the startling diversity of their actual equipment and mental framework. A score of people all doing apparently the same quality of work in the professional world, all enjoying a popular reputation, all backed by a college education, all reacting constantly to each other in the intersecting world of journalism, art, teaching, law, will often be found to show a lack of mental sympathy so profound that one wonders how such people can smilingly continue to seem to be living in the same world. They are using the same words, but they are not using the same meanings, and because they are not conscious that it is really meanings which they should be exchanging, the discussion is apt to lose itself feebly as in desert sands. What really emerges from most discussions, you find, is an astonishing array of philosophical skeletons-in-the-closet which stalk about the room unchallenged. Their owners are quite unconscious of this fatal escape. Yet it takes little wit to discover rigid platonists discoursing with pragmatists, minds whose first operation in thinking is always to fix a moral judgment contending with remorseless realists. Ideals are discussed when one man means by an ideal a measuring-stick for human conduct, another a social goal toward which he works. Concepts emerge which to half the company represent a mental vacuum, and to the other half imply a warm glow of virtue. World-philosophies which might be recognized are shabbily ignored. The feeble sparring of their distorted shadows is

taken for discussion, and the company separates with a vague feeling of having occupied itself for an evening with something profitably mental.

All the time, however, it is these fundamental philosophies which are the real antagonists, and not the concrete ideas which are the subjects of discussion. A good discussion passes rapidly into an examination of those presuppositions. It is more interested in charting out the minds of the other talkers than in winning small victories or getting agreements. Good discussion is a kind of detective uncovering the hidden categories and secret springs of emotion that underlie "opinions" on things. It seeks that common background and store of meanings in which alone diverse opinions can really meet and operate. We can no longer tolerate reasons which are only retrospective props for action that was really impulsive in its origin. No more should we tolerate in discussion that stubborn voicing of attitudes which seem axiomatic to the speaker only because he has never examined the structure of his own thought. It is popular nowadays to welcome the expression of every new attitude. But a discussion should be tolerant and hospitable only after the ground has been cleared. You must be very sure that what you have to deal with is a real attitude and not a counterfeit. Discussion remains mere talk if it remains content with the expression of an "opinion" and does not put the expressor to immediate cross-examination to discover in the name of what *Weltanschauung* the opinion came.

Discussion should be one of the most important things in the world, for it is almost our only arena of thinking. It is here that all the jumble of ideas and impressions that we get from reading and watching are dramatically placed in conflict. Here only is there a genuine challenge to put them into

some sort of order. Without discussion intellectual experience is only an exercise in a private gymnasium. It has never been put to the test, never had to give an account of itself. It is some such motive that impels people to discussion; though they are too often content with the jousting of pasteboard knights. But a good discussion is not only a conflict. It is fundamentally a co-operation. It progresses toward some common understanding. This does not mean that it must end in agreement. A discussion will have been adequate if it has done no more than set the problem in its signficant terms, or even defined the purpose that makes such a setting significant. You turn up things in your mind that would have remained buried without the incision of some new idea. The effort to say exactly what you mean, sharpening your idea to the point that will drive home to others, is itself invigorating. A good discussion tones up your mind, concentrates its loose particles, gives form and direction. When all say exactly what they mean, then for the first time understanding—the goal of discussion—is possible.

Discussion demands a mutual trustfulness, a mutual candor. But this very trustfulness makes discussion vulnerable. It is particularly open to the attack of the person who sees in the group a forum. The physical signs of such a misinterpretation are familiar. The eye becomes slightly dilated, the voice more orotund. The suggestion develops into an exposition, the exposition into an apologia or recrimination. Discussion is slain. Another enemy is the person who sidetracks a sentence and then proceeds in a leisurely way to unload its freight into his own wagon. But in a good discussion the traffic is kept constantly moving in both directions along a rather rigid line of track, and the freight arrives somewhere. Some people have a fatal gift of derailment. Wit is perhaps

the most common means. Discussion has no greater enemies than those who can catch an idea and touch it off into a puff of smoke. Wit should salt a discussion but not explode it.

Good discussion is so important that those who set about it may be rather pedantic and self-conscious in their enterprise. One may acutely realize himself as being, for the time, primarily a mind. He renounces the seeming of personal advantage in an argument. He sincerely and anxiously searches his intellectual stores in order to set down exactly what he thinks in just the proportions and colors that he thinks it. He studies what the others say, and tries to detect quickly the search for advantage or the loose use of terminology. He insists that words and phrases have meanings, and if they carry no meaning to him, he searches indefatigably until he has found the word that does carry over the full freight of significance intended.

The rewards for such pedantry are found in a tone of clear thinking. A good discussion increases the dimensions of every one who takes part. Being rather self-consciously a mind in a group of minds means becoming more of a person. Ideas are stale things until they are personally dramatized. The only good writers of opinion are those who instinctively reproduce the atmosphere of discussion, whose sentences have the tone of discussion with themselves or with an imagined group. The impulse for discussion is an impulse toward the only environment where creative thinking can be done. All the more reason why an instinct for workmanship should come in to insure that thought does not lose itself in feeble sparring or detached monologue.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INQUIRY

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON[1]

STUART P. SHERMAN

George Washington has steadily shone in the eyes of our people for more than a century and a half; and the average man does not know him yet. Indeed, I suspect the man in the street, in the honesty of his heart, inclines to think of the Father of his Country with indulgent incredulity—yawning and smiling. I offer my own experience as typical.

I grew up with a general understanding that Washington was an exemplary patriot—"first in war, first in peace"; and that he was therefore entitled to hang in all of our schoolrooms and to stand forever in bronze or marble under the Stars and Stripes. On the twenty-second of February the fabulous hatchet was always polished up and the mythical cherry-tree blossomed. I remember his disastrous expedition with General Braddock, for it was in my school reader. I recalled the stately commander posing amid the ice blocks of the Delaware and the wind-swept officers in their three-cornered hats getting chilblains in the snow at Valley Forge; for engravings of them adorned the wall. But when my young eyes encountered, in the history of the United States, Gilbert Stuart's portrait of the austere, hard-mouthed, frigid old gentleman my faint curiosity was satisfied. I had no doubt that he was a great man and a veracious one, but I had no desire for closer acquaintance with him.

[1]From *The Mentor,* July, 1926. Reprinted by special permission of The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

For a hundred years after his death he stood on a pedestal, immobile—a soldier-statesman so lofty that looking up to him became wearisome. No serious person challenged his high place in history or cast reflections upon the splendor of his public character. In his own lifetime he was idolized by the officers in his army. If he had lifted a finger, he might have been king. He frowned heavily on the project. English republicans, scorning their own sovereign, drank to George Washington as the incarnation of Plutarchian virtues. From that day to this the venom of party historians, freely enough spilt on Jefferson to the right of him and Hamilton to the left of him, has not touched the impeccable and august mediator who sat between them.

What we have had to believe about Washington is quite beyond common experience, is unique—we can't check it up by comparison with parallel cases. For example, replying to his inaugural address, the United States Senate declared: "In you all parties confide; in you all interests unite." We have to acknowledge that he deserved the Senate's confidence. The ancient land of Confucius sent this inscription for his monument: "In devising plans Washington was more decided than Ching or Woo Kwang; in winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Ling Pi. Wielding his four-footed falchion he extended the frontiers and refused to accept the Royal Dignity. The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him. Can any man of ancient or modern times fail to pronounce Washington peerless?"

In that solemn "Farewell Address" of his he gave what his people accepted as a sacred political testament. To this day it is a powerful argument for any proposed measure to say that it is in harmony with the last will of Washington. To this day exceedingly powerful argument is required to win

"our people," or even Congress, to a measure which obviously contravenes his will and wisdom. Is the popular deference to this old oracle superstitious? Said Lord Bryce, a very competent judge of statesmen: "Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations. No greater benefit could have befallen the Republic than to have such a type set from the first before the eye and mind of the people."

Now one cannot become acquainted with an "unapproachable snow peak." After one has been assured, in various forms, for a hundred and twenty-five years that Washington was an "unapproachable snow peak" one comes to believe it. One's emotions with regard to the object become cool and sublime. One thinks of him as *Mt.* Washington rather than as *Mr.* Washington. Eventually one begins to doubt whether there ever was any *Mr.* Washington.

For something over a generation, however, historians and biographers have been exhibiting discontent with the popular conception of Washington as a remote, inaccessible paragon. The eulogistic type of biography has been falling into disrepute. We are now in the midst of a sturdy "realistic" movement in history. It is in the spirit of our times to seek the truth, nothing but the truth and the whole truth both with regard to contemporary life and with regard to our historic past. The first important step toward the recovery of the whole truth about Washington was the publication between 1889 and 1893 of Worthington C. Ford's "The Writings of George Washington" in fourteen volumes. Another important step was the publication in 1925 of "The Diaries of George Washington," extending from 1748 to 1799. Be-

tween these two important publications of the original sources we have had realistic studies of Washington by Lodge, Ford, Hapgood, Wister, Haworth, Henderson, Thayer, Prussing and others.

The obvious result of historical study during the last generation has been to convert Washington from a rather chilly heroic myth—with a bit of the moral prig about him, derived from his first biographer, Weems, and a good bit of dazzling glamour about him, derived from a century of eulogy—into a red-blooded, eating, drinking, six-foot-three Virginian with abundance of common humanity and with many traits of character and temperament which had dropped out of the legend. After he accepted command of the Continental Army the poor man was, except for brief intervals, under heavy responsibility and terribly under inspection and on parade almost till the day of his death. He was doing what duty and the pressure of his friends' urging forced upon him —not what his heart inclined him toward, his jaw set in the fulfilment of obligation and in the acceptance of unwelcome honor. The spontaneity and gaiety of his youth departed, and the fire of his early manhood blazed out only in the provocation of battle or under the sting of some malignant attack upon his public integrity. If we think of him to-day more warmly and sympathetically than we did twenty-five years ago it is because we think of him as a more interesting human being.

With all our studies we haven't yet much trustworthy detail about the early stages in the formation of his mind and character. To begin with, he inherited a first-rate place in Virginia society. His father died when George was eleven. His formal schooling was brief. Grammar made little impression on him. He mastered what he was to use and only

that. He learned to write a beautiful hand, and he grappled earnestly with mathematics, which he required both as a surveyor and as the future manager of an immense estate.

But the major part of his education, in the broader sense of the term, came directly from experience, and was therefore immediately available for practice. A big Southern plantation employing several hundred slaves gave a very liberal "laboratory" training in the practical arts and crafts: agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, the breeding of stock, commercial fishing, brewing, distilling, the meat business, road building, masonry, lumbering, dam building, surveying, architecture, spinning, weaving, dyeing, bookkeeping, commerce, law and all the elements of administration and government. His education was enriched and his outlook broadened by contact with cultivated neighbors, by his appointment as public surveyor at the age of seventeen, by his journey to Barbados at nineteen with his invalid brother, Lawrence, by his various military and diplomatic missions among the French and Indians, by his appointment at twenty-three as commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and by his entrance at twenty-seven into the House of Burgesses. Such, clearly, were some of the forces that prepared him for leadership.

As for the young man himself Parson Weems's model Sunday-school boy has been pulverized by the facts in the case. Washington was neither a prude nor a prig at any time in his life. Truthfulness, square-dealing and valor were indeed bred in his bones. They were part of his inheritance as a Virginia gentleman. The code of his class was his religion. Except for his years as President he was not a regular churchgoer. He disapproved of slavery on economic grounds and hoped for the eventual gradual enfranchisement of all slaves, but he was a large slaveholder and the most profitable crop

on his plantation was tobacco. His amusements were those of a cavalier, not a puritan. He was fond of shooting and fishing, and when he was at Mount Vernon he was a passionate fox hunter. Sometimes he played cards all day and lost a couple of pounds. Sometimes he danced all night. He attended the theatre. He went to the horse races. He was fond of Madeira, and he served fine imported wines to his distinguished guests. He was very particular about dress, and for his own garments ordered from London the very best quality broadcloth, silk, linen and cambric. At his own wedding he was attired "in blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and gold buckles at his knees."

The records indicate that from his youth up he was devoted to "the fair." Some halting amorous verses of his youth have been preserved. Preserved also is the tradition that he made offers of his heart and hand on several different occasions before they were accepted by the vivacious and wealthy young widow, Martha Custis. There is a tradition that, in the earlier stages of his courtship, the girls were disposed to find his nose of unromantically formidable proportions. On this interesting point William Roscoe Thayer sagely observed: "So far as I know, psychologists have not yet made sufficiently exact study of the nose as a determining factor in matrimony to warrant an opinion from persons who have no special study of the subject." To offset this reflection upon young Washington's masculine charms we have a letter addressed to him on his return from soldiering with General Braddock and signed by no less than three fair ladies at Belvoir, the mansion of his neighbor Colonel Fairfax, "thanking Heaven" for his safe return and assuring him that "nothing but our being satisfied that our company would be disagreeable should prevent us from trying if our legs

would not carry us to Mount Vernon this night, but if you will not come to us, to-morrow morning very early we shall be at Mount Vernon."

Among the ladies at Belvoir was Sally Cary Fairfax, a belle from a plantation on the James River. In 1748 Sally Cary had become the wife of George William Fairfax, the young friend who had accompanied Washington on the famous expedition to survey Lord Fairfax's lands beyond the Blue Ridge. We have the dim outlines of a romantic relationship between Washington and his friend's wife—a romance of which we value the faint records glimmering behind what we know of the solid, if somewhat stolid, placidity of his domestic contentment. Ten years after Sally came to Belvoir, Washington engaged himself to Mrs. Custis. Sally wrote him a short note. He replied from camp at Fort Cumberland, September 12, 1758, on the way to Fort Duquesne. On the brink of battle and in the prospect of marriage he admits the attachment of his heart to Sally: "I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate till I am bid to review them; but experience, alas! sadly reminds me how impossible this is. . . ." The Fairfaxes were Loyalists and, with the Revolution, withdrew to England. Thirty years later, in 1798, a year before his death, Washington, sixty-six years old, wrote once again to Sally Fairfax—a stately letter, full of retrospect and prospect, full of tranquil satisfaction in being retired at last under his "own vine and fig-tree," but with one passage which is tender with the passion of his youth:

"During this period so many important events have occurred and such changes in men and things have taken place as the compass of a letter would give you but an inadequate

idea of. None of which events, however, nor all of them together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company."

A marvelously illuminating "episode"! For, as you observe, it was *not* an episode. A flame lighted in Washington lasted while life lasted. That, precisely, is the illumination. For forty years the flame still burned—unextinguished by Martha Washington, or by Valley Forge, or by the long watches on the bridge of the new "Ship of State," or by political estrangement, or by the sundering waters of the Atlantic, or by the long silence and long absence and the encroaching shadows of old age. Passion in the man? Yes, passion and undying constancy—the fortitude of passion. We begin to surmise that our father was even more of a cavalier than we had suspected.

The long thin ray of this romance, if we follow it, lights up his conduct in the Indian wars. The young giant with the slow tongue and the formidable and somewhat repellent nose, writing love letters at Fort Cumberland in 1758, is going into battle in the spirit of Richard Lovelace—"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." In a little while he will be raging like a madman over every part of the field, cudgelling and cursing the scoundrelly poltroons into the fight. He will have two horses shot under him and four bullets through his clothing. When he returns to Belvoir, Sally Fairfax will not be thinking of the length of his nose.

This is the period of his life at which Washington confessed to finding a charm in the whistling of bullets. Then and always he was a sensitive man—highly sensitive in the point of honor. To be charged, or even suspected, of any act unbecoming a gentleman of Virginia kindled his rage. One

other thing invariably kindled his rage; that was cowardice in battle.

About once a year some after-dinner speaker gets half a column in the newspapers for announcing publicly that Washington swore. Recently I received from a correspondent a military order of Revolutionary days enjoining it upon officers to check the use of profanity in the army; and I was asked whether this does not indicate the unlikelihood of Washington's having indulged in strong language. There is no evidence that Washington was habitually a profane man. Habitually he was an extremely dignified and decorous man. He used profanity where another man might have used the point of a pistol, as at the battle of Monmouth where, according to one report, he "swore like an angel." The words of the angel, addressed to the retreating General Lee, are said to have been: "What in the hell is the meaning of this retreat? You God-damned poltroon, will you now lead these troops against the enemy or shall I?" (Prussing's "George Washington in Love," p. 163.)

In 1759, at the age of twenty-six, Washington quit soldiering, married, took his seat in the House of Burgesses and settled down at Mount Vernon intending to be a country gentleman for the rest of his life. He then thought the life of a gentleman farmer the most "delectable" form of existence in the world. He was as constant in his love for agriculture as he was in all his other major passions. As he felt at twenty-six he felt also at sixty-seven. There was no year between 1759 and 1799 when, if he had consulted his own inclination, he would not gladly have resigned his power and his honor for the sweet refuge of his own vine and fig-tree. The diaries which cover his years at Mount Vernon, though they are apparently emotionless, betoken a deep, quiet, daily bliss and

satisfaction in planting turnips, butchering hogs, grubbing roots, building walls, catching shad, branding cattle, doctoring negroes and making the annual inventories of stock, implements and slaves. In his early manhood, before his marriage, there were a few years, doubtless, in which he coveted military honor. After his marriage and settling down in 1759 it would be difficult to find in his writings any proof that he was actuated by either military or political ambition. He accepted command of the army, he accepted the Presidency, diffidently, protesting, genuinely as reluctant as if he were going to his execution. He took no salary when he drew his sword at the request of Congress; for, as he declared, no salary would ever have induced him to undertake the task that they had laid upon him.

Why did the choice fall upon Washington as the indispensable man for the hour? Because they knew him to be a man of tested bravery and toughness. They knew that at forty-three, when he was chosen commander-in-chief, the same spirit was in him that had flamed forth in his eager youth when he said: "For my own part I can answer, I have a constitution hardy enough to encounter and undergo the most severe trials and, I flatter myself, resolution to face what any man durst, as shall be proved when it comes to the test, which I believe we are on the borders of."

Nor were valor and hardness all. When Patrick Henry returned from the first Continental Congress he was asked who was the greatest man in Congress. He replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." At forty-three the master of Mount Vernon plantation and former commander of the

Virginia forces had extensive, practical and detailed knowledge about every practical department of life, and in the opinion of all who knew him he used his knowledge shrewdly.

But judgment and information were not all. Washington's friends knew that he had no axe of his own to grind. They knew him to be sincere in his professed reluctance to accept leadership. They knew that he was not out for gain or glory but was actuated exclusively by a high sense of obligation and positive convictions regarding the rightness of the course which the Congress was taking.

Not showy qualities, most of these: courage, toughness, endurance, solid information, sound judgment, disinterestedness, pure public spirit, conviction, stability. But Washington possessed each one of them in abundance, each one of them to a degree far in excess of the average man. Possessing them all, he was a human "tower of strength." When he put his hand to the plow he never turned back, and he drove the furrow straight. There was something magnetic to the best minds in America—to brilliant opposites like Hamilton and Jefferson, to foreign adventurers like Lafayette and Steuben—in this giant bulk of mental and moral integrity, this clear-headed, just man who knew how to use the talents of livelier minds in making a republic.

A hundred and twenty-five years after Washington's death he is precious to us for the same qualities that made him precious to his own contemporaries. We value him because he impressed his own character upon the young nation. As a people we shall not outgrow him till it goes out of fashion to "pursue a wise, just and liberal policy toward one another and keep good faith with the rest of the world." The only modification which the last quarter century of research has made in his reputation is to humanize and warm it somewhat

by a partial restoration of the well-rounded, well-balanced, passionate human being that he was not merely on the battlefield and in the council chamber but also in the ballroom, on the hunting field, in the turnip patch, roughing it on the Blue Ridge, organizing land development and navigation companies and carrying on a correspondence with an old love.

One remark is often made about him which I think he would have resented sharply. It is often said that Washington was not, "you know," really an American but only a Colonial Englishman out of Sulgrave Manor. Englishmen especially rather like to claim him for their own. In going recently through his diaries and letters I wonder how that notion ever got abroad. Washington's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were in Virginia before him, the first having settled there nearly a hundred and twenty years before the Revolution. Though George Washington came ultimately of ancient and gentle stock in England I have yet to discover a line in his writings which indicates that he ever felt a nostalgic pang for the motherland.

Already in the Indian Wars he betrays an American's resentment of the English officer's uppishness toward his Colonial superior officer. Later he was to plead the importance of a national university in order that Americans might not have their natural affections estranged by being sent abroad for their education. The fact that he himself was not a bookish man, had never been abroad and had indeed formed, till late in life, no attachments outside of Virginia partly explains the purity and reality of his dedication to the New World and the ease—so far as his emotions were concerned —with which he sundered a tie grown tenuous yet exasperating. There is not a trace of lingering allegiance in the man as he calmly but with absolute resolution contemplates the

last step—non-importation—before "the resort to arms." And the conception of a "beloved" native land, blood-baptized America, transcending all state loyalties, inalterably republican, one and indivisible—this springs out of his heart swiftly, like a fully formed child long carried there.

POE AND HIS POLISH CONTEMPORARY[1]

JAMES G. HUNEKER

In the City of Boston, January 19, 1809, a son was born to David and Elizabeth Poe. On March 1, 1809, in the village of Zelazawo-Wola, twenty-eight English miles from Warsaw, in Poland, a son was born to Nicholas and Justina Chopin (Chopena or Szop). The American is known to the world as Edgar Allen Poe, the poet; the Pole as Frederic François Chopin, the composer. On October 7, 1849, Edgar Poe died, poor and neglected, in Washington Hospital at Baltimore, and on October 17, 1849, Frederic Chopin expired at Paris surrounded by loving friends, among whom were titled ladies. Turgenev has said there were at least one hundred princesses and countesses in whose arms the most wonderful among modern composers yielded up his soul. Poe and Chopin were contemporaries, and, curious coincidence, two supremely melancholy artists of the Beautiful lived and died almost synchronously.

My most enduring artistic passions are for the music of Chopin and the prose of Flaubert. In company with the cool, clear magic of a Jan Vermeer canvas, that of the Pole and Frenchman grazes perfection. But as a lad Chopin quite flooded my emotional horizon. I had conceived a fantastic comparison between Poe and Chopin, and I confess I was slightly piqued when Ignace Jan Paderewski, not then Premier of Poland, assured me that Chopin was born in the year

[1]From "Bedouins." Copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

1810, and not the year earlier. The date chiselled on Chopin's Paris tomb in Pere Lachaise—a sad tribute to the mediocre art of Clésinger, who married Solange Sand—is, after all, the correct one.

The love of Poe began early with me. My father had been a friend of the poet's in Philadelphia, and a member of the Poe circle during the forties of the last century; "roaring forties," indeed. That prime old comedian, Billy Burton, the ideal Falstaff of his day; John Sartain, the engraver, and father of William Sartain, the painter; Judge Conrad, who could move his listeners to tears when he recited the Lord's prayer; the elder Booth, a noble tragedian much given to drink; Graham, the publisher, and several others whose names have escaped my memory, composed this interesting group. In his memoirs John Sartain has written of Poe and of a certain wild midnight walk in Fairmount Park. I remember the elder Sartain as an infrequent visitor at our house, and I also remember how I hung on his words when he spoke of Poe. My father told me that Poe would become a raving maniac after a thimbleful of brandy, so sensitive was his cerebral mechanism. But other authorities contradict this theory. Poe had been often seen to toss off a tumblerful of cognac neat. Last year at Atlantic City I met Mr. Hutzler, a well-known merchant of Baltimore, a spry young octogenarian and a seasoned raconteur. He told me, and in a vivid manner, of seeing Edgar Poe and Junius Brutus Booth hanging on to the same lamppost, both helplessly drunk at midday. This happened about 1845, as the boys, Mr. Hutzler among the rest, trooped out to dinner from the public school on Holliday Street. Mr. Hutzler's memory has a mirror-like clearness, and he described the occurrence as if it had happened yesterday. Like irreverent schoolboys, they surrounded

the greatest living Shakespearean actor and the greatest American poet and mocked at them.

We lived on North Seventh Street, and twice a day, on my trip to and from school, I passed the house where Poe had lived during his sojourn in Philadelphia, from 1838 to 1844. That house I should not have been able to locate to-day if my friend, Christopher Morley (charming writer, with a name that recalls spacious Elizabethan times: Kit Morley!), hadn't described it. This house, in which Poe wrote "The Raven" and "The Gold Bug," is at the northwest corner of Seventh and Brandywine Streets. Another critic friend, Albert Mordell, assures me that the old pear-tree in the back yard still bears fruit for the present resident, Mrs. Owens. The house is the rear building of another numbered 530 North Seventh Street. Mr. Mordell sent me a photograph which shows a typical Philadelphia red brick structure with white shutters and marble steps. I have heard of many spots where Poe wrote "The Raven," Fordham among the rest, but as boys we told ourselves when we stared at the old building: "Poe wrote his 'Raven' and 'Gold Bug' there!" It is something to remember in these piping times of hypocrisy and universal hatred of art, music, and literature.

It would be a strained parallel to compare Poe with Chopin at all points; nevertheless, chronological coincidences are not the only comparisons that might be instituted without exaggeration. True, the roots of Chopin's culture were more cosmopolitan, more richly nurtured than Poe's; the poet, like an air-plant, found his spiritual sustenance from sources unknown to the America of his day. Of Poe's intellectual ancestry, however, we may form some conception, though his learning was not profound, despite his copious quotations from half-forgotten and recondite authors, Glanville,

for example. Nevertheless, the matchless lines, "Helen, thy beauty is to me like those Nicean barks of yore," . . . were struck off in the fire of a boyhood passion. Chopin had a careful training under the eye of his Polish teacher, Elsner; but who could have taught him how to compose his Opus 2, the Variations on Mozart's La ci darem lamano? Both Poe and Chopin were full-fledged artists from the beginning, their individualities and limitations sharply defined. Perhaps the most exquisite music penned by Poe is this same "Helen," while the first mazourka of Chopin stamps him as an original poet. In the later productions of these men there is more than a savor of morbidity. Consider the Fantaisie-Polonaise, Opus 61, with its most musical, most melancholy cadences; or the F minor Mazourka, composed during the last illness of Chopin; a sick brain betrays itself in the rhythmic insistence of the theme, a soul-weary "Wherefore?" In the haunting repetitions and harmonies of "Ulalume" there is a poetic analogue. This poem, in which sense swoons into sound, possesses a richness of color and rhythmic accent that betoken the mentality of a poet whose brain is perilously unhinged. If alcohol produced this condition, then might a grateful world erect altars to such a wondrous god of evocation. Prohibition has not thus far produced a Poe. But he wasn't the creation of either alcohol or drugs, though they were contributory causes; they prodded his cortical cells into abnormal activity, made leap the neuronic filaments with surprising consequences. No, a profound cerebral lesion was the real reason why Poe resorted to brandy to soothe his exacerbated nerves, and not because he drank did he go to wrack and ruin. His "case" is like Baudelaire's and E. T. W. Hoffmann's; not to mention the names of James Clarence Mangan and Monticelli, one the singer of the "Dark Rosaleen," the other that

master of gorgeous hues, fantasies of enchanted lands and crumbling linear designs.

Poe, then, like Chopin, did not die too soon. Neurotic natures, they lived their lives with the intensity which Walter Pater has declared is the true existence. "To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstacy, is success in life. Failure is to form habits." Alas! that way madness lies for the majority of mankind, notwithstanding the æsthetic exhortation of Pater. Poe and Chopin fulfilled the Pater conditions during their brief sojourn on our parent planet. They ever burned with the flame of genius, and that flame devoured them. They were not citizens of moral repute. Nor did they accumulate "mortal pelf." They failed to form habits, and while the psychic delicacy of Chopin proved a barrier against self-indulgence of the grosser sort, he contrived to outrage social and ethical canons even in tolerant Paris. The influence of George Sand, her ascendancy over his volition, worked evil and unhappiness. The delicate porcelain of his genius could not float downstream in company with her brassy ware without ensuing disaster for the finer of the twain. Alcoholic neurosis did not trouble him, but he was tubercular, and that malady is more fatal than alcoholism. Poe was not precisely a drunkard; probably masked epilepsy accounts for his vagaries; such victims are periodical dipsomaniacs, "circulaires" is the term of the psychiatrists. His personality was winning, his speech electric, his eye alight with genius; but, then, the obverse of the medal! A sad, slouching creature, with a cynic's sneer, a bitter tongue which lashed friend and foe alike, a gambler, a libertine—what has this unhappy poet not been called?

Baudelaire asked whether the critical hyenas could not have been prevented from defacing the tomb of Poe. (He

used Rabelaisian language in the original French.) Charles Baudelaire, a spiritual double of Poe, was another unhappy wraith of genius, and of the same choir of self-lacerated and damned souls.

Fancy Poe and Chopin in New York during the prosaic atmosphere of those days! If Chopin had not achieved artistic success at the Soiree of Prince Radziwill in Paris, 1831, he would probably have gone to America, where he might have met Poe. He declared his intention to leave Paris for New York, and his passport was viséed "Passing through." Poe and Chopin conversing! The idea is rather disquieting. Stendhal, not hoodwinked by Chateaubriand with his purple phrases and poetic visions of virgin forests and sweet Indian girls in an impossible Louisiana, declared that America was materialistic beyond hope of redemption. Talleyrand knew better. However, it was better for the artistic development of the Polish composer that he remained in the Old World. Think of Chopin giving piano lessons to the daughters of the New-Rich at the fashionable Battery, and Poe encountering him at some conversazione— They had conversaziones then—and propounding to him Heine-like questions: Are the roses at home still in their flame-hued pride? Do the trees sing as beautifully as ever in the moonlight? Are humming-birds and star-dust—Francesca Astre—still as rare as ambergris? At a glance Poe and Chopin would have sympathized. In sensibility the American was not inferior to the Pole. Poe would have felt the "drummed tears" in the playing of Chopin, and in turn Chopin would not have failed to divine the vibrations of Poe's high-strung nature. Both men were mystics, were seers. What a meeting that would have been! Yet inevitable misery might have come to the Pole in unsympathetic New York. A different tale if Poe had gone to

Paris and enjoyed a meed of artistic success. Baudelaire, who was born in April, 1831, therefore a young chap in 1845, would have known him, and, congenial souls, they would surely have gone to the devil quicker than apart. Baudelaire and Poe! There's a marvelous combination for you of fantasy, moonlight, rotten nerves, hasheesh, and alcohol! The fine flower of the genius of Poe might have bloomed more fragrantly on French soil: perhaps with the added note of depravity not in his sexless creations, and so corroding a note in Les Fleurs du Mal. Who may dare say! But then we might not have had the sinister melancholia, so sweetly despairing, so despairingly sweet, that we enjoy in the real Poe.

The culture of Chopin was not of a finer stamp than Poe's, nor was his range so wide. In their intellectual sympathies both were rather narrow, though intense to an emotional poignancy, and both were remarkable in mood-versatility. Born aristocrats, purple raiment became them well. Both were sadly deficient in platurous humor and the Attic salt that conserves the self-mockery of Heine. Irony they possessed to a superlative degree. Both created rhythmic beauty, evoked the charm of evanescence. A crepuscular art; the notations of twilit souls and the "October of the sensations." Both were at their best in smaller artistic forms. When either one spread his pinions for symphonic flight we think of Matthew Arnold's interpretation of Shelley: "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Which phrase truly is of Mat's own making, yet somehow misses the essential Shelly. Poe and Chopin supremely mastered their intellectual instruments. Artificers in precious cameos, they are of an artistic consanguinity because of their extraordinary absorption in the Beautiful. Poe wrote in English, but was he really as American as Hawthorne and Emerson were American? His verse

and prose depict characters and landscapes that belong to No Man's Land, in that mystic region east of the sun, west of the moon. The American scene was unsympathetic to him, and he refused to become even morally acclimated. His Eldorado is "over the mountains of the moon, down the valley of the shadow." His creations are bodiless; shadow of shadows, the incarnation of Silence, set forth in spectral speech. Unlike any other native-born writer, he sounds better in a French garb; the Baudelaire translations improve his style, and Stephane Mallarme has accomplished an almost miraculous transposition of "Ulalume." ("The Raven"—"Le Corbeau"—by the same master I do not care for as much, and its refrain, "Jamais plus!" is not so musically sonorous as "Nevermore!")

Henry Beyle-Stendhal wrote in his witty, malicious manner that "Romanticism is the art of presenting to the people literary works which in the actual state of their habitudes and beliefs are capable of giving the greatest possible pleasure; Classicism, on the contrary, is the art of presenting literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grandfathers." Stendhal is half right. A Classic is sometimes a dead Romantic. But Poe and Chopin remain invincibly Romantic, yet are Classics. Chopin is more human than Poe, inasmuch as he is patriotic. His polonaises are "cannons buried in flowers," his psychic bravery overflows in the Revolutionary Etude. He is Chopin. And he is also Poland. Like the national poet, Adam Mickiewicz, he struck many human chords, though some of his melodies could dwell in Poe's "misty mid-region of Weir," where Beauty boasts an icy reign. There is a disturbing dissonance in the Poe-Chopin case: Poe was a man without a country; Chopin had the priceless possession of Poland. On his heart was engraved

his oaths to the mild expletives she herself used. She could defend herself against a charge of breach of promise (though there is no reason to think that she did not intend to marry when her work was ended); in her pageantry of triumph she could pause to confer on an old neighbor a souvenir of humbler days, the threadbare red skirt she had worn to Vaucouleurs. On the field of Patay she could stop to lift up the head of a dying enemy; amid the coronation splendors at Rheims she could find time to ask her king (it was the one request she ever made on her own account) to remit the taxes of her village. She was no ethereal visionary, but a tangible and resolute young woman who at the beginning of her task said: "I must go to the king, even if I must walk my legs down to my knees."

Time, which has given sainthood to Joan, has provided humanity with a fuller understanding, and, with it all, she remains the most fascinating figure of history. Regard her as prosaically as we may, and more than ever she stands revealed the marvel of all time, the little peasant girl who did what no man has ever done: at seventeen led an army, and in a few brief months threw back an intrenched enemy, led a timid prince to his coronation, and made conquerors of a war-weary and all but vanquished people.

She must needs work briefly, knowing her time was brief. John, Duke of Alençon, later testifying, said:

"Many times I have heard Joan tell the king that she would last but one year, not much more, and that it was her purpose to work well during that year. For, according to what she said, she had four charges: to put the English to flight; to have the king crowned at Rheims; to deliver the Duke of Orléans from the hands of the enemy; to raise the siege of Orléans."

She accomplished the last of these things first—in four days. A little more than a month later she had scaled the walls of Jargeau, crushed the English army at Patay, sent its remnant flying in a rout toward Paris, and in another month put the crown on the head of the paltering king. But for treachery she would have accomplished all her purpose within the year, with months to spare. The surrender of Paris, the expulsion of the English from France, the return of the Duke of Orléans she would not live to see. Nevertheless, she achieved these things. To the last item her mission would be fulfilled.

Joan was thirteen when the Voice came to her, a sensitive, religious child, her heart heavy with the sorrows of her people and the thought of the unhappy Charles VII, their fugitive king. She did not dream that she was to lead soldiers, that she would be struck down in battle. A light in the direction of the church dazzled and frightened her, but the Voice calmed her. It bade her be a good child and promised that God would help her, that she would go to the rescue of the king. And it spoke to her of "the pity that was of the kingdom of France."

Never had France been brought so low. Crushed by a hundred years of warfare with England, Joan's country was no longer a nation, but a chaos of warring factions, each, under whatever flag or pretense, striving for personal gain. A prince of Burgundy had murdered a prince of Orléans and in turn had met with assassination. Burgundy was allied with England. Anarchy reigned. Great captains had become freebooters; soldiers had become mere marauders; even the peasants had left their fields, and forming themselves into cruel bands laid waste far and wide.

And now had come a fearful, and what seemed a final,

blow. At Verneuil the king's army had met the combined English and Burgundian forces, in a disaster that had fairly crushed the French spirit, as well as its battalions. It was after Verneuil, probably very soon after, that the light and the Voices came to Joan of Arc.

Whatever the explanation of the apparitions, to Joan they were realities. She saw them; she heard them; she obeyed them.

During four years the visions and the Voices continued to come, and in time revealed to the child what she was to do. She was to lead the king's armies, and herself conduct him to Rheims, to be crowned. Perhaps they told her—at any rate Joan realized it—that uncrowned Charles VII was a mere semblance in the eyes of the people. Crowned and anointed he would symbolize authority, the will of God.

The crisis came when in October, 1428, Orléans on the Loire, key to all the south of France, was besieged by the English. The Voices now became urgent and explicit. They told Joan she would raise the siege of Orléans. She must go to the governor of the province at Vaucouleurs, Robert de Baudricourt, who would give her soldiers to conduct her to the king.

The time had come to act.

She persuaded a relative by marriage, Durand Laxart, to invite her to his home, near Vaucouleurs, and to take her to the presence of Robert de Baudricourt. To de Baudricourt she spoke of her visions and her mission. The rough warrior, amused at this peasant girl in her patched red gown, said to Durand Laxart:

"Take her to her father's home, and box her ears!"

But Joan did not go home, or if so her stay was brief. She took up quarters in Vaucouleurs, and the common people—always the first to recognize a deliverer—believed in her.

Then, one day, she told her story to a young knight, a soldier of fortune, Jean de Metz. Impressed, he pledged his faith to her. Another, Bertrand de Poulegny, did the same. They swore to take her to the king, then in a hilltop fortress at Chinon, a last retreat.

De Baudricourt finally yielded. He did not give her soldiers, however; he gave her a sword, with two king's messengers from Chinon, to show her the way. Her two knights, their servants and the messengers, these six, constituted her army. Her uncle went security for her horse. On the evening of February 23, 1429, Joan, clad as a man, rode with her six from the western gateway of Vaucouleurs, de Baudricourt calling after them, "Go, and let come what may!" A moment later they had passed into the winter mist and gloaming, taking the direction of Chinon.

After eleven days she reached Chinon, and when finally given audience recognized the king—who "had retired behind some others"—by the counsel and revelation of her Voices, as she declared later. Apart, she whispered to him a secret known only to himself and God, and assured him of his legitimate right to the throne.

The king is convinced, but some scheming counselors view Joan with malevolence. Weak and poor-spirited Charles allows them to sway him and delay action.

Joan must be questioned by the priests through tedious days, to be certain that her powers are not of evil. The king's cousin, Duke of Alençon, saw her ride and handle a lance and needed no further testimony. He espoused her cause; in return she named him her *"beau duc."* But then she must go to Poitiers for further questioning. Futile days go by. The hair-splitting doctors demanded of her a sign as proof of her mission.

"In God's name, I have not come to Poitiers to work

signs! But take me to Orléans and I will show you signs as to why I am sent!"

Accepted at length, and clad in a suit of white armor made for her at Tours, with a sword located at Fierbois by her Voices, Joan was ready for battle. At Blois in two days she reformed the outrageous morals of her army, then with chanting priests and four thousand men set out for Orléans. Her wish was to march straight into the beleaguered city, disregarding the English forts. The leaders misled her and she found herself on the wrong side of the river. Dunois, in command of Orléans, had crossed to meet her.

The wind was adverse; the boats could not ascend the river to where there was a safe crossing. Dunois, the Maid, the army, all Orléans waited. The wind could not change possibly! Then it changed—a miracle!

But the boats could not take the army, nor did Joan wish it. She crossed with two hundred—the rest marched back to Blois, to cross by the bridge. Much besought, she agreed to enter Orléans. On her white horse, fully armored, preceded by her standard, she entered the invested city. Many nobles and valiant lords followed her, and around and about pressed the crowds, "to whom it seemed that she was an angel of God."

This was April 29th. During the next few days, waiting for the return of the army, Joan, when came evening, clad in her white armor, mounted the city walls and warned the English to return to their own land. They shouted back at her that she was a milkmaid and a harlot, promising to burn her. But they were struck with fear, for when the army came back from Blois, Joan rode out and escorted it past their forts, but a few yards distant, while they made no sign. How had she known that this would happen?

Within the walls the people swarmed about her. At dinner with Dunois, word came that Fastolfe, the English commander, was on the way with reinforcements for the besiegers. Joan, elated by her own army's arrival, gayly admonished Dunois that if the report proved true he should by no means fail to let her know.

Asleep after dinner, she suddenly roused and called for her armor and her horse, declaring that the blood of France was being spilled.

The French had attacked an English fort and as usual were getting the worst of it. Mounted, she plunged into action. Joan of Arc was riding to battle! "Forward with God!" Her appearance on the field demoralized the enemy. All were killed or captured. Joan wept for the souls of the unforgiven. That night she declared that the siege would be raised in five days.

It was raised in four—three days of fighting. On the second day she captured two forts across the river. At a moment when her men yielded she dashed forward. "In God's name, forward boldly!" and the battle was won. On the third day she attacked the dreaded bridgehead, the Tourelles. Desperately wounded through the upper shoulder she wept like the girl of seventeen that she was; then after prayer, returned to the assault, rallied her retiring forces, swept the enemy from the works and rode back to Orléans, by the captured bridge.

The siege of Orléans was ended. Joan had shown her promised sign. The city in raptures hailed her as, henceforth and forever, the "Maid of Orléans."

Back to the king with the news. "Come to Rheims," she urged. "Come to Rheims and receive your crown. The way will be opened." But the timid Charles and his sinister counselors hesitated. Other English strongholds must first be re-

duced. Precious weeks went by. Troops and captains drifted away. Consent obtained at last, Joan with her *beau duc* raised another army and assaulted Jargeau. Standard in hand Joan led the way up the ladders. A stone from above struck her down. An instant later she was on her feet.

"Friends, friends, up! up! Our Lord has condemned the English!"

A moment later Jargeau was taken. Meung and Beaugency fell after slight resistance. Then, a week after Jargeau, came the fearful slaughter of Patay, where English power was forever broken in France.

And now again, "Come to Rheims—come to Rheims and receive your crown!" and this time Charles and his counselors reluctantly consented. From Gien, at the end of June, a shining cavalcade of twelve thousand wound its way through the hills. In white the unknown peasant girl of four months earlier was conducting her king to Rheims. The impossible dream was coming true.

She was everywhere in the ranks, "and spoke as wisely as any captain," writes a chronicler of the time. When the army fell into difficulties and was refused entry to Troyes, Joan promised the king and council that they should have the city in two days, and prepared for assault. Troyes yielded next morning. A frightened priest came out, crossing himself and sprinkling holy water. Whereupon Joan, amused, said: "Approach boldly, I will not fly away." No assumption—no pretense of magic—a human being like the rest, but with the strength of ten—of a thousand.

And now the coronation: the great assemblage in the cathedral at Rheims; the knights bearing the phial of holy oil riding down the splendid nave, almost to the altar itself; Charles VII in his robes, amid dignitaries of Church and

State, and by his side, with her banner, Joan of Arc. And when the crown was placed upon the king's head, "all assembled cried out, 'Noel!' And trumpets sounded in such a manner that it seemed the vaults of the church must be riven apart." The dream—the impossible dream—had come true. The peasant girl of Domremy had crowned her king!

She is on her knees. "Noble King, now is accomplished the pleasure of God." The great audience weeps and prays. She could have named her reward, but she only asked that her villages, Domremy and Greux, be freed from taxes. Nothing for herself. Her father rode home with the precious document.

Already the king's counselors were hatching treachery. A shameful treaty concluded with Burgundy prevented the immediate march on Paris which Joan had planned. Paris in that moment would have yielded—opened its gates. Treachery, delays, obstacles—weeks wasted in futile drifting and skirmishing—an army breaking up. Then at last an attack on Paris, when it was too late, when the paltry king, in the mesh of the spidery Burgundy, saw to it that it *would* fail. Wounded and sick at heart, she lays her white armor on the altar of St. Denis.

Back again to the Loire—a victory, brilliant but unimportant—then more wasted months, and at last a dash with such as will follow her for the regions around Paris where the fruits of her great victories were being flung away. She was at Melun when the warning came. The city yielded, but as she stood on the moats her Voice whispered that her year —her year and a little more—was near its close.

How the weeks rushed by—wasted weeks, with defeat and declining prestige—and then—Compiègne. An enemy camp is just across the river; it must be broken up, and in the

May afternoon with five hundred men she sweeps out the gate and across the bridge to strike.

Success at first, then suddenly, for the enemy, reinforcements. From all sides they come, as if by arrangement. They press upon her as she lingers behind "to support her men (the testimony of an enemy), to withdraw them without loss."

English and Burgundians forge through, clutching at her garment. They force her into the wet meadows and drag her down. Joan of Arc will fight no more.

And now months of imprisonment at the castles of her Burgundian captor, at Beaulieu and at Beaurevoir. To Beaurevoir comes news that Compiègne will presently be captured and the inhabitants massacred. For herself she is to be sold to the English. She can endure no more. Commending her soul to God she leaps from her tower. The distance is sixty feet; she is picked up unconscious.

Bargained to the English for ten thousand francs, she is taken to another castle, on the Picardy coast; then, in December, to Rouen—delivered to her English jailer, Warwick.

And never, on the part of her king or her old companions at arms, an attempt at her rescue.

It was the former Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, who was chosen to conduct her prosecution. Cauchon had been driven from Beauvais when that city offered submission to Joan and her king, and had nourished his wrath to keep it warm. It has been said that Cauchon's prosecution of Joan was for her soul's sake. Such an assumption is peculiarly fatuous and disregards the evidence. At the rehabilitation witnesses of unquestioned integrity called him the willing tool of the English, who would burn Joan as a witch to put a blemish on the title of Charles to the crown.

A prisoner of war, Joan's treatment was that of a witch. Her prison was vile. Night and day she was loaded with chains—chains on her hands and feet, a connecting chain wrapped around her body and locked to a log of wood. Being a witch, this was necessary. She was never alone. Two or more wretched, drinking, foul-mouthed guards—human vermin—were always in her cell.

Then, after two months, the trial. For another month she was on the rack, beset by Cauchon and his fifty or more "assistants," in an effort to trick her, to entrap her into damaging admissions. Single-handed, Joan met them, fought the great battle of her life.

"Why did he (St. Michael) come to you rather than to another?"

"It pleased God thus through a simple maid to drive out the adversaries of the king."

"I had a standard the field of which was sown with lilies."

"Which aided the more (in battle)—you the standard, or the standard you?"

"The victory, whether from the standard or from me, came wholly from our Lord."

"Was the hope of victory based upon the standard or yourself?"

"It was founded upon our Lord, and not elsewhere."

"Did you say (to the soldiers) that penons made like yours would be lucky?"

"What I did say was: 'Enter boldly among the English,' and this I did myself."

"Have you ever been in a place where English were killed?"

"In God's name, of course! How softly you speak! Why didn't they leave France and go into their own country?"

"Does God hate the English?"

"Of the love or hate that God has for the English, or what

God will do with their souls I know nothing. I know they will be driven out of France, except those who will die here; and that God will send victory to the French against the English."

With death staring her in the face she could still make that answer.

"Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?" (A test question either way she answered could be against her.)

"If I am not, God put me there; if I am, God keep me there."

At which reply even her questioners were awed to silence.

They prepared "seventy articles" in which they tried to put words into her mouth that she had never uttered. She merely denied or referred to her former responses. They led her to the torture chamber and showed her the instruments which they would use if she did not reply to certain questions. She said:

"Truly, if you should tear me limb from limb and part my soul from my body, I would not tell you anything more; and if I did tell you something, afterward I would say always that you made me say it by force."

Of privation, mental torture and tainted food she fell ill and lay at death's door. Sick unto death though she was, her chains were not removed. Medical men were summoned and admonished that they must cure her. The king (of England) had paid for her dearly and "would not for anything in the world have her die a natural death. She must die only by law and be burned."

In the end they wore her down. Tortured, hunted, driven, ill of mind and body, confronted with the executioner's cart and the waiting scaffold, she abjured. Three days later, through treachery too vile to relate, she was made to relapse. After that—the flames. On the scaffold she asked forgiveness of all and forgave all. Then she was chained to the stake.

A placard above her and a miter cap on her head bore such words as:

Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolator.

Her garment was the robe of white she had once asked for, and in her bosom she held a rude cross, made by an English trooper from a broken stick. As the flames rose about her she called on her saints and cried out the name of Jesus—no less than six times the name of Jesus. Hearing which, there were those present who believed that they saw that name written in the flames; while one declared that at the moment when she surrendered her spirit there had appeared a white dove, which flew toward France.

LOOKING DOWN THE VISTA OF NINETY-TWO YEARS[1]

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Looking backward over the period of ninety-two years, life unfolds to me a colorful panorama of men and of events that seemingly began but yesterday. Recollections of youth and of twenty years ago rise before me with equal clearness. I am conscious of no distinctions between the figures that stand forth from memory, whether they were boys at home before the Civil War or great personalities known to me in later years. But life has changed in such degree that it bears to-day but slight resemblance to the life of my youth. Almost every circumstance is different. The new age of mechanisms has made it possible to live without physical effort, and our prosperity has conferred ease upon a large section of the population. That we live more happily I may be permitted to doubt.

When I was a boy in Peekskill, N. Y., the ambitious man thought of fortune in terms of $100,000. If he could acquire so monumental a sum it would bring him $7,000 a year at 7 per cent, and $3,000 was adequate for his living. That included a coach and pair and two or three servants. We did not travel so rapidly, nor undertake to do such a variety of things in a brief space of time, but we lived comfortably and the average man's chance of happiness was brighter then than now. The pressure of latter-day life tends to rob us of

[1]From *Current History*, April, 1926. Reprinted by special permission of the author and the New York Times Co., New York, N. Y.

the capacity for happiness. We forget to smile, and of all human blessings a smile is the greatest.

Trains in those days crept slowly down to New York, although we regarded them as fast enough. The motor car had not been conceived and the airplane was a fancy of the mind. Paddle-wheel steamboats ran to Europe and the railroads slowly progressed westward. The telegraph key and speaking wire were marvelous creations in the middle of the last century. Before their advent our newspaper in Peekskill often published "three-day news from Europe," meaning that the vessel bringing this news had arrived in New York three days before. But as boy and young man I lived a happy life, perhaps a great deal happier than I might live to-day under similar conditions of fortune.

The frontier was not so far away in the '40s. We heard talk of real Indians being fought by real soldiers. I remember that when I was a boy of ten my father brought me to New York one day, then a great adventure, and a long ride by train. The city appeared colossal; its five and six-story buildings loomed higher than our hills of Westchester. I held tightly to his hand as we went through the crowds of lower Broadway, finally reaching the museum of P. T. Barnum, which stood near Ann Street. Inside two Indians were on display, made known by the vivid posters Mr. Barnum knew so well how to devise.

My father looked at the posters, bought a pair of tickets, and we followed the crowd. There, on a high platform, stood two Indians, supposedly chiefs of the Pawnee and Sioux. They were the fiercest fellows anybody could imagine, dressed in feathers and paint, bearing every mark of the wild frontier. Occasionally one of them would give voice to a war-whoop that made the museum ring and the crowd jump. I

could see the whole drama of their pursuit and capture, as Mr. Barnum outlined the story on his posters. After a while the crowd thinned a bit and there were only a few people near the platform, when one of the chiefs said to the other, "Moike, if this heat don't let up a bit I'm thinkin' we'll be nothing but grease pots." It may interest the reader to know that the brogue of the Indians astonished me, but nothing more. Some days had passed before I felt misgivings. Little boys in the '40s were not so worldly wise as now. And I most reluctantly accepted the idea that an Indian chief could hardly have an Irish brogue.

As I remember our good neighbors of Peekskill in that time, we had little poverty. Every man was fairly well to do and usually the owner of his home. There were numerous schools and an active community spirit. If vicissitudes came to any member, the others lent help. Peekskill was like a far city, wholly removed from the influences of New York. We rose early and worked until dark. My father was a merchant and farmer of Huguenot stock and the house of my grandfather had been the family homestead for 200 years.

One of my first strong desires was to own a horse and buggy, and that desire was fulfilled fairly early. Every time I dodge a motor car my mind goes back to the horses and buggies that we used to have. No other social change emphasizes more impressively the transition from one century to another. After a boy grew into his 'teens he turned his eyes toward a rig and horse as the surest way to favor in the eyes of some lady fair. But the automobile has banished that once familiar institution, the family horse. He was an intelligent creature, knowing every member of the household, adapting his way to suit theirs as best he might. When the youngest son of the house chanced to hold the reins, with his arm

around a neighbor's daughter, the family horse adopted a sedate pace and the longest way home. The reins might fall upon the dashboard, but there was no need of reins. Nowadays motor cars thunder and flash past and youth has no time for the horse and buggy. But it was typical of my own youth and a later period, and I believe there must be many people who will join me in regretting the favorite of another day.

Modest Lawyer's Fee

When we come to speak of changing social conditions then and now it may not be amiss to recall that my first fee was $1.75, earned by several days of work in preparing a legal opinion. For a young man just out of Yale the fee was looked upon as adequate. But I am persuaded that the greenest lawyer in the America of to-day would not do so much work for several times my fee. Since I have ventured to say that a smile is the greatest blessing of life, I may add that an appreciation of money in its true value and provision against poverty is the first duty of man. I would not imply that riches should be a goal, but I would emphasize that poverty is the worst of our social evils and a fate every man must guard against. The first $100 cleared from my practice went into a savings bank and still remains there, amounting to almost $900 in sixty years. I have another account of $87.50 that is a half century old, but it draws no interest. Of all the social changes that have influenced the American people in my lifetime prosperity is the greatest. If we had little poverty in the '40s and '50s, neither did we have broad prosperity. Commonplace fortunes of the present were not even anticipated. The outstanding discussion that occupied everybody's mind was the question of property rights. Both in the North and in the South men debated that question gravely. In the South

and among those of Southern sympathies it was maintained in a general way that property represented an inalienable right of the owner and that slaves were an inseparable part of Southern property. Many able exponents maintained the theory, while an opposing sentiment spread through the North. At the time I was graduated from Yale in 1856 this difference had reached the proportions of a breach. My father was a Democrat, but I differed from his opinions and entered actively into the campaign that elected Lincoln.

I had not seen Lincoln until he was on the way to his inauguration in Washington from Springfield, Ill. After much difficulty we obtained consent for the train to stop in Peekskill. Word was heralded throughout neighboring counties and farmers drove from far away Connecticut to see the President. At least 25,000 people assembled for the coming of his train. When it finally arrived and the engine slowed to a stop, I doubt if any audience ever awaited any man with more eagerness. A brief pause, the car door opened, and there stood Lincoln, just as he had been pictured, in his long, wrinkled coat, wearing a stove-pipe hat.

He bowed to the crowd and stepped from his train to a flatcar, in full view of everybody. Then a local dignitary, one of those men always in evidence at public speakings, launched into an introduction of the President. Lincoln patiently waited while the spokesman talked, but the crowd grew restless. Still the speaker kept on, until the whistle blew. It was a limited train and could not wait even for the President. Lincoln bowed again and returned to his car without a word.

The election of Lincoln marked a definite period in American life. Most of our Presidents had been aristocrats. Lincoln was a commoner, almost unknown and wholly untried in the larger issues of government. He came into power when the

destiny of the Union was gravely threatened, and from the first moment of his elevation, he determined to preserve it against any peril. That calm resolution spread to many of his countrymen. Men everywhere realized that a leader had arisen. But his leadership was to be challenged by tests such as few men have met.

Lincoln comprehended the full import of his task. He also sensed his own lack of preparation. He had, in greater measure than any man I ever knew, the faculty of judging the past and present and divining the future by the lessons of both. And he was remarkable for the swiftness of his decisions. In the turbulent days of the war the President shielded his anxiety by a play of wit and a succession of stories. One afternoon he told me eleven anecdotes without pausing for more than a laugh.

I had gone to Washington in 1864 as Secretary of State of New York. Lincoln was meeting callers at the White House and I stopped there to pay my respects. Upon entering the room where he stood I saw a throng around him. So I turned to leave, but the President hailed me.

"Just a moment, young man," he said. "What did you want?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Well, no one ever came here before who didn't want something," he answered. "I wish you would remain, for I should like to talk to you."

He was keenly humorous and always anxious to hear a new story. But at other times his manner was a settled melancholy. After telling some anecdote with relish he would relapse into his detached, thoughtful mood, and humor seemed a thing apart from his character. But Lincoln really was a humorist. If the public had known how well he relished a

story, I doubt that it would have elected him, because the public rather likes gravity and perhaps even a little solemnity in its public men. Instinctively it is fearful of the man who dallies with the barb of wit or the spirit of laughter.

President Garfield remarked to me at the time of his inauguration that I had every qualification for President except a fondness for humor and an inclination to indulge it publicly. He said that the people distrusted a man who told stories. If his estimate could be pronounced upon myself with any degree of accuracy, I am convinced that it bore special weight in the case of Lincoln. But he was relatively so little known that his fondness for a story was yet to become common knowledge. In those days the press was not an agent always waiting at the elbow of the great to broadcast their words and sometimes even their thoughts.

When the war was ended and the question of slavery decided, the next great social question became the treatment that should be accorded to the South. Extremists upon the victorious side argued that the defeated States should never receive the full measure of their former rights. Others of more moderate opinion held that such rights could be returned only by degrees. A few men expressed the view that the status of the Southern States must be restored at once.

Of that group Lincoln was the outspoken leader, insisting upon a full restoration, saying in effect that these were our people and that we could not debar them from the Union in which they were forced to be citizens. Had Lincoln lived his policies would have prevailed, to the early benefit of the South. But the death of Lincoln made way for the carpetbagger, and it was not until the Presidency of Grant that the vision of Lincoln received substance.

Once the two great divisions of the country had been fully

reunited in a political whole and the West had begun to develop, the prosperity of the country passed all known bounds. From a people who had thought in terms of dollars, we passed into a new period where our unit of measurement was thousands, hundreds of thousands and millions. The cloud upon this prosperity was the recurrence of panics. As the great accumulations of capital were shifted about in new combinations and still greater enterprises became the order of the day, panic followed panic, with recurrent periods of depression and suffering. Happily we have seen the passing of the panics, owing in large measure to our improved banking system under Federal control. Despite every evil worked by the panics they merely served to retard prosperity and did not check its development in any considerable degree. After each period of depression the country has rallied to new growth and broader expansion until we have a prosperity known by no other nation of history.

This prosperity has brought with it definite problems and dubious benefits. We have created a numerous "white-collar" class that outstrips its opportunities. Once the professions were recruited almost wholly from the educated circles of society. But to-day wide education of the masses has produced a large additional group of professional men and others fitted only for semi-professional tasks. Even the full measure of our prosperity has not served to provide adequate opportunities for all these book-taught men and women. It is evident that we cannot go back to former conditions and we should not wish to return even if it were possible. Instead, we must attempt to create opportunities adapted to the growing class of citizens educationally unfit for the work awaiting them and without sufficient work for their training. The demands of the war period and the flowering of prosperity in the last year

or two have enabled us to keep abreast, or almost abreast, of the problem. In England and upon the Continent of Europe the condition has become acute.

But I have confidence in the future. Our views of what has gone before and what is to come are so governed by individual experience, prosperity or misfortune, by surroundings and temperament, that it is difficult to be comprehensive and impartial. At different periods in the past there have been times of exaltation and depression. Horace, the Roman poet, sang that with Emperor Augustus had come the golden age, and that after him decline would follow. The lyre of Horace was truly tuned, but only for a time. Though gloom and hopelessness followed the fall of Rome, the broadest intellectual and spiritual revival of the world was next in order.

We lived for more than fifty years in fear that the Union would be dissolved and national chaos ensue, only after severe trials to enjoy a better, stronger and infinitely greater republic. I have a letter written by my great-grandfather, a successful man of his day, a State Senator and Judge, advising one of his children that with the election of Jefferson we had reached the verge of a catastrophe similar to the French Revolution in our Government and to atheism and agnosticism in our religion. I hope the spirit of the old gentleman is in touch with the modern America.

I enter fully into appreciation and praise of the wonders of the century. Discovery reveals the innermost processes of nature and overcomes the handicaps of man until the mind is fatigued in an effort to comprehend the changes we see about us. Our material welfare exceeds that of any other generation before us, but the soul starves. The foundations of faith are shaken. Readers of the creed deny its teachings. We carry criticism too far and the analytic spirit is rampant. We are like children who dissect that which makes them

happy until the sawdust pours from the doll. The age is merciless to its idols and the revered things of the past.

This spirit extends to every field of thought. I was far happier with the authors of eighteenth-century biographies who idolized their heroes. We gained elevation from the lives and achievements of the founders of our republic and the framers of our Constitution. But now we scarcely know them and would alter the Constitution to suit every whim. I hope that document will never be touched again. It has been the foundation of our Government for almost 150 years and its fundamental principles cannot be altered in part without affecting the whole.

Material Welfare Dimmed by Irreverence

The destructive efforts we behold upon so many sides with regard to the institutions of the past are said to be in the interest of truth and progress. I have no contention with either, but would appeal for sober thought when we come to tear down our institutions. The modernist in religion takes away the divinity of Christ and says that it is in behalf of truth. He brings to his creed and his theory not a single item beyond the revelations of the New Testament and the faith of the early fathers, but glories in smashing the faith, the ideals, the comforting and saving graces which have carried unnumbered millions through twenty centuries of life to a death of confidence and hope.

Life, as it is lived by the individual, can be judged according to the happiness it confers. This being true, I cannot conceive what worthwhile reward the iconoclasts obtain from the downfall of men's idols and ideals. Surely they can not enjoy the crumbling of faith. They must be grieved, no matter how hardened their stoicism, by the distress and despair of the weaker brethren whose standards they undermine. It

is a grave error to undertake the substitution of intellectual foundations alone for the fundamentals which support the mass of mankind.

My ninety-two years from 1834 to 1926 have had no parallel in recorded time. The inventions, discoveries and achievements of these nine decades have reconstructed the world. But the one work which marks the age above all others is emancipation. In no other period of history have there been such contributions to freedom. When Christ undertook his mission more than half the world was held in bondage. In the last ninety years emancipation has been extended to almost every remaining slave. Freedom in the United States has released a whole race; millions of serfs were redeemed in Russia. But the greatest benefit of emancipation has been the growth of democratic governments. Divine right has disappeared and with it the inherited tyranny of the Romanovs, the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns and Bourbons.

The next ninety years of human progress will witness changes that may well make the events of my lifetime seem of slight consequence by comparison. I am not disturbed by the religious controversy that shakes the land, or by the great powers of capital and labor. I believe that the ninety years to come will bring wide peace among nations, a spirit of mutual helpfulness, a growth of industry and commerce beyond previous conceptions. I hope that the world will depart in some measure from its present slavish tendencies to make mechanical things the rule of life; that it may pause for a bit of real enjoyment and understanding.

The Secret of Long Life

Often I am asked to explain the rule of long life and happiness. I have found it simple enough. As a boy I remember

that my grandfather and my own father were given to worry; I might say that worry killed them, and in my youth this destroying spirit of worry aggravated my peace. Then I resolved to worry no more, to live each day of life as it dawned for me, but to put forth my best efforts that the one following might be better. I never sought riches and twice lost my fortune. Neither have I avoided riches, endeavoring at all times to raise a bulwark of independence against the troubles of life.

When the temptation to rest comes upon me, I defeat it by rising and stirring. I find as keen a pleasure in life as ever. I do not indulge the inclination of age to look backward and live in the past. Upon the contrary, I cultivate an interest in every new thing and read the daily papers with care; they are the great distributers of knowledge and information and always offer something new to the mind. I make friends with the young, who bring me the impulses of youth, the desires of ambition. Some of my best friends are the sons and grandsons of men with whom I went to college or whom I knew intimately in later years.

It is one of the dangers of age to seek isolation, to avoid new faces and new things. Persons of advanced years who fall into this groove soon think of the past alone. Their minds stagnate and every fresh thought is rejected. No man ever grew old until his mind became weary and surfeited. Age is really not so much a matter of years as of the spirit, and I am determined to keep step with the times. When I was fifty my friends and other well-wishers began advising me to rest and take life easily, but I never yielded to that advice. About my only concession to rest is a ten-minute nap in the afternoon. I am confident of living to complete a century of life. After that I shall leave the rest to Providence.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INQUIRY

PATRIOTISM AND INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD[1]

JAMES B. ANGELL

In his great address on Mars Hill, St. Paul declared that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and also that He "hath determined the bounds of their habitation."

The brotherhood and the separateness of nations are thus clearly set forth as of divine appointment. If they are so, they must be compatible with each other. It must be possible and right for nations to lead each a separate life, and yet to live in brotherly relations. There must then be some proper way of cherishing the sentiment of patriotism and at the same time a brotherly regard for mankind.

We profess, as individuals and as a nation, to be governed by the principles of Christian ethics. We are all agreed that patriotism is so commendable a virtue that we despise, if we do not hate, a citizen who is devoid of it. We are all agreed that our nation, if it is to be respected by others or by us, must maintain its rights with dignity and self-respect.

While our country cherishes this spirit of manly independence, what attitude should it hold toward other countries? What spirit should we cherish toward other peoples? What relations should we aim to hold with them? These are questions which it seems proper that you should consider in a spirit at once Christian and patriotic, as you are about to go forth into active life, where you will play an important part

[1] A baccalaureate address delivered at the University of Michigan, June 23, 1896. Reprinted by special permission.

in shaping public opinion. I believe it is not unbecoming the day or the occasion that answer to them should be sought in the spirit of devotion to our country, of love to our race, and of reverence to the Father of nations.

Perhaps at the outset we should ask whether it really is possible for us to cherish the sentiment of patriotism and at the same time the spirit of brotherhood toward the citizens of other nations. Some distinguished writers, like the Russian, Count Tolstoi, have maintained that the spirit of brotherhood ought to overpower and drown out the feeling of special devotion to one's own country. That eminent author goes so far as to say: "If patriotism is good, then Christianity, which gives peace, is an empty dream." There is a story that the great and good Fenelon once said: "I love my family better than myself; I love my country better than my family; but I love the human race better than my country." The parable of the good Samaritan has been cited as condemning patriotism. No doubt that wonderful parable, which, more than almost any other teaching of Christ, shows the extraordinary reach of his mind beyond the prevalent ideas of his day, does bid us regard the remotest dweller on the other side of the earth as our neighbor, and commands us to do what we may for his help.

But, after all, we cannot forget that God has set us first in families, then in nations. Our primary relations to our families are necessarily closer than our relations to the race. We may, however, find it our duty, in the spirit of Fenelon's words, to tear ourselves away from our families and give our services and lives to our nation. We may find it our duty, like many missionaries, to tear ourselves away both from family and nation, to give our services and lives to mankind. It is obvious that the tenderest love for our families may co-

exist with genuine love for our country, and the most ardent patriotism may not divest us of genuine love for our race. The contradiction which Tolstoi sees between patriotism and Christianity does not necessarily exist. They are not exclusive of each other.

Duties grow out of relations and are correlative with them. Our relations as children to our parents impose on us filial duties. God having set men in nations, the citizens of each nation owe special duties to each other and to their country. These are patriotic duties. So, too, each nation, our nation, must watch and work with special interest for its own welfare, while it cherishes a proper interest in the well-being of all mankind, and carefully abstains from injustices to any nation. Such a course is no more to be criticized as selfish than is the devotion by a man of his time and efforts to the support and well-being of his own family or of himself.

Providentially we are so situated that it has been easy for us, with a genuine patriotism, to develop our resources and to attend to our own affairs without much complication with the great powers of the world, and without cherishing sharp animosities toward them. None of the states south of us have been strong enough to be a menace to us. The ocean has been our great bulwark against encroachment from the east. From the moment that we escaped in 1798 from an entangling alliance with France, we have, with a wise instinct, obeyed the counsel of Washington to avoid any such alliance with transatlantic powers. All their dynastic disputes, their questions of balance of power, their quarrels about title to territory, their envyings and jealousies, which have compelled them to weigh themselves down with taxation for the support of great standing armies and immense navies, and

have often involved them in dreadful war, have not much concerned us and have given us no serious trouble. Their populations, sighing for our lives of peace and prosperity, have been hurrying by hundreds of thousand yearly to our shores to share in our comfort and happiness. However eagerly any one of the European nations may be watching to catch another at some disadvantage and fall upon it in war, not one of them desires aught but peace with us. More than once some of them have settled disputes with us by peaceful methods, which they could hardly have settled with each other save by war. It would, therefore, seem to be both wise and easy to continue our traditional policy of refraining from any part in purely European controversies, and to content ourselves with securing a just settlement of questions which grow directly out of our commercial intercourse with them.

On the other hand, there was a rational ground for the satisfaction with which we saw France, Spain and Portugal withdraw from the American continent. Especially were we constantly menaced with serious trouble with Spain so long as her territory touched ours. Though the Latin-American races, who inhabit the domain which stretches from our southern border to Cape Horn, have yet much to learn about just administration of republican forms of government, it is, in my opinion, a wise policy for our government to discourage the acquisition by European powers of any more territory on our continent than they now possess. If they are permitted to begin the carving up of the Central and South American states according to the process by which they are grabbing all the most desirable territory of the African continent, we shall be in danger of having European controversies, from which we have kept aloof, transferred to our

own neighborhood. There seems to be no indication that any European power is inclined to absorb any of the states of Central or South America, or would venture to do so, in the face of our strenuous protest.

There appears, therefore, every reason to hope that if we pursue a policy of moderation, justice and firmness toward other nations, without being drawn into European entanglements or indulging in gratuitous exasperations of other powers, we may be left undisturbed in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity.

But it is too much to expect that questions will not arise from time to time—many of them serious and difficult questions—between us and other nations. We have of late years had several such problems, especially in our relations with Great Britain. War, according to modern methods, is such a dreadful calamity that recently attention has been called afresh to the inquiry whether we may not make provisions with some nations, if not with many nations, for the establishment of an international court, to which difficulties that cannot be adjusted by the ordinary processes of diplomacy may be referred for settlement.

It is conceded on all hands that this nation is most happily situated to take the lead in so beneficent a movement. Our geographical isolation frees us from many embarrassments which a European continental power might encounter in taking the initiative. We have already been conspicuous in our efforts to diminish and to avoid the evils of war. We were the first to emphasize the rights and duties of neutrals. We have already been engaged in more than four score arbitrations, two of which, that of the Geneva Tribunal for the settlement of the Alabama cases, and that of the Paris Tribunal for the adjustment of the Behring sea question, are the

most famous and important in history. We can afford to propose a system of arbitration to the world just because we are strong. Our motives are not likely to be misinterpreted. Conscious that no nation would presume to attack us for slight cause, we can with dignity and self-respect commend to all nations the peaceful method of settling controversies.

The events of our great civil war and its happy termination in the preservation of the union have left two marked results on the spirit of our people.

First. It has caused a great strengthening of the national feeling. A new and profound interest in our history has been developed. This is shown by the organization of historical societies, and by the new activity of old societies, by the publication of numerous books on our national career, and by the establishment of various associations of the descendants of the revolutionary or pre-revolutionary men. A most commendable national pride manifests itself in a thousand ways.

And, secondly, the nation has risen to a new consciousness of its military strength. After setting on foot the immense armies maintained by the union and confederate parties during our war, and carrying on the contest on such a grand scale for four long years, with a valor and endurance never surpassed, it is not strange that we should regard ourselves as one of the great military states of the world.

Commendable as is this pride in our history, and justifiable as is this confidence in our martial strength, they expose us to some dangers from the spirit they engender in persons of a certain aggressive and testy temperament. Instead of cherishing a calm and dignified sense of national power, which is sure that we can make ourselves respected without bluster or unnecessary sensitiveness at every idle word that is flung at us. This spirit is disposed to be defiant, to indulge in

challenges to all the world, to be needlessly boastful of our strength, to be too quick to interpret any unwelcome words from abroad as an insult, and so to generate friction between us and other nations. That in certain quarters there is somewhat too much of this spirit, I think must be obvious to all sober-minded men.

The spirit, which should be fostered by our patriotic pride and by our consciousness of strength, is that of quiet confidence in our power and of serene faith that no nation will lightly involve itself in serious difficulty with us. If there were no other reason for this faith, the delicate equipoise by which the great powers of Europe are kept from war with each other affords a sufficient ground for it. What European state could now be engaged in strife with us without exposing itself at once to attack from some one of its neighbors who would welcome the opportunity? Their relations with each other put them under bonds to keep the peace with us, if it is possible for them to do so.

Not that we should diminish our present military and naval establishment. Our army is none too large, perhaps hardly large enough, for the police power which it is called to exercise over our large expanse of territory. Our navy is none too powerful to represent us and protect our citizens and their interests in the various countries of the world. The coast defenses of some of our great cities might well be strengthened. I regard the maintenance of a moderate force and of defenses of our chief harbors as peace measures, which will make nations hesitate about imposing on us. It was a humiliating spectacle and a dangerous situation when a few years ago the little state of Chile, with her two or three ironclads, was in a condition to defy our wooden navy.

Nevertheless, it remains true that we need not be bristling

with excitement about the constant danger of attack from foreign powers, but that our attitude toward them should be one of dignified independence and of a friendly desire to settle all questions with them on a just and reasonable basis by peaceful methods.

Of late years there have been some notable expressions in favor of the arbitral settlement of controversies between nations. Resolutions in favor of it have been adopted by the Swiss Assembly, the Swedish Diet, the Belgian Parliament, the Dutch States-General, the French Parliament, the British Parliament and by our Congress. The Institute of International Law, a body composed of the leading publicists of Europe, have taken the pains to work out a formal plan of international arbitration. President Cleveland in a message to Congress and Lord Salisbury in a public interview this last week have emphatically commended arbitration. A body of three hundred men, representing forty States of the union, and comprising many men of high influence and reputation, have recently held a meeting in Washington for the express purpose of urging our government to establish a permanent court of arbitration at once with Great Britain, if practicable, and as soon as possible with other nations. The reasons why it is proposed to begin with Great Britain are that not only members of Parliament, but also many other conspicuous British subjects, and some influential bodies, as, for instance, the Association of Dissenting Churches and the British Chamber of Commerce of London, have favored the plan, and because these two nations, Great Britain and the United States, have a common language, similar laws, like judicial traditions, and the most extensive and intimate commercial relations, and, furthermore, because they have already settled some of the most important controversies by arbitration.

It is therefore believed to be easier for them to set up a permanent system of arbitral adjudication with each other than for several nations in the present state of public opinion to publish such a system. This is not the place to consider the form of a court. But it is believed by eminent jurists and statesmen that one can be constituted by Great Britain and the United States whose decisions would command the assent of both nations.

Let it not be supposed that all this is the mere dream of Utopians. It is conceded that there are some questions which no nation can submit to arbitration. It can submit no question involving its independence or autonomy or the substantial integrity of its territory. There are some questions of honor which a nation cannot submit. But there is a very large class of questions covering most of those which arise in the ordinary intercourse of nations, which can be properly left to arbitration, if diplomacy cannot dispose of them. Such are claims for indemnity to citizens or to a state for injuries done. Such are questions touching the interpretation or execution of treaties. Such are boundary disputes not seriously involving the integrity of territory. Such are certain rights of navigation and fisheries. Any or all of these could wisely and safely be referred to a competent court, as wisely and safely as we refer controversies between the States of this union to the Supreme Court of the United States.

If now this country and Great Britain can demonstrate the practicability and usefulness of an arbitral court, it is hoped that the chief European nations, who are not so grievously burdened by the maintenance of enormous armaments and the constant solicitude about the outbreak of war, may imitate our example. These two great English-speaking nations have a most conspicuous, if not a dominant, part to play

in spreading civic freedom and Christian civilization through the world. If they can avoid dissensions with each other and be true to their traditions of liberty and faith, it seems hardly possible to exaggerate the influence they may wield for good. Can there be any greater aid to their unity of action, any better guaranty of their co-operation in promoting the spirit of peace among nations than their adoption of a permanent system of arbitration with each other?

Let me repeat, it is not proposed to leave ourselves unprotected against danger, to surrender a solitary right of an American citizen anywhere on the face of the earth, to submit tamely to insult and injury from any power, to abate in the slightest degree the most ardent spirit of patriotism. Thank God, the day is long since past when any nation claims the right or ventures in defiance of right to lay hands on any man sailing in remotest seas under the American flag. In the council halls of negotiation our diplomatists meet on equal terms with those of the proudest powers of the world. With perfect self-respect, nay because of our self-respect, we can afford to lay aside all petty jealousies of other nations, that inflammable sensitiveness which is a sign of weakness, that combative spirit which is flinging out constant challenges. We can with manly dignity make it apparent to the world that we seek peace with all nations, but that we know our rights, and are bound, if necessary, to defend them with our good right arms, that much as we dislike war, we believe there are calamities more dreadful than war, and that we are ready to resort to war to avert them. But with the same manly dignity we can show to mankind that we are willing to submit to a properly constituted arbitral court all questions which are suited for arbitrament, and that by our words and our example we desire to commend to all nations

this peaceful method of disposing of most international controversies which cannot be adjusted by the usual methods of diplomacy.

I have thought it wise to direct your attention to this theme at this time, since you, as educated citizens, go out now into life to exercise an exceptional influence on public opinion, and I wish you to exercise a wise and conservative influence in shaping our policy toward other nations. Occasionally I hear the charge that life in our American colleges and universities is tending to beget a spirit of languid patriotism and political indifference in the students. I believe the charge to be utterly without foundation. It probably grows from the fact that after the careful study of economic and historical subjects, many young men find themselves unable to assent unqualifiedly to the sweeping or ambiguous statements of some political platforms. But with the recollections fresh in our memories of the days when so many of the bravest and best of our young men rushed from these halls and from every college to the battle-field, many of them, alas! never to return, it is difficult to imagine how any one can question the burning patriotism of the American students. There is no brighter chapter in the history of our civil war than that which records the valor of the young men who rushed from the colleges to the front in 1861. No more is it true that the college students are not deeply interested in our political affairs, though it may be true, as it should be, that they are disposed to use their independent judgment in deciding on political doctrines.

It is because I have this confidence in your patriotism and your purpose to bring a calm and thoughtful consideration to public questions that I have asked you to-night to reflect on what is our proper attitude as a Christian nation toward the

other great powers, and especially on our duty in establishing an arbitral arrangement for the settlement of international difficulties. The European nations have cheerfully recognized the great services we have rendered to mankind by laboring for the vindication and the enlargement of the rights of neutrals and by furnishing so many illustrious examples of arbitration. They envy us for our exemption from the dreadful military burdens under which they groan. Is there any higher and nobler service we can proffer them than by showing them how to escape in many cases the dread arbitrament of war by the establishment of permanent courts? No nation questions our military strength. All nations will listen with respect to our appeal for peaceful methods of settling controversies and will watch with sympathetic interest our well-considered efforts to introduce these methods in our own intercourse with other powers. Remembering that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," what higher honor can we wish for our people than that they should add to all their triumphs in the industrial arts and in the establishment of free and republican institutions the splendid triumph of teaching all nations to live together as brothers under the blessed command of the Prince of Peace?

LIBERTY[1]

JAMES BRYCE

We find four kinds of Liberty whose relations have to be determined:

Civil Liberty, the exemption from control of the citizen in respect of his person and property.

Religious Liberty, exemption from control in the expression of religious opinions and the practices of worship.

Political Liberty, the participation of the citizen in the government of the community.

Individual Liberty, exemption from control in matters which do not so plainly affect the welfare of the whole community as to render control necessary.

What are the relations to one another of these several kinds of Liberty?

Civil Liberty may exist without Political Liberty, for a monarch or an oligarchy may find it well to recognize and respect it. But it was won by political struggles, and has in fact been seldom found where Political Liberty did not exist to guard it.

Conversely, the presence of Political Liberty practically involves that of Civil Liberty, at least in the old historical sense of that term, because in a self-governing people the majority are pretty certain to desire for each one among them the old and familiar securities for person and property, which are, however, in some free governments less ample

[1]From "Modern Democracies," copyright, 1921, by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

than in English-speaking countries. This applies also to Religious Liberty. Yet it is easy to imagine a State in which an overwhelming majority of one persuasion, religious or anti-religious, would accord scant justice, or indulgence, to those who dissented from the dominant view.

As Individual Liberty consists in Exemption from Legal Control, so Political Liberty consists in participation in Legal Control. It is an Active Right. Between Individual Liberty and Political Liberty there is no necessary connection; each may exist without the other. An enlightened autocrat might think that discontent would be reduced if his subjects were given free scope for the indulgence of their tastes and fancies. But such rulers have been few. Monarchs have been surrounded by privileged aristocracies. An Absolute Government usually relies on its police, fears the free expression of opinion, is worked by a strong bureaucracy, naturally disposed to extend its action into the regulation of private life and the supersession of individual initiative. The individual has far better chances under constitutional government, for the spirit of democracy has generally fostered the sense of personal independence, and been a tolerant spirit, willing to let everybody seek his pleasure in his own way. Yet even popular government may care little for the "self-determination" or "self-realization" of the individual citizen.

It is hard to draw any line of demarcation between Civil Liberty and Individual Liberty. The distinction is rather historical than theoretical. Both consist in Exemption from Control; *i. e.*, in the non-interference of State authority with the unfettered exercise of the citizens' will. But the conception of Civil Liberty was older than that of Individual Liberty. When men were fighting against oppression by kings or oligarchs, they assumed that there were certain restric-

tions to which every one must be subject by law, while there were certain other restrictions which must be abolished. It was against the latter, which nearly everybody felt to be oppressive, that they strove. Such were arbitrary arrests and general warrants and the power of the Executive over the Judiciary. What might be classed as being legitimate restrictions they did not stop to define, nor has anybody since succeeded in defining them, for the doctrines of thinkers as well as the notions of ordinary citizens have been different in different countries and have varied from time to time in the same country. Enough to say that although the conception of Individual Liberty may be made to include the exemptions our ancestors contended for in the seventeenth century, and though every kind of individual liberty may be called a Civil Liberty, there is this significant difference that the Civil liberties of those older days were extorted from arbitrary monarchs, whereas what we call Individual Liberty to-day has to be defended, when and so far as it needs defense, against the constitutional action of a self-governing community.

I pass by the cases in which a democratic nation has shown by its treatment of a subject country that it does not value the principles of liberty for their own sake—such cases as that of the Athenian democracy ruling over the outlying cities whom it called its allies, or that of some of the Swiss Cantons, in their rule over their subjects in the valleys south of the Alps. Nor need we stop to consider cases in which a compact majority of one color denies equal rights to those of another color who dwell in their midst, for these have special features that would need explanations out of place here. But it is worth while to note the tendencies which in many free countries have, in extending the scope of legislation and of the administrative interference of the State, en-

croached on the sphere in which individual will and action used to move unrestrained.

Our times have seen a growing desire to improve the conditions of the poorer classes, providing better houses and other health-giving conditions, fixing the hours of labor, raising wages, enacting compulsory methods for settling labor disputes. There is a wish to strike at the power of corporate wealth and monopolistic combinations by handing over large industries, or the means of transportation, or such sources of national wealth as coal and iron, to the State to be managed by it for the common benefit. There is also a passion for moral reform conspicuous in the effort to forbid the use of intoxicants. In these and other similar directions the power of the State seems to open the most direct way to the attainment of the aims desired. But every enlargement of the sphere of State action narrows the sphere left to the will of the individual, restricting in one way or another his natural freedom. So long as the people were ruled by a small class, they distrusted their rulers, and would have regarded administrative interference in many of the matters enumerated as a reduction of their liberty. But this jealousy of the State vanished when the masses obtained full control of the government. The administration is now their own: their impatience desires quick returns. "Why," they say, "should we fear government? Why not use it for our benefit? Why await the slow action of ameliorative forces when we can set the great machine to work at full speed?"

These tendencies have during the last half-century gained the upper hand, and have discredited, without refuting, the *laissez-faire* doctrine which had held the field of economic thought since the days of Adam Smith. They seem likely to

keep the ground they have won. Regulative legislation may reduce the freedom of workmen and of employers, may take great departments of industry out of private hands, may impose new obligations and proscribe old forms of pleasure. A nation may, like the Prussian, submit to be forced into certain moulds in order to secure the military strength or industrial organization or commercial prosperity which a skilled administration and the use of public money can create. Minorities may fare hardly at the hands of majorities apt to believe that numbers mean wisdom, and persuaded that if they choose to impose a restriction on themselves they are entitled to impose it upon others. Nevertheless, where the evident good of society is involved, individual preferences will be forced to give way on the ground that to arrest the will of a majority is to sacrifice their liberty, and so neglect the happiness of the greater number for that of the smaller. But, whatever the future may bring, the freedom of thought, speech, and writing do not seem at present threatened. The liberty of the press is a traditional principle in the popular mind; democratic habits foster the sense of personal independence and express themselves in the phrase "Live and Let Live."

Two tendencies run through the history of the Church as well as of the State, both having roots deep in human nature. In daily life we note the presence of what may be called the centripetal and centrifugal forces in human society, the working of one set of tendencies which make some men desire a close and constant association with others, and of other tendencies which make other men desire to stand apart and follow their own bent. Some men are happy with Nature and books and their own meditations, others need the stimulus of constant intercourse with their fellows. In the Church

the social impulse consolidated the early Christian communities under the bishops, and created monastic orders abjuring the free life of the world to dwell together, while introspection and the feeling of the direct relation of the soul to God produced the anchorites of the fifth and sixth centuries, and that strenuous assertion of the rights of individual conscience which came from the English Puritans of the seventeenth. Without the one tendency, action would be disconnected and ineffective; without the other, thought would lose in variety and vigor; there would be less poetry and less philosophy. *Ubi spiritus Domini, ibi Libertas.* The world seems to have now entered an era in which the principles of associated action and of the dominance of the community are gaining strength. Though the Prussian doctrine of the State is unwelcome to English-speaking peoples, the policies it has suggested have been slowly, almost insensibly, supplanting the individualism of last century. The ideal of happiness may change from that of birds wantoning in the air to that of bees busy in carrying honey to the common hive. We perceive that the enthusiasm for liberty which fired men's hearts for a century or more from the beginning of the American Revolution down to our own time has now grown cool. The dithyrambic expression it found in the poets and orators of those days sounds strange and hollow in the ears of the present generation, bent on securing, with the least possible exertion, the material conditions of comfort and well-being.

Liberty may not have achieved all that was expected, yet it remains true that nothing is more vital to national progress than the spontaneous development of individual character, and that free play of intellect which is independent of current prejudice, examines everything by the light of reason and history, and fearlessly defends unpopular opinions.

Independence of thought was formerly threatened by monarchs who feared the disaffection of their subjects. May it not again be threatened by other forms of intolerance, possible even in a popular government?

Room should be found in every country for men who, like the prophets in ancient Israel, have along with their wrath at the evils of their own time inspiring visions of a better future and the right to speak their minds. That love of freedom which will bear with opposition because it has faith in the victory of truth is none too common. Many of those who have the word on their lips are despots at heart. Those men in whom that love seemed to glow with the hottest flame may have had an almost excessive faith in its power for good, but if this be an infirmity, it is an infirmity of noble minds, which democracies ought to honor.

Not less than any other form of government does democracy need to cherish Individual Liberty. It is, like oxygen in the air, a life-giving spirit. Political Liberty will have seen one of its fairest fruits wither on the bough if that spirit should decline.

AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR[1]

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I am in the happy position of being, I think, the first British Minister of the Crown who, speaking on behalf of the people of his country, can salute the American Nation as comrades in arms. I am glad; I am proud. I am glad not merely because of the stupendous resources which this great nation will bring to the succor of the alliance, but I rejoice as a democrat that the advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp and seal to the character of the conflict as a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world.

That was the note that ran through the great deliverance of President Wilson. It was echoed, Sir, in your resounding words to-day. The United States of America have the noble tradition, never broken, of having never engaged in war except for liberty. And this is the greatest struggle for liberty that they have ever embarked upon. I am not at all surprised, when one recalls the wars of the past, that America took its time to make up its mind about the character of this struggle. In Europe most of the great wars of the past were waged for dynastic aggrandizement and conquest. No wonder when this great war started that there were some elements of suspicion still lurking in the minds of the people of the United States of America. There were those who thought perhaps that Kings were at their old tricks—and although they saw the gallant Republic of France fighting, they some

[1]From *Current History*, June, 1917. Reprinted by permission of the author and the New York Times Co., New York.

of them perhaps regarded it as the poor victim of a conspiracy of monarchical swashbucklers. The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly clear to the world that this is no struggle of that character, but a great fight for human liberty.

The Prussian Menace

They naturally did not know at first what we had endured in Europe for years from this military caste in Prussia. It never has reached the United States of America. Prussia was not a democracy. The Kaiser promises that it will be a democracy after the war. I think he is right. But Prussia not merely was not a democracy. Prussia was not a State; Prussia was an army. It had great industries that had been highly developed; a great educational system; it had its universities; it had developed its science.

All these were subordinate to the one great predominant purpose, the purpose of all—a conquering army which was to intimidate the world. The army was the spear-point of Prussia; the rest was merely the haft. That was what we had to deal with in these old countries. It got on the nerves of Europe. They knew what it all meant. It was an army that in recent times had waged three wars, all of conquest, and the unceasing tramp of its legions through the streets of Prussia, on the parade grounds of Prussia, had got into the Prussian head. The Kaiser, when he witnessed on a grand scale his reviews, got drunk with the sound of it. He delivered the law to the world as if Potsdam was another Sinai and he was uttering the law from the thunder clouds.

But make no mistake. Europe was uneasy. Europe was half intimidated. Europe was anxious. Europe was appre-

hensive. We knew the whole time what it meant. What we did not know was the moment it would come.

This is the menace, this is the apprehension from which Europe has suffered for over fifty years. It paralyzed the beneficent activity of all States, which ought to be devoted to concentrating on the well-being of their peoples. They had to think about this menace, which was there constantly as a cloud ready to burst over the land. No one can tell except Frenchmen what they endured from this tyranny, patiently, gallantly, with dignity, till the hour of deliverance came. The best energies of domestic science had been devoted to defending itself against the impending blow. France was like a nation which put up its right arm to ward off a blow, and could not give the whole of her strength to the great things which she was capable of. That great, bold, imaginative, fertile mind, which would otherwise have been clearing new paths for progress, was paralyzed.

That is the state of things we had to encounter. The most characteristic of Prussian institutions is the Hindenburg line. What is the Hindenburg line? The Hindenburg line is a line drawn in the territories of other people, with a warning that the inhabitants of those territories shall not cross it at the peril of their lives. That line has been drawn in Europe for fifty years.

You recollect what happened some years ago in France, when the French Foreign Minister was practically driven out of office by Prussian interference. Why? What had he done? He had done nothing which a Minister of an independent State had not the most absolute right to do. He had crossed the imaginary line drawn in French territory by Prussian despotism, and he had to leave. Europe, after enduring this for generations, made up its mind at last that

the Hindenburg line must be drawn along the legitimate frontiers of Germany herself. There could be no other attitude than that for the emancipation of Europe and the world.

Hindenburg Line at Sea

It was hard at first for the people of America quite to appreciate that Germany had not interfered to the same extent with their freedom, if at all. But at last they endured the same experience as Europe had been subjected to. Americans were told that they were not to be allowed to cross and recross the Atlantic except at their peril. American ships were sunk without warning. American citizens were drowned, hardly with an apology—in fact, as a matter of German right. At first America could hardly believe it. They could not think it possible that any sane people should behave in that manner. And they tolerated it once, and they tolerated it twice, until it became clear that the Germans really meant it. Then America acted, and acted promptly.

The Hindenburg line was drawn along the shores of America, and the Americans were told they must not cross it. America said, "What is this?" Germany said, "This is our line, beyond which you must not go," and America said, "The place for that line is not the Atlantic, but on the Rhine —and we mean to help you to roll it up."

There are two great facts which clinch the argument that this is a great struggle for freedom. The first is the fact that America has come in. She would not have come in otherwise. The second is the Russian revolution. When France in the eighteenth century sent her soldiers to America to fight for the freedom and independence of that land, France also was an autocracy in those days. But Frenchmen in America, once

they were there—their aim was freedom, their atmosphere was freedom, their inspiration was freedom. They acquired a taste for freedom, and they took it home, and France became free. That is the story of Russia. Russia engaged in this great war for the freedom of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, and has fought for the freedom of Europe. They wanted to make their own country free, and they have done it. The Russian revolution is not merely the outcome of the struggle for freedom. It is a proof of the character of the struggle for liberty, and if the Russian people realize, as there is every evidence they are doing, that national discipline is not incompatible with national freedom—nay, that national discipline is essential to the security of national freedom—they will, indeed, become a free people.

I have been asking myself the question: "Why did Germany, deliberately, in the third year of the war, provoke America to this declaration and to this action deliberately, resolutely?" It has been suggested that the reason was that there were certain elements in American life, and they were under the impression that they would make it impossible for the United States to declare war. That I can hardly believe. But the answer has been afforded by Marshal von Hindenburg himself, in the very remarkable interview which appeared in the press, I think, only this morning.

He depended clearly on one of two things. First, that the submarine campaign would have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out of business before America was ready. According to his computation, America cannot be ready for twelve months. He does not know America. In the alternative, that when America is ready, at the end of twelve months, with her army, she will have no ships to transport that army to

the field of battle. In von Hindenburg's words, "America carries no weight." I suppose he means she has no ships to carry weight. On that, undoubtedly, they are reckoning.

Well, it is not wise always to assume that even when the German General Staff, which has miscalculated so often, makes a calculation it has no ground for it. It therefore behooves the whole of the Allies, Great Britain and America in particular, to see that that reckoning of von Hindenburg is as false as the one he made about his famous line, which we have broken already.

The Road to Victory

The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory is to be found in one word—ships; and a second word—ships; and a third word—ships. And with that quickness of apprehension which characterizes your nation, Mr. Chairman, I see that they fully realize that, and today I observe that they have already made arrangements to build one thousand 3,000-tonners for the Atlantic. I think that the German military advisers must already begin to realize that this is another of the tragic miscalculations which are going to lead them to disaster and to ruin. But you will pardon me for emphasizing that. We are a slow people in these islands—slow and blundering—but we get there. You get there sooner, and that is why I am glad to see you in.

But may I say that we have been in this business for three years? We have, as we generally do, tried every blunder. In golfing phraseology, we have got into every bunker. But we have got a good niblick. We are right out on the course. But may I respectfully suggest that it is worth America's while to study our blunders, so as to begin just where we are now and not where we were three years ago? That is an advan-

tage. In war, time has as tragic a significance as it has in sickness. A step which, taken to-day, may lead to assured victory, taken to-morrow may barely avert disaster. All the Allies have discovered that. It was a new country for us all. It was trackless, mapless. We had to go by instinct. But we found the way, and I am so glad that you are sending your great naval and military experts here, just to exchange experiences with men who have been through all the dreary, anxious crises of the last three years.

America has helped us even to win the battle of Arras. Do you know that these guns which destroyed the German trenches, shattered the barbed wire—I remember, with some friends of mine whom I see here, arranging to order the machines to make those guns from America. Not all of them—you got your share, but only a share, a glorious share. So that America has also had her training. She has been making guns, making ammunition, giving us machinery to prepare both; she has supplied us with steel, and she has got all that organization and she has got that wonderful facility, adaptability, and resourcefulness of the great people which inhabits that great continent. Ah! It was a bad day for military autocracy in Prussia when it challenged the great Republic of the West. We know what America can do, and we also know that now she is in it she will do it. She will wage an effective and successful war.

Establishing a Real Peace

There is something more important. She will insure a beneficent peace. I attach great importance—and I am the last man in the world, knowing for three years what our difficulties have been, what our anxieties have been, and what our fears have been—I am the last man to say that the succor

which is given to us from America is not something in itself to rejoice in, and to rejoice in greatly. But I don't mind saying that I rejoice even more in the knowledge that America is going to win the right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are being discussed. That conference will settle the destiny of nations—the course of human life—for God knows how many ages. It would have been tragic for mankind if America had not been there, and there with all the influence, all the power, and the right which she has now won by flinging herself into this great struggle.

I can see peace coming now—not a peace which will be the beginning of war; not a peace which will be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed; but a real peace. The world is an old world. It has never had peace. It has been rocking and swaying like an ocean, and Europe—poor Europe!—has always lived under the menace of the sword. When this war began two-thirds of Europe were under autocratic rule. It is the other way about now, and democracy means peace. The democracy of France did not want war; the democracy of Italy hesitated long before they entered the war; the democracy of this country shrank from it—shrank and shuddered—and never would have entered the caldron had it not been for the invasion of Belgium. The democracies sought peace; strove for peace. If Prussia had been a democracy there would have been no war. Strange things have happened in this war. There are stranger things to come, and they are coming rapidly.

There are times in history when this world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill; but there are also times when it rushes along at a giddy pace, covering the track of centuries in a year. Those are the times we are living in now. Six weeks

ago Russia was an autocracy; she is now one of the most advanced democracies in the world. To-day we are waging the most devastating war that the world has ever seen; to-morrow—perhaps not a distant to-morrow—war may be abolished forever from the category of human crimes. This may be something like the fierce outburst of Winter which we are now witnessing before the complete triumph of the sun. It is written of those gallant men who won that victory on Monday—men from Canada, from Australia, and from this old country, which has proved that in spite of its age it is not decrepit—it is written of those gallant men that they attacked with the dawn—fit work for the dawn!—to drive out of forty miles of French soil those miscreants who had defiled it for three years. "They attacked with the dawn." Significant phrase!

The breaking up of the dark rule of the Turk, which for centuries has clouded the sunniest land in the world, the freeing of Russia from an oppression which has covered it like a shroud for so long, the great declaration of President Wilson coming with the might of the great nation which he represents into the struggle for liberty are heralds of the dawn. "They attacked with the dawn," and these men are marching forward in the full radiance of the dawn, and soon Frenchmen, and Americans, British, Italians, Russians, yea, and Serbians, Belgians, Montenegrins, will march into the full light of a perfect day.

HUMAN NATURE AND WAR[1]

GEORGE M. STRATTON

I

Of the Four Horsemen described in the Apocalypse, science gives us high hope that at least two can be unhorsed. By our increasing medical knowledge, we are gradually ridding the world of pestilence; and there is reason to believe that science will rid the world of famine. But with regard to war there are many who assert that science offers no hope whatever; that it indeed closes the door against hope and leaves us to despair.

For war, it is said, springs from human nature; and will continue as long as our unchanging human nature lasts.

No statement which claims the authority of science could be of greater importance to the public. It touches national interest and international policy at every point. Psychology could not be of greater service than by helping toward an intelligent decision of so weighty a problem. With your consent and interest, then, let us face this single question steadily. Is it true or is it not true that our increasing knowledge of the human mind shows that human nature will always require nations to settle their disputes by physical violence rather than by law and its more orderly methods? The true answer to this is worth untiring search.

[1]From *The Scientific Monthly*, July, 1926. "Radio Talks on Science," broadcast from Station WCAP, Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the National Research Council and Science Service and the direction of W. E. Tisdale. Reprinted by permission of the author and J. McKeen Cattell, editor of *The Scientific Monthly*.

Those who declare that war comes from human nature and that human nature does not change have weighty evidence for their belief. Wars have occurred since the remotest time of human history. Wars doubtless were waged long before human history began. They reach still farther back, into the animal world, where pugnacity is frequent and wide-spread. Thus all the momentum of our animal and human inheritance would seem to carry us fatally forward along the ways of war. It surely seems that humanity is pugnacious in its very nerve and muscle; that man is born to battle as the sparks fly upward. Human nature through all the ages, it would seem, shows the same qualities, and will prevent change, whatever may be the strong desire for a different order of life.

And yet the thought which I would urge as the word of science is the exact opposite of this. I shall ask you to observe for yourselves profound changes which have occurred in human society and which have not required a shadow of turning in human nature itself—changes quite as profound as would be involved in driving war to the very outskirts of society. Institutions based upon the most permanent traits of human character have been torn down and swept away, and without destroying or even weakening a single one of our great human motives.

II

Would you be willing to go with me, not back to the cave man, but to what has occurred within comparatively recent times—in Mexico, in the islands of the Pacific and in Africa? In these and in other places it was customary to sacrifice living men upon the altar of some powerful supernatural being. To obtain the creatures for such sacrifices was often one of

the aims of war. And beyond this, it was thought that the divine wrath could be appeased, not by sacrificing war prisoners only but by sacrificing the life of one's own son or daughter, by thus offering something still more precious to the worshipper and to his god.

We can imagine the opposition to those who in due time wished to do away with this ghastly institution. "What!" others must have said, "Would you change human nature? Do you expect men to give up their very religion? Would you have us refuse to offer to our divinity the most precious things we have?" And yet in spite of such misgivings human sacrifice in all civilized regions has gone forever, and without altering a single one of the deep motives which supported it. There remained unchanged the love of children; indeed this love grew stronger; and there grew stronger also the sense of the value of human life generally. There remained the same awe of the unseen world and the same impulse to avert the wrath of this unseen world. The institution of human sacrifice was destroyed without changing human nature and without destroying either religion or human dedication to the ideal.

And the same is true in another great region of social conduct. Blood vengeance once existed almost the world over—the feeling that the death of a member of one's own family must be avenged by taking a life of the family that caused the death. The impulse to wreak such vengeance has been exceedingly powerful and exceedingly difficult to control. Even so mild a statesman as Confucius felt that an official could not live in the same country with one who had killed a high officer of the state. Confucius felt that any subordinate official must personally see to it that the death of his superior did not remain unavenged.

But there came a time when the spirit of the law spoke with an entirely different voice. It said "No" to this deep and almost irresistible cry that an individual who has been wronged shall himself take the blood of the wrong-doer. "Vengeance is mine," the law came finally to say, "and not yours." "Your impulse is, in a measure, just; but it is a too-crude, a too-expensive way to obtain justice. There will, on the whole, be more of justice if those who are less close to the wrong shall determine who is guilty and what shall be his punishment." Here, again, we may imagine the critics who in that day exclaimed: "Do you expect a man not to burn with indignation at the death of his own kinsman? Is he to accept coolly the killing of his father or of his son? You will first have to change human nature before you can attain your goal." Yet in spite of the seeming inability, the institution of private blood-vengeance has been done away, and without requiring that human nature should change by a hair's breadth. There still remain all the deep motives of revenge. There is in us to-day the same love of family, the same hatred and rage at the taking away of one's own flesh and blood, the same desire to right the wrong done by the violator of the family tie. Personal blood-revenge has given way to communal law without requiring that human nature itself should give way. We simply have instituted better methods of satisfying the ancient human impulses, while leaving the impulses themselves strong and untouched. In the same way one might speak of piracy and of duelling, which also have been virtually abolished while human nature remains unchanged.

But I hasten on to slavery, which comes closer to us and whose abolition is within the memory of men who still live. Slavery's hold upon man is from earliest times. The enslavement of others has marked the leading people of the world.

Civilization itself has seemed impossible without it. Only yesterday the living bodies of men and women were bought and sold even in our own land. Its effect is before all our eyes in the millions of negroes now everywhere in our country. What deep psychological roots slavery had! It drew its strength from the acquisitive impulse—from the desire for wealth, for property. It drew its strength also from the joy of dominating other human beings; from the satisfaction which comes of leisure with its opportunity for a more generous giving of necessities and of luxuries to one's own family and to one's friends. Slavery was protected by all the intellectual and the emotional defenses of those who owned slaves. It seemed as though the laws of nature, of society and of God not only supported but required this institution; and as though the men who worked to abolish slavery had no acquaintance with the human mind, of what is possible with human nature.

But when the time came for Lincoln to sign the great Proclamation, did he by so much as a jot or tittle have to annul the laws of human nature itself? No. Men continued as before to be avaricious. They still are ready to use other men for their own interests. They still are ready to believe that what they deeply desire is also deeply right. But society has fixed new limits to the ways in which men can gratify their impulses to acquire wealth and to control their fellows and to seek leisure and luxury. No attempt was made to eradicate the old impulses, but only to set bounds within which these impulses might seek their satisfaction. There has been no general repression; indeed, there has been given a larger opportunity than ever before to acquire wealth and to control one's fellows. Even in the restrictions a larger opportunity was offered to the disappointed impulses. But men have

been prohibited from buying and selling men as one buys cattle.

III

Now to turn our attention, in closing, again to war. Is it, in its relation to human nature, essentially different from these other forms of social behavior? War unquestionably is one of the modes in which our nature finds expression. Deep, indeed, is its hold upon us. The worst, the best of us, goes into it. Hardly a strand is there of human life that is not woven into its texture. Hardly an interest is there to which war does not minister. The difficulties of restraining it are immense; those who would change our ways with regard to it have no light task. So long is war's history and so deep its roots that all thoughtful men will have at times some touch of despair that there can be success against it.

And yet I feel sure that such despair is not scientifically justified. The thought that success here is not impossible can be held without forgetting or misrepresenting human nature. It can be held without shutting one's eyes to the plain facts of experience and psychology. It may well be true that in all its large outline human nature does not change. And yet our experience shows that this unchanging nature of ours permits important changes in human conduct. Indeed, under the stimulation of social enterprise, human nature not only permits, but *demands profound changes.*

We can not doubt that humanity will keep the great impulses which still lead to war—among which is the love of wealth, the love of adventure, the love of honor, the love of mother country. Yet there can be a growing impatience, a growing abhorrence of satisfying these great impulses by the old and bloody methods. Nor is there in the science of psy-

chology anything to assure us that in this one region no farther advance is possible; to assure us that here men have reached the last limit of their inventiveness; that they can institute no shrewder and more satisfying devices to express their devotion to their own nation's life and to the life of the world.

And if those who respect science ask, "What of those who assert that human nature is always the same?" The reply with the best light of science must be: "Yes, they are probably right in this. Within wide limits human nature does not change. Yet they are wholly wrong in supposing that for the end we here have in mind it needs to change." Great things have been done, while human nature has remained the same. Our civilization has been rid of human sacrifice in our civil life, of piracy upon the high seas, of slavery in all the leading communities. Every one of these social institutions has had the support of men's permanent passions, of men's deepest impulses. To rid the world of these crooked ways of conduct, it has not been necessary to rid the world of humanity. Nor has it been necessary to wait until all sinners have been changed to saints. It has been necessary merely that men should be socially progressive, inventive, adventurous. Men have had to co-operate with others untiringly to change the old habits of their social life. New ways of justice and law and order have had to be viewed with hospitality, without a too tenacious clinging to the cruder and less effective ways.

Human nature here plays a double rôle. It runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. It expresses itself by clinging to the old, by reverting to the old; but it expresses itself no less by dissatisfaction with the old, by progress to the new. It has not stood as a wall against improvement. The advance, the untiring search for more effective institutions of justice,

for more effective ways of meeting the rival claims of large groups of men—these changes are an utterance of our nature. The deepest forces behind human conduct do not merely oppose civilization; they also press us to be more and more civilized. Human nature resists progress, but in all leading lands it also gains the victory over its own resistance, over its inertia and habit, over its own conservatism. It gives the motives, the human instruments and leaders, the intelligence, the insistent urging, which in the past have enriched and strengthened our civil life. And these same great forces, psychology in no wise forbids us to hope, will bring nations to establish better institutions than war to do the work of war.

THE WEAPONS OF THE NEXT WAR[1]

JOHN BAKELESS

Managing Editor of *The Forum Magazine.*

Whenever a disarmament conference meets, it finds new military problems confronting it and has to lay down new rules for the new weapons that have been invented or developed since the last conference met. These rules, sad to say, are frequently evaded or broken in the heat of conflict. But they are not quite useless, for their mere existence puts the first side to violate them distinctly in the wrong.

The approaching conference will have even more problems than usual. For it is meeting just seven years after the official conclusion of the greatest war in history, the technical "lessons" of which have by this time been fully digested and applied by all the armies of the world. The most perfect and deadly weapons of the World War were those prepared for the 1919 campaign, which were never used because the campaign was never fought—but the plans for which are carefully filed away in the archives of half a dozen general staffs. These weapons the conference will have to consider—and also the improvements and new ideas in destructive technic that seven years of careful study have produced.

The Armistice ended for a time the fierce and eager search for new weapons, new machines and new chemicals that was being carried feverishly forward on both sides of the firing line. But though the new projects were not executed, they

[1]From *The Independent,* March 6, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the author and the Independent Publications, Inc., Boston, Mass.

were not lost and not forgotten. Notes, plans, formulas, calculations, experimental data, and discoveries all vanished into the capacious archives of the several general staffs engaged upon them. And once the trouble and confusion of untangling and demobilizing a dozen nations in arms was over, all these documents were hauled out of their files, sorted, and studied, and their peace-time development was begun again —more slowly, but no less thoroughly, than under the impelling pressure of a world at war.

In the next great war all these technical improvements will certainly be applied. On each side whole nations will be involved, rather than armies; and the use of aircraft, highly developed tanks, gas, and perhaps rays and bacteria will cause the line of distinction between combatant and noncombatant —which wore perilously thin in the last war—to disappear entirely.

It is important to note that military aviation, despite the immense advance of the last few years, is still in its infancy. Until the French manœuvres of 1909 and 1910, only a few enthusiasts believed in the military value of aircraft at all. And from 1910 until several months after the World War had begun, aircraft were regarded as valuable mainly for directing artillery fire and for reconnoissance, rather than for bomb dropping and raiding or for fighting other planes, functions which later became paramount.

By the end of the war, airplanes had begun to mount artillery as well as machine guns. To-day, designers are already beginning to use light armor; and experiments with wireless-controlled pilotless planes have long been in progress. The pilotless airplane may develop quite as swiftly as radio, which was a miracle yesterday and is a commonplace to-day. If that happens, the plane will cease to be a flying car and will it-

self become a projectile with a range, accuracy, and destructive effectiveness that will make the 42-centimeter siege gun of 1912 look like a child's toy.

The airplane has one further possibility that must not be overlooked. It is an ideal means of transporting troops. Mobility is the essence of successful war, and the airplane is the swiftest vehicle ever devised. Any of the passenger planes whose regular routes crisscross Europe is capable of carrying half a platoon of infantry or two tons of supplies. Now, imagine a country powerful enough to secure air superiority and retain it—as France, under present conditions, could probably do against any two European nations. Until its army was ready to enter the aerial transports and invade the enemy's country, the air fleet could amuse itself by unloading three hundred tons of bombs a day for weeks at a time, greatly to the dismay of the hostile capital and industrial centres, with their waterworks, power plants, bridges, tunnels, pipe lines, oil tanks, railroad yards, storehouses, and other vulnerable points.

The flying transports, bearing the invaders, could land wherever they pleased behind the enemy's battle line. A surprise attack in the rear, most dreaded of military disasters, would become a certainty for the side that had lost control of the air; for British estimates indicate that a fleet of two hundred planes can transport a brigade a day, and if allowed to continue its work for a few days—which is simple enough so long as air superiority is maintained—can land two or three divisions in the middle of the enemy's country and keep them supplied with food and ammunition.

The World War was a deadlock for four years because there were no flanks, and because frontal attacks could be stopped either by barbed wire and machine guns or by the

impassable condition in which the artillery preparation left the ground. That will not happen again. A new type of motor transport developed for the 1919 campaign is now able to cross any ground. And when the next great war comes, commanders will have to look out for the "third flank," created by troops transported in aircraft and attacking in their rear.

If the British were disturbed prior to 1914 by the building of the German fleet, imagine the frame of mind in which they will enter the disarmament conference. The French air force —the finest in the world, swifter than any navy—has potential bases almost within sight of British soil. Just now, there is peace between the two late allies. Just now, French aerial transports—as distinguished from fighting planes—are relatively few. But how long will they remain so? And what of the 4,500 planes for which Italy clamors?

A second aid to the mobility of armies, with which disarmament conferences will have to reckon, is the tank. When the Great War began, soldiers had been experimenting with the airplane for several years. From the very beginning of the war they knew something of its uses and its possibilities. The tank, however, was born in the midst of the conflict and has reached a far higher degree of perfection since the war closed than was ever dreamed of while the fighting was still in progress. The early tanks were clumsy monsters that crawled along—irresistibly, indeed, but at a snail's pace. Since the war, the designers of these land battleships have been hard at work. To-day, there are light tanks that can make twenty-five miles an hour and heavily armored tanks that can make fifteen miles. At the last British manœuvres a one-man tank was introduced—a modern equivalent of the knight on horseback, with a gas engine instead of a horse!

The lightest American tank can be loaded on a motor

truck and hurried at top speed to the point where roads vanish, there to be unloaded and pursue its own way under its own power across any kind of country. The amphibious tank, which floats across streams and, climbing out on the other side, continues its noisily placid course on land, is already a practical device. The first tank operation ever planned was a landing on the Flanders coast; and we may yet see tanks navigating both land and sea, or submarines plunging securely beneath the waves to transport amphibious tanks or airplanes to the hostile coast.

In spite of efforts to do away with its use, gas is pretty certain to put in an appearance on the battle-fields of the future. It will therefore be necessary to protect the tanks' crews against it—possibly by sealing the tank and supplying oxygen artificially, possibly by filtering all air as it comes in. This problem is somewhat complicated by the fact that the motors which drive the tank will also require air. As Dr. W. Lee Lewis, inventor of Lewisite, most deadly of known gases, has shown, gas is one of the most merciful of effective weapons, and the prejudice against it is largely due to the fact that it is new. The real objection to gas, from an international standpoint, is the possibility of surprise. It is an honorable tradition of science that knowledge must be shared with fellow students all over the world, but this admirable practice the military chemist, from the very nature of his work, cannot follow. Hence, fear and suspicion, which are among the most potent of the immediate causes of war. At any moment a chemist may discover—perhaps he has already discovered—a gas that will render useless every gas mask in the world. Meantime, all the general staffs are prosecuting secret researches of their own, and at this very moment half of them probably have secret formulas—improvements on

the innocent concoctions of 1919—up their braid-adorned sleeves.

All these are logical future developments of weapons already in existence. There remains the disconcerting probability that new and revolutionary weapons—at whose nature we can only guess—will be invented in the future. Firearms were a startling novelty only a few hundred years ago; the airplane dates from early in the present century; gas and the tank were introduced during the Great War. And it is not likely that invention has come to a sudden halt.

It is impossible to predict what some unknown scholar may at this very moment be cooking up in his laboratory for the discomfiture of his country's foes; but several possibilities, still more or less obscure, are worth mentioning.

There is, first of all, the possibility of warfare with bacteria. Test tubes of disease germs probably could not be fired into the hostile lines by artillery because of the heat generated by explosion. But there is not the least reason, except humanitarian considerations, which really do not count, why they should not be sowed broadcast by airplanes, or even inserted casually in the enemy's streams, reservoirs, and stores of food by a few hundred active and devoted intelligence agents. Most of the germs thus broadcast would probably die, but enough might survive to start epidemics, which would have a certain military value. A former German staff officer, writing on the weapons of the future, asserts that bacteriological warfare holds out "great possibilities" and reminds us that the bacteriologist can increase as well as decrease the virulence of his germs.

Nothing could be more ironic than to see the medical research institutions of belligerent countries ceasing to cure and beginning to kill, turning from their never-ceasing and hu-

mane effort to devise methods of combating disease, in order to breed more powerful and more dangerous strains of bacteria!

The great difficulty in such warfare would be to keep the pestilence once generated from spreading back across one's own frontier, but a refinement of methods may some day make this possible. A country whose scholars had devised a new specific, preferably a prophylactic, against some particular disease might readily start a pestilence with perfect safety to itself—providing it could calm the public conscience, and with efficient propaganda, this is usually quite easy. There are, of course, treaties which prohibit such means of waging war. But there were also treaties prohibiting the use of gas in 1915.

A first-class bacteriologist with Napoleonic leanings might contrive to ascend a planetary throne without much difficulty, the chief safeguard against attempts of this sort being the extreme disinclination of scientific men to take Napoleonism seriously, their unique capacity to think internationally, and their magnificent tradition of pooling knowledge and resources.

The ear canals, by means of which the human body balances itself, are almost the only part of the human organism which there is still no means of attacking. There are already special gases that affect the lungs, the skin, and the digestive organs. Some day a gas may be invented which, by affecting the ear canals, will make it impossible for soldiers to keep their balance. But there is no reason why this must necessarily be accomplished by the use of gas. Any new device, a ray, or method of producing violent concussion—though how the effects of high explosive can be greatly exceeded in this

direction it is difficult to imagine—would be equally "good." Perhaps we shall discover a destructive use for atomic energy; but this is at best doubtful, and there are no immediate prospects.

Ray warfare is a distinct probability, however, if only because it is one of the imaginings of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has lived to see so many of his impossible prophecies become realities. The discovery of a so-called "death ray" by an English inventor convulsed the British press and Parliament not long ago; but the invention was eventually rejected, the War Office explaining that the new device was not a genuine discovery and accomplished nothing that could not already be accomplished by other means. Since no one questions that the new ray did actually kill mice, and since the step from mice to men is not, in an experimental sense, very large, the admission that similar mechanisms exist is, to say the least, interesting to the general staffs of other nations.

Men may never slay one another with deadly rays, and yet it is quite possible that rays or waves of some other type may be discovered which will at least make it possible to stall motors at a distance. Even this would have far-reaching military effects. Experiments of this type in France are said to have advanced as far as taxicabs, to the considerable mystification of the disgusted drivers who were the unconscious subjects of the trials.

The device might be made so simple that pointing it and pressing a button would suffice to bring fleets of airplanes tumbling from the skies, and leave dirigibles nothing more than uncontrollable bags of gas, floating helplessly about, while the enemy's tanks, motor lorries, artillery transports, and staff cars could be stopped simultaneously.

The prospect opens an alluring possibility of bringing war literally to a halt at a cost no greater than a few broken necks for aviators. After all, broken necks are a part of the air force's profession; and the total number would be vastly less than that necessary in a long war.

HOW WARS WILL COME TO AN END[1]

ALFRED NOBEL

A conversation between the late inventor of dynamite and a friend, which took place in Paris in 1890, as recorded from notes made at the time by E. Schneider-Bonnet.

Alfred Nobel, known all over the world as a high-minded philanthropist and at the same time as the inventor of dynamite, was a silent and reserved gentleman such as one meets frequently among the Swedes. My late brother, founder and director of one of the largest chemical manufactories in Russia, was a frequent guest at Nobel's headquarters in Paris, where he was an eager listener to his peace theories, the notes of which form a basis for the following actual conversation. It is paradoxical that Nobel, in 1890, while experimenting in the laboratory with war explosives was at the same time earnestly considering the subject of world peace.

One evening both gentlemen had dined at the lodgings of Nobel. The host had been even more taciturn than usual and until the coffee was brought in had not uttered a single word. He had eaten very little, and stared vacantly at the wall-paper.

Nobel: I have not behaved as an amiable host toward you, my dear friend. Forgive me. My heart is heavy. To-day I talked with some gentlemen of the French War Office on high explosives. You are well aware of my plans and ideals. While working to improve the fabrication of dynamite I have always had in mind the peace of the world. My hope was that the terrible effects of dynamite would keep men from war,

[1]From *The Forum*, April, 1925. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

but now I see to my utter dismay that my life work amounts to nothing. Everywhere inventors are bent on the adaptation of high explosives to the aims of mutual destruction. Everywhere the spirit of imperialism is rampant. High explosives will not deter men from waging war. As a matter of fact, the number of victims in future wars will be greater, and the taxpayers will have an even larger burden. Nobody will profit by my invention except manufacturers of war materials, some generals, admirals, and diplomats. Mankind on the whole will be the loser.

Mr. S-B: I understand why you are so depressed, but it seems to me that you take too pessimistic a view of your life work. You have been perfecting high explosives in the hope that you could deter mankind from war. That's sound logic. Why not persevere?

Nobel: No—experience tells me that high explosives are not the thing. Suppose I discover a compound one hundred times as destructive as dynamite. What will be the result? You think the number of victims will be increased? Hardly. The garrisons of fortresses will seek shelter in excellent casemates. Suppose future generations perfect aerial navigation so as to be able to steer the course of an airship and throw from it hundredweights of explosives on open towns. What will be the result? Great havoc will be wrought, and they will kill thousands of innocent women and children. But they won't deter nations from fighting. A ton of dynamite thrown from an airship on Versailles may tear an ugly hole in the lawns of the great park without doing any harm to Paris. The Parisians will continue to loaf on their boulevards and to ingurgitate their *aperitifs,* making fun all the while of airships and of dynamite. No, my good friend, the action of high explosives is too much limited by space to be efficacious.

Mr. S-B: I agree with you that high explosives are not the thing. But isn't the modern rifle still susceptible to improvement? Suppose you invent a rifle which inflicts only death or dangerous wounds.

Nobel: There are two ways of making a rifle wound in most cases deadly. Either poison it or make it much heavier than the modern rifle bullet. In the first case, death is certain. In the second, it is quite probable. A two-ounce projectile fired from a modern rifle is likely to do as much havoc as a poisoned one, but the possibility of constructing a handy infantry rifle firing heavy projectiles over a sufficient range is remote. Theory and practice of ballistics do not admit it. Still I maintain that the thing could be done. Quite recently I mentioned the subject to a British officer, and I asked him about the moral effects of such an invention on the soldiers. "As a Britisher," said he, "I am not willing to venture an opinion on our Tommies. But I dare say that a revolution may lead elsewhere to a spirit of rebellion. If war means certain death the soldiers may say: Give us at least the right to vote 'No.' Possibly also they may suggest that the matter should be fought out by the gentlemen of the rival parliaments and presses. Two-ounce gloves for the first, bare knuckles for the second."

Mr. S-B: I see your Britisher was a humorous fellow. This man was able to think for himself. The main thing, I believe, is to set people thinking. Couldn't much be done that way toward establishing perpetual peace?

Nobel: My friend, you are an idealist. For my part, I doubt whether nations could be guided by ideas. One thing is certain, however; they are ruled by the force of circumstances. I agree with what Taine has to say on the mental passivity of mankind, on their indifference and inertia. It is

possible to stir the masses through pamphlets and fantastic ideas, but it is impossible to set them thinking. The modern proletarian is not a "political animal." I intend to leave after my death a large fund for the promotion of the peace idea, but I am skeptical as to its results. The savants will write excellent volumes. There will be laureates. But wars will continue just the same until the force of circumstances renders them impossible.

Mr. S-B: You are thinking of bankruptcy?

Nobel: By no means. Neither the possibility of bankruptcy nor bankruptcy itself will ever prevent nations from waging war. A bankrupt nation can always wage war on paper money raised by internal loans, but we will hear the death knell of war on the day that the danger of figuring on the casualty list will be the same for general or soldier, when death will be hovering, impartially, over every man, woman and child.

Mr. S-B: I do not see what you are driving at.

Nobel: I have hinted at the possibility of stopping wars by using death-dealing rifle projectiles. But I do not believe in the efficiency of such a method. Suppose the rifle I have in view is invented. Suppose two rival nations of fifty million individuals go to war. Suppose, further, that they find in each nation three million young men willing to risk their lives. What then? Immense havoc will be wrought, but the forty-seven millions at home will enjoy perfect safety. Moreover, a large number of people will profit by selling their goods to the government and to the public at war prices. Expose those forty-seven millions to the same dangers as those who are in the field, let the sword of Damocles hang over every head, and you will witness a miracle. War will instantly stop.

Mr. S-B: How could such a miracle be accomplished?

Nobel: If you are acquainted with the progress of bacteriology you will admit that the application of this science to warfare is possible, and quite probable, considering the wickedness of mankind. Up to this moment scientists are studying the means of warding off epidemics. Some day they may set to work in an opposite direction, to find the most efficacious ways of spreading them. It would certainly be a cruel, nay an infamous thing, but if you are conversant with history you know that the method of blockade has been used from the oldest times up to now. The reasoning of future generations, tortured and impoverished by senseless wars, may therefore run as follows: "From the military point of view the killing of the greatest possible number of foes is the chief aim of war. Since we are logicians and not moralists we act strictly along the lines of logical thought. Therefore, we cannot refrain from killing women and children, if thereby the number of adult male enemies can be reduced." I shudder when contemplating the possibility that some day such logic may be put to a practical test. Remember that ninety-nine per cent of those stricken by the pulmonary plague, the one that is endemic in Manchuria, are hopeless cases. Imagine the possibility that even the germs of new infectious diseases, much more terrible than those we know, may be discovered. Imagine that mankind, after exhausting all the possibilities of old-fashioned military science, may make up its mind to wage war with the help of microbes. I see already the secret laboratories where great savants are busy preparing deadly germs. I see them bent on a task of finding a vaccine wherewith to preserve themselves and their countrymen from the deadly effects of the epidemic they are intent on letting loose on their neighbors. But they are not aware that the same spirit is rampant beyond the frontier.

There, also, the savants are bent on horrible mischief, preparing in underground laboratories the germs of a novel plague. The results of such doings must necessarily be mutual extermination. I greatly fear that the perpetual peace of which Kant has spoken will be preceded by the peace of the cemetery. Wars have always been a dreadful evil, but in the future they will act like a boomerang.

Mr. S-B: Don't you perceive a gleam of light in that awful darkness?

Nobel: Yes, there is a ray of hope, and a very bright one at that. The power to inflict mutually on themselves untold miseries must lead the nations toward compromise. Nations, as I have said, are ruled by the force of circumstances. A compromise between nations can be arrived at if individuals will apply this principle to their mutual relations. Until that moment arrives, mankind will do well to look out for squalls. The power to do mischief that science confers on the single individual may lead to the abuse of this power. Look at the nihilists of Russia and the terrible use of dynamite in assassinating their Czar. Imagine, now, that some day the scientific results of bacteriological science shall become accessible to the general public. Imagine the horrible danger to human society and to civilization. Let us hope that the presence of such a danger may lead to a thorough moral reform. Because the danger I speak of cannot be fought by police measures. Conditions will grow worse and worse. The twentieth century will be an epoch of great unrest. Consider the financial side of the question, the frightful situation that will result if nations continue to raise money by loans for armaments and for war, taxing not only the present generation but those to come, placing a great debt on the unborn. Consider the resulting social problems. The fatal end will be

bankruptcy, but that will not keep nations from war. It has never prevented them, and it never will. Then with this new scientific warfare, this strange and deadly germ theory, whole nations will be wiped out in a second. I am pessimistic about mankind. The only thing that will ever prevent them from waging war is terror.

To-day, when scientists are experimenting with disease germs in anticipation of the next war, the vision evoked by Nobel is not lacking in sombre prophecy.

EDUCATIONAL INQUIRY

IDOLS OF EDUCATION[1]

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY

A World of Opportunity

The world was never better worth preparing for. The panorama unrolled before the mind was never more gorgeous:—a new renaissance revealing reaches unimagined; prophesying splendor unimaginable; unveiling mysteries of time and space and natural law and human potency.

Archæology uncovers with a spade the world of Ariadne and of Minos, of Agamemnon and of Priam. Where Jason launched the Argo, paintings are unearthed that antedate Apelles. Mummied crocodiles disgorge their papyri: and we read the administrative record of the Ptolemies. Bacchylides breaks the silence of centuries; himself Menander mounts the stage, and in no borrowed Roman sock; and Aristotle reappears to shed fresh light upon the constitution of the Athenians.

History availing herself of cognate sciences deciphers documents and conditions anew; and the vision of the past is reinterpreted in terms of social and economic actuality. Emigrations and conquests become a modern tale of commerce and industrial stress. Cæsar and Agrippina, Cromwell and Marie Antoinette, are all to read again; and the Bard of Venusia acquires a new and startling modernity as the literary advance agent of a plutocratic wine firm. As in a "glass prospective" literature is viewed; and kaleidoscopic trans-

[1]Sections I-IV, VIII, XVII of Professor Gayley's essay, "Idols of Education" (Doubleday, Page and Company, 1910): in part a Commencement Address delivered in 1909 at the University of Michigan, as a valedictory to President James B. Angell, then retiring from service. Reprinted by permission of the author.

formation of *gest* and ballad, epic and drama, cross-sections of the crypt of fiction, dazzle the eye of critic and philologist and poet.

With golden keys of psychology, history and philology, the anthropologist unlocks the mind of primitive man. The student of the holier things invades the Temple itself; and from day to day the sacramental doors swing back on age-long galleries of worship.

Taking fresh heart of ethics, economics wears a new and most seductive smile. No longer the minimizing of material cost, but the maximizing of vital value, she regards. She seeks the psychic income, the margin of leisure for the soul, the margin of health for the body: the greatest of national assets—the true wealth of nations. To the modern problems of social and political theory and of jurisprudence, of municipal and national and colonial administration, a similar fascination of beneficent discovery attracts; and to that development of international politics which aims at constitutional law rather than the substantive private law of nations.

Geology multiplies her æons, and astronomy her glittering fields. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps" of new discovered cause "arise." "The idea of the electron has broken the framework of the old physics to pieces, has revived ancient atomistic hypotheses, and made of them principles," and radio-activity "has opened to the explorer a New America full of wealth yet unknown." The science of the law of celestial movements has given birth to the science of the substance of celestial bodies; and, with astro-physics, we study more narrowly than ever our one star, and its outcasts, the planets. We wonderingly contemplate the transport of matter from star to star—and from planet to planet, maybe, of life.

Geology has given birth to physiography. We pass from inorganic to organic, and probe the interaction of physical environment and animate nature. In evolutionary science they are saying that new species leap into being at a wave of the wand of mutation; and the war between Mendelism and Darwinism wages. The knighthood of the Quest of Life enrolls in the order of psychic mystery or the order of mechanism, and presses on. Though neither win to the Grail, each wins nearer to its law. By the delicate ministrations of surgery, life is prolonged. Immunization lifts ever higher her red cross.

Engineering advances, agriculture advances, commerce expands. We compass the earth, we swim the seas and penetrate their depths, we ride the air. Our voices pierce the intervals of space, and our thoughts the unplumbed waves of ether. And from her watch-tower scrutinizing all—science, pure and applied, history and art, mechanism and spirit, teleology, evolution—the Science of sciences, Divine Philosophy, rounds out her calm survey. Never more tempting, more vital, the problem than that which she faces now; the problem of the fundamental character of personality. "In the light of all this evolution or mutation, what is God?" she asks. "Is he, too, but a cosmic process in which we assist; or an eternal standard of perfection against which we measure ourselves and in terms of which we strive?"

An Indifferent Generation

The world of learning was never better worth preparing for. Why is it, then, that from every university in the land, and from every serious journal, there goes up the cry, "Our young people were never more indifferent."

How many nights a week does the student spend in pur-

suits non-academic; how great a proportion of his days? What with so-called "college activities," by which he must prove his allegiance to the University, and social functions by which he must recreate his jaded soul, no margin is left for the one and only college activity—which is study. Class meetings, business meetings, committee meetings, editorial meetings, football rallies, baseball rallies, pyjama rallies, vicarious athletics on the bleachers, garrulous athletics in dining-room and parlor and on the porch, rehearsals of the glee club, rehearsals of the mandolin club and of the banjo, rehearsals for dramatics (a word to stand the hair on end), college dances and class banquets, fraternity dances and suppers, preparations for the dances and banquets, more committees for the preparations; a running up and down the campus for ephemeral items for ephemeral articles in ephemeral papers, a soliciting of advertisements, a running up and down for subscriptions to the dances and the dinners, and the papers and the clubs; a running up and down in college politics, making tickets, pulling wires, adjusting combinations, canvassing for votes—canvassing the girls for votes, spending hours at sorority houses for votes—spending hours at sorority houses for sentiment; talking rubbish unceasingly, thinking rubbish, revamping rubbish—rubbish about high jinks, rubbish about low, rubbish about rallies, rubbish about pseudo-civic honor, rubbish about girls;—what margin of leisure is left for the one activity of the college, which is study?

In Oxford and Cambridge, than which no universities have turned out finer, cleaner, more manly, more highly cultivated, and more practically trained scholars, statesmen, empire builders, or more generous enthusiasts for general athletics and clean sport—in Oxford and Cambridge the pur-

pose is study, and the honors are paid to the scholar. There are no undergraduate newspapers, no class meetings, no college politics, no football rallies, no business managers, no claques for organized applause, no yell leaders, no dances, no social functions of the mass. Social intercourse during term between the sexes is strictly forbidden; and it is a matter of college loyalty to live up to the rule. Of non-academic activities there are but two—athletics and conversation. They are not a function but a recreation; nor are they limited to specialists whose reputation is professed. Young Oxonians, in general, lead a serene and undistracted, but rich and wholesome life. They cultivate athletics because each is an active devotee of some form of sport. And conversation—in junior commons, in the informal clubs, in study or in tutor's room —it is an education, a passion, an art.

The Bandar-log

A foreigner, attending, in an American university, an assembly of student speakers, will be justified in concluding that the university exists for nothing but so-called "student activities." The real purpose of the university will not be mentioned, for usually our undergraduates live two lives—distinct; one utterly non-academic. The non-academic is for them the real; the scholarly, an encroachment. The student who regards the scholarly as paramount is deficient in "allegiance to his university."

Athletics meanwhile, which should play a necessary part in the physical, and therefore spiritual, development of all students, are relegated to ten per cent. of the students. The rest assist—on the bleachers. The ninety per cent. are killing two birds with one stone. They are taking second-hand exer-

cise; and, by their grotesque and infantile applause, they are displaying what they call their "loyalty."

Those *noctes cenæque deum* of history and poetry and philosophical discourse, to the memory of which the older generation reverts with rapture, have faded in this light of common day. In the hurry of mundane pursuit the student rarely halts to read, rarely to consider; rarely to discuss the concerns of the larger life.

President Schurman has recently said that there has been no decline of scholarship in the people's universities; but only in the older institutions of the East, to which rich parents send their sons with the view to the advantages of social position; and that in the people's universities the social standing of students has never cut so much figure as scholarship. The assurance is comfortable; but it obscures the issue. If by "social standing" the President of Cornell means position in the coteries of wealth, fashion, conviviality, it may be that "social standing" bulks larger in the older university than in the university of the state. But the fact is, that in student esteem, East and West, social standing means no such thing: it means the position achieved by prominence in non-academic or "campus" activities. And in student esteem such prominence cuts a far more important figure than that of either wealth or scholarship. Such prominence has been gaining ground for fifteen years. So long as the social pressure of the university is toward mundane pursuits, it will be vain to expect the student to achieve distinction in that for which the university stands.

This false standard of prominence, with its feigned allegiance to the interests of the University, has produced that class of student which, adapting from the Jungle Book, I call the "Bandar-log."

"Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and though this was almost a heap of ruins it seemed very wonderful and splendid. Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. . . . The Bandar-logs called the place their city, and pretended to despise the jungle people because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for nor how to use them. They would sit in circles in the hall of the King's council-chamber and scratch for fleas and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in the corner and forget where they had hidden them, and fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the King's garden, where they would shake the rose trees and oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall. They explored all the passages and dark tunnels in the palace, and the hundreds of little dark rooms, but they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not, and so drifted about in ones and twos or crowds, telling one another that they were doing as men did —or shouting 'there are none in the jungle so wise and good and clever and strong and gentle as the Bandar-log.' Then they would tire and seek the tree-top, hoping the jungle people would notice them . . . and then they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs. 'They have no law' said Mowgli to himself, 'no hunting call and no leaders.' . . . And he could not help laughing when they cried 'we are great, we are free, we are wonderful . . . we all say so, and so it must be true . . . you shall carry our words back to the jungle people that they may notice us in future.' "

The Bandar-log is with us. Busy to no purpose, imitative, aimless; boastful but unreliant; inquisitive but quickly losing his interest; fitful, inconsequential, platitudinous, forgetful; noisy, sudden, ineffectual.—The Bandar-log must go.

Because it is the spirit of the American university to prove the things that are new, to hold fast that which is good; to face abuses boldly and to reform them; because I am the son of an American university, and have grown in her teaching, and in my observation of many universities and many schools, to regard the evil as transitory and abuses as remediable, I have ventured, in this essay, to set down simply, and with a frankness that I trust may not be misconstrued, some of the vagaries of our educational system at the present time, and some of the reasons for their existence. For I am sure that in the recognition of the cause is to be found the means of cure.

The Man of Argos

Another class also of students makes, though unconsciously, for the wane of general scholarship—the class of the prematurely vocational. It is not futile, like that of the Bandar-log, but earnest, and with a definite end in view. Still, unwisely guided to immature choice and hasty study of a profession, it not only misses the liberal equipment necessary for the ultimate mastery of life, but indirectly diverts the general scope of education from its true ideals.

The spirit of the Renaissance, says a modern historian of poetry, is portrayed in a picture by Moretto. It is of a young Venetian noble. "The face is that of one in the full prime of life and of great physical strength; very handsome, heavy and yet tremulously sensitive, the large eyes gazing at some thing unseen, and seeming to dream of vastness. On his bonnet is a golden plaque with three words of Greek inscribed on it—*ἰοὺ λίαν ποθῶ*—"Oh, but I am consumed with excess of desire."

If this be the motto of the Renaissance, what shall we say

is the motto of to-day? Not *ἰοὺ λίαν ποθῶ*; no creed of vague insatiable yearning, but rather the *πάντα αὐτίκα ποθῶ* —the lust for immediate and universal possession: as who should cry,

"I want no little here below,
I want it all, and quick."

In one of his odes, Pindar, lauding the older times when the Muse had not yet learned to work for hire, breaks off "but now she biddeth us observe the saying of the Man of Argos, "Money maketh man"—*χρήματα, χρήματ' ἀνήρ.* If not money, then sudden success—that is the criterion of the Man of Argos, to-day.

The Bandar-log and the Argive retard the advance of scholarship in the university; and not the university alone is responsible for their presence, but the elementary school as well.

Idols of the Academic Market-Place

Bewildered by the advance of democracy, educators not only have accepted fallacies of the Tribe, but have attempted to justify their acceptance by further fallacies of their own —based some upon a juggling with words, others upon the authority of some pundit (living or dead), others upon individual ignorance and conceit. These are respectively, what Bacon has called the idols of the Market-place, the idols of the Lecture-room or Theatre, the idols of the Cave.

Idols of the Market-place are fallacies proceeding from the misconception of words. Since we educators are an imitative race, many of these misconceptions have been fostered or confirmed by the influence of some great name, Rousseau or Froebel, or Jacotot, or another; that is to say,

by authority. Consequently, the idols of the Market-place are sometimes also idols of the Theatre, which is to say, of the Lecture-room, or master by whose words we swear.

"He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, but think as wise men think." From disregard of such counsel, many of our academic fallacies concerning education have arisen. We are involved in questions and differences because we have followed the false appearances of words, instead of setting down in the beginning the definitions in which as wise men we may concur. In what definition of education is it possible that wise men may concur? All will agree that education is a process: not that of play, nor yet of work; but of artistic activity. Play meanders pleasantly toward an external end of no significance. Work drives straight for an end beyond that is pleasant because of its worth. The process of art has an end but not beyond. Its end is in itself; and it is pleasurable in its activity because its true activity is a result. From play, the artistic process differs because its end is significant; from work, it differs because its end is in its activity, and because its activity possesses the pleasure of worth. It is like religion: a process continually begun, and in its incompleteness complete. Its ideal is incapable of temporal fulfilment, but still, in each moment of development, it is spiritually perfect.

Education, then, is an art—the art of the individual realizing himself as a member of a society whose tabernacle is here but whose home is a house not built with hands. Education is the process of knowing the best, enjoying the best, producing the best in knowledge, conduct and the arts. Realization, expression of self, physical, intellectual, social, emotional, is its means and end. It implies faith in a moral

order and continuing process, of which it is itself an integral and active factor.

It is remarkable with what persistency the race of educators has indulged in extremes. There has been accorded from time to time an apostle of the golden mean. But his disciples have ever proceeded to the ulterior limit: among the ancients to the pole of self-culture or to the pole of uncultured service; in the dark ages to the ideal of the cloister or the ideal of the castle, to joyless learning or to feudal, and feminine, approval; in the middle ages to the bigotry of the obscurantist or to the allurement of the material; in the Renaissance to contempt of the ancients or to neo-paganism—to theological quibbles or to Castiglione, to the bonfire of vanities or the carnal songs of Lorenzo; in the Reformation, to compulsory discipline or to the apotheosis of natural freedom; in the succeeding age to pedantry or to deportment. Still later appear Rousseau and the philanthropists with the "return to nature," the worship of individuality, the methods of coddling and play; and then Jacotot—and the equal fitness of all for higher education, the exaggeration of inductive methods, the chimerical equivalence of studies. And now has arrived the subordination of the art to pure profit, or vaudeville, or seminars for sucklings.

Always the fallacy of the extreme!—If education is not for the fit it must be for imbeciles; if not for culture, for Mammon; if not for knowledge, for power; if not of incunabula, of turbines and limericks; if not by the cat-o'-nine-tails, by gumdrops. Why the mean of a Plato or a Quintilian could not obtain—the sanity of Melanchthon or Erasmus, of Sturm or Comenius, of Milton or the Port Royal, of Pestalozzi, Friedrich Wolf or Thomas Arnold,—Heaven only knows, which, in its inscrutable purpose, has permitted

the race of educators, following the devices of their own heart, to go astray after idols.

To know, to feel, to do aright and best, each and all in all and each of the fields of human activity, that is the function and the process of education.

If we exaggerate one of these functions to the neglect of the rest, our education is no longer an ideal but an idol. If, forgetting that education is an art, we try to make of it a pleasant meandering, we set up the idol of Play. If, forgetting that the activity of Art is of intrinsic value and delight, we glorify the empty means and merit of drudgery, then we have erected the idol of Pedantry: we beat the air for discipline, shuffle in and out of corners the straw of arid learning, and choke ourselves with the dust of our own sweeping. If we fix our eyes on the cash, we bow to the tribal idol of Quick Returns. If we forget that, as an art, there is for education a progressive ideal and a law of progress, too, we bow to the idol of Caprice. We fall not only into the fallacies already enumerated but into the fallacy of shifting, the fallacy of dissipation. In Art each factor is in relation to the rest, and all to the whole: we proceed fatuously upon the assumption that the part *is* the whole: and therefore each part equal to each; and therefore one study as good as any other. In Art the means, which is the end, is relative, progressive: we assume comfortably that studies are independent of each other, that we can take any in any order, pass an examination and have done. In Art the end, which is the means, is absolute and self-referred and ideal: we figure that, by dissipating our energies, we shall happen to hit, here and now, the ideal. Disregarding the progressive unity of education, we bow to Caprice.

The idols of the academic market-place to-day are Caprice

and Quick Returns and Play, and, in unexpected corners, Pedantry, against which in reaction these three were set up. Of these, Quick Returns was borrowed from the tribe; and not alone, for of this subvention are other tribal gods too numerous to rehearse—specially Numbers and Inevitable Grace and Incidental Issues and Parade. To one or other of these false worships are due the wane of scholarship, the utilitarian tendency, the excrescence of non-academic activities, the neglect of discipline in our education at the present time. The blame is by no means to be laid wholly at the door of the university. It attaches, also, to our system of elementary education.

Obiter Dicta

Let us, with a higher grade of freshmen entering our universities, and with systems of study to offer them, insist that scholarship be supreme. Let us encourage intellectual emulation by the methods that I have suggested—by eliminating the "snap" and its professor; by modifying the merit of "heaped-up" courses; by moulding the student but, still, throwing him more upon his unaided effort; by emphasizing scope, impartiality and rigor of examination, and by enforcing publicity of award and of awarded responsibilities. So doing, we shall offset the culture of Incidental Issues, Parade and Play. We shall explode the folly of athletics at long range; abate the hysteria of the *ludi maximi*. As to the extravagance incident upon gladiatorial combats—let us, at once, eliminate all that savors of professionalism and the Flavian Amphitheatre. Let us, at once, revise the rules of the game that necessitate pugilistic proficiency, and, hence, protracted periods of professional inurement, and hence, sal-

aried coaches and trainers and such like *lanistæ,* masseurs and scrapers and oilers, and training tables and special gratuities of food and raiment, and hence colossal expenditures, and colossal risks, and corvées and benevolences, and colossal gate-receipts. Let us abolish the nightmare of frantic excess and carnal hostility, and strife and blood and dust. Let us make of football not a menace to morals and manners, life and limb, but a generous rivalry, a pastime in which all may engage, a clean and wholesome sport. In brief, let us cultivate athletics for education; not for the "thug" or the "bookie" or the "bum."

A serious obstacle to education is the ever-increasing mass of the university. The more we subdivide the better. But the more spontaneous the cleavage—the more characteristic the constituent groups, the more cohesive each and the more manageable. In our Greek-letter fraternities, and in similar house-clubs we have even now a germ of marvellous academic potentiality. Our fraternities are American in origin and in spirit. Their process is of natural selection. Their membership includes instructors as well as students. In the fraternity is one solution of the difficulty of numbers. Let us persuade our fraternities to revive the policy of choosing members, once in a while, for promise of scholarship. And let us found within our fraternities and house-clubs graduate fellowships with residence in the house. Such fellowships will not only elevate the standard of the sodalities themselves, but constitute the initial step toward the realization of a system of colleges of resident students and instructors, mutually stimulating, within the university.

Of the common sense of our students, of their desire to benefit by the opportunities offered them, I have no doubt. The essential of reform is that we, of the faculties, do our

duty. In one of Frank Norris's novels there is a sailing master who fears that his captain, having failed to reach the Pole, will take to writing books and lecturing. "I wouldn't be so main sorry," says the broken-hearted tar to the heroine, "I wouldn't be so main sorry that he won't reach the Pole, as that he quit trying. . . . The danger don't figure; what he'd have to go through with don't figure; nothing in the world don't figure; it's his work; God A'mighty cut him out for that, and he's got to do it. Ain't you got any influence with him, Miss? Won't you talk good talk to him? Don't let him chuck; don't let him get soft. Make him be a Man and not a professor."

Let us be men. Let us keep undesirables out of the university. Let us stop the loop-holes by which they have slipped themselves in. And for students already admitted, let us make the conditions of retention more drastic. Let us say to the Bandar-log, "You may swing by your tail if you will, when you're not in the Palace; but if you don't come down now and find out what the Palace is for, and do it, you shall go back to the jungle and swing by your tail forever." Let us cultivate closer personal relations with our young men that they may be neither futile nor utilitarian, neither Bandar-logs nor Men of Argos—that their youth may not be "a blunder, their manhood a vain struggle, their old age a regret." Let us be none the less learned, none the less investigators, but let us not be merely specialists. Let us be Men. Let us pay less attention to mechanism and more to teaching, inspiring, humanizing. Let us make the college the gateway—not to loafing and vain delights and dissipated energies and disappearing triumphs, not to mistaken ends, fleshly or fantastic, not to profitless learning and vacuous method—but to the glorious world of conduct and oppor-

tunity: to Life. Our remedies lie in ourselves. And even though this generation of students and teachers may fail of the ideal, we shall know that, for the next, some idols have been swept away.

WHITHER LEADS STANDARDIZATION?[1]

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

They have bright young men and able executives in the Department of Commerce of the United States. They have bright young men and able executives in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. In both institutions, young men and executives labor for standardization; labor for it with a zeal and prescience beautiful to behold. They believe in it, they are fond of it, they feel that beyond anything else it means the welfare and glory of their country. To practical purposes they have studied it up and down. They can see in it the promise of things great and good. What they cannot see in it is its promise of other things equally great and not nearly so good.

Sincerely in both offices they repel the suggestion that standardization will not stop with inanimate things—wash-boilers and grape-baskets. In the department, executives are sensitive about this. They do not like even the word I have here used. "Simplification" is their preference. It sounds rather better and has fewer angles for the teeth of the ribald columnist to bite. In the chamber they show you a cartoon drawn to refute certain low jesters, merrymaking at the thought that life is to be standardized as much as frying-pans. It is an excellent cartoon, full of wit and meaning. Nevertheless, by whatsoever name it may be called, the identical thing decried in one office and cartooned in the other is already upon them and us, its wonders to perform.

I mean that in the nature of things here below it would be

[1]From *The Century Magazine*, June, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the author and The Century Company, New York.

impossible to change greatly the processes that sustain life without affecting greatly the life those processes sustain. A huge evolutionary movement like this could not stop with hoes and nails any more than power-machinery could have stopped with weaving. If evolutions have rules and by-laws this seems to be one of them.

Standardization's next great sure step, already under way, is strictly to root out our superfluous plants and duplicated organizations. If there was no sense in maintaining sixty-two kinds of paving-brick we used to make and did not need, there is no sense in maintaining sixty-two plants and overheads that we need as little. When we had forty-four kinds of ear-muffs the theory was that each of these kinds was better than the rest and must have a plant to itself. When we reduce all ear-muffs to one we junk that theory and may as well junk a line of plants to go with it. Why have fifty-seven plants, fifty-seven roofs, fifty-seven interest-charges, insurance-charges, inventories, staffs, pay-rolls, advertising accounts, labor contracts, when you can get along with, say, seven, or five, or three of each of these varieties of trouble and expense?

Reason in all things. Besides, there is the urge to increased efficiency and greater economy, a power ever present and mightier than all argument, all custom, all prejudice. In the department hope springs eternal that standardization may yet work to preserve the small plant. So a hundred years ago men might have hoped the railroad would preserve the stage-coach. While they hope, before their eyes the small plant dries up and blows away.

As Exhibit A, we file Plants That Manufacture Newspapers.

When the late Mr. Munsey went about with his handy club putting decrepit journals out of their misery, he was not, as he fondly imagined, performing a service of his own discovering. He was functioning as the instrument of destiny. As note:

About forty-five years ago the newspapers of New York City employed each its own reporters to gather and write about the day's developments at the important centres of regular news—coroner's office, police-courts, fire headquarters, and the like. A man named O'Rourke, who had been both reporter and editor, observed that in this lay much repetition; seven newspapers were employing seven men to collect exactly the same information. Why not have one man, let him produce seven copies of his work, and save all this lost motion and needless expense? So he organized a corps of reporters and furnished manifolded copies of this routine news. The resulting economies were so great that the system automatically extended itself until it was covering far more than the field of routine. Then the newspapers themselves took it over, and it became their chief source of local information.

But even O'Rourke was not really an innovator. Many years before, when the telegraph was new and press telegrams cost seven cents a word from Baltimore to New York, a similar combination had been formed to standardize telegraphic news and thus cut out waste and vindicate eternal evolution. Standardization; therefore greater efficiency, greater economy.

Gradually this principle won forward everywhere. The field of independent reporting narrowed; the field of united, standardized, and simplified effort widened.

But in standardizing their manufacturing processes the

newspapers had standardized their product. Thereupon, all newspapers having become virtually alike, the public did some eliminating on its own account. It could see no reason why it should support two copies of the same thing, and it cut one out.

Every few months now we read of the sad demise of some once popular and powerful journal, gone to its everlasting rest. The population increases; the number of newspapers declines. It is the mutation inevitable. Take as a basic working sample the regular morning newspaper printed in the American language. Chicago has two of them. When it had much less than half of its present population it had seven. Detroit with 200,000 people had three morning newspapers; with more than a million people it has but one morning newspaper. I remember when St. Paul had 70,000 people and two morning newspapers eagerly contending for support; blessed competition and all that. To-day, with 320,000 population, St. Paul has only one morning newspaper, and if it mourns the loss of the other it never tells its grief. Minneapolis, 450,000 people, one morning newspaper; St. Louis, 825,000 people, one morning newspaper. Seventy years ago, St. Louis being then a fraction of its present size, it supported always two and sometimes more. When this generation was young New York City rejoiced in eleven of these morning luminaries; to-day it has five, although it numbers three times the population of 1890. Where are the others? Standardized out of existence. Why print something under one name in one street and then print it under another name in another street?

Now if you wish to see that these things are inevitable, observe how inventions come in to push them along. Thirty-five years ago all the newspapers of New York, except one,

used hand-set type, and each had its own strongly marked individuality of appearance as well as of contents. The linotype invention abolished all that. Even an expert now can hardly tell the printed body-type of one newspaper from the body-type of another. The typewriter came and helped mass production by making manifolding easy, swift, and legible. Then some genius hit upon a machine that even bettered the typewriter. Improvements in printing-machinery made it possible to supply from one plant a huge consumption. We printed the *Detroit Tribune* in 1885 upon a press that evolved 6,000 copies an hour. Now we have presses that will deliver 125,000 copies an hour—folded and counted.

But note that what has been going on markedly in newspaper manufacturing has been going on with less noise in other lines of production. How many smaller companies have been combined into the great General Motors? Easily and often unnoted, once flourishing corporations disappear from view into a system unified for efficiency and economy. Hardly a week passes without the announcement in the financial, trade, or technical journals of some other combination, big or little, swept together by the same fateful hand. Perhaps in passing we might care to look at one of these as a specimen. On January 14, 1926, four old, well-known, long-prosperous companies engaged in the making of motor omnibuses, the American Car and Foundry Motors Company, the J. G. Brill Company of Philadelphia, the Fageol Motors Company of Ohio, the Hall-Scott Motor Company of California, were united in one great concern. Clear across the continent, from ocean to ocean, this stretched; a corporation with ten million dollars of preferred and I know not how much common stock. How will it work? Production will be standardized, costs cut, duplicated efforts eliminated. Do not

overlook the significant fact that thirty years ago there would have gone up the wild piercing cry, "A Trust! A Trust!" and government would have been implored to save us from the octopus. Nobody trembles now before the trusts. Trusts are increased efficiency, greater economy.

The same restless and irresistible power has produced the chain-store and made railroad consolidation a policy of governments. In Great Britain one day there were 137 railroad companies; the next day there were only four. We move the same way; witness these huge railroad combinations reported every few weeks. In ten years we shall have not more than fifteen real railroad companies in all the United States, and there will be a happy end to even the frazzled pretense of competition.

Standardization of processes, standardization of machinery, then standardization of the management of that machinery. One is as natural and as certain as the other. Duplicated controls are a source of waste; simplified controls as much a source of increased efficiency and greater economy as is simplified product. It is as if a great flood had lifted and were carrying us toward the Vega of a unified management of industry—with all its unavoidable consequences of the concentration of wealth control, and therefore of power, in the hands of a few great central corporations, always tending to become fewer.

To this it will be instantly objected that another movement is working the other way. Stock-ownership in the great corporations tends to become more diffuse, you say, not more concentrated. Fifteen years ago there were 550,000 stockholders in the American railroads; to-day there are 950,000. The people, therefore, are coming to own the railroads.

But this is no more than an apparent condition. Some of

the great corporations, mostly utilities, confronted with some specter of government ownership, have encouraged or even obliged their employees to become shareholders. Again, some of the savings of workers have been freely invested in corporate enterprises. All of these instances together do not amount to a phenomenon. Let one compare, first, the total number of corporation stockholders with the total of wage-workers in the United States, next with the total population of the United States, next with the increase of that population. One will have then a fair notion of the real importance of this over-press-agented change. But above all, we are to remember that however much or little stockholding may have been expanded, the expansion has never in a single instance affected control. Restrictions, limitations, and voting-trusts attend competently to that little detail. Control is where it has always been, affected only by this, that day by day it tends to consolidate and to draw nearer to other controls and to the erection of one still greater. What we are facing, therefore, is a unified employer and a unified employment; all of us at work for one boss, and that not a man but a greatly efficient corporation.

Or for another exhibit, take banks, the very plexus of our whole commercial system. All about the country bank consolidations fall in faster than they can be noted. Why have five banks when one would be cheaper, better, and safer?

Thus it appears that in all lines of human endeavor, under the pressure of a colossal and insuperable power, simplification and unification must be more and more the rule. As they progress, it is true, they may be attended for a time with some unemployment. All labor-saving devices have this for temporary company. Many plants will be closed; but mass production will be increased, and with it the total demand

for labor. If men are no longer wanted at Sand Prairie they will be at Sandusky; the increased demand abroad for American products will pick up the loose labor ends.

Meantime an assortment of notions and doctrines outside these precincts will have to be adjusted to the new conditions, and somewhat rudely, one may think. While we standardize we batter hard at tradition. For instance, in these mutations how fares the once venerated theory of supply and demand as the autocrat of prices? O shades of Adam Smith, but badly, badly! Where now, indeed, shall we find its time-honored visage? Not here, certainly, so far as the naked eye can reach. On the contrary, what we seem to be about is the adopting of a new principle about prices, a principle of cost plus, similar to the one we heard of in the World War. Cost plus; with simplification to make the cost as small as possible. So made, it will give us command of foreign markets and lower prices at home. But at all times, cost plus.

It is a kind of commercial Mount Pisgah that we are gaining. Mass production, standardization, native energy, preceded by the water-wagon, lead us whence we can see the promised land of world-wide trade supremacy. But what effect will standardization have upon us as we move along?

It will greatly change our habits, both in the old sense of that word and the more modern. The very appearance of the nation is to be changed. Whatever chance for choice and comeliness in men's apparel is still left to us is certain to be eliminated. We have noted how, with great advantage to the always supreme interests of production, 2,500 styles of men's shoes were cut to 100, and 106 styles of men's collars to 25. There appears no good reason why we should not let the good work go on and reap additional blessings. Why have

even 100 kinds of shoes? All we really need is two; one for a foot that has five toes and another for a foot that has but one. Similarly, about collars, one for a man with a long neck and one for a man with a short, are all we really need. Aside from needless variations on this great principle, there have been in thirty years almost no changes in men's footwear or collars. Oh, yes; I forget. Once for our sins they gave us to wear shoe-leather colored like a chocolate caramel!

Standardization about all these things is not only easy but comes upon us with our own glad connivance. In hats, the manufacturer we discussed last month cut out nearly 3,000 varieties that he had long made and carried. Apparently he is in for still further excisions, and we are enlisted to help him. The Prince of Wales kindly assisting, we have already made great strides along this way. In the year of grace 1925, the prince having decreed us a gray felt hat, we cordially banished everything else. There were minute variations in bands and less in shades, but the whole nation promptly appeared in gray felt lids as ordered. Take them or leave them, is necessarily the word in standardization; the hatters had nothing else. Let a man demur and be looked upon as some form of maniac. Standardization had provided for us this gray felt. What more could one ask?

These are but symptoms of the universal development. All men's clothes tend so much to uniformity that lately they began to look as if they had been cut from the cloth with some kind of great die or automatic shears. Perhaps they had been for all I know; if not it is no jest that they soon will be. Today of a hundred average coats that you meet in any street, if you find one departure from standard it will be a thing for wonder. Look at the old prints, read the old novels of manners, to see how marvelously custom has altered, all in

one direction. In twenty-one years there has not been the slightest change in men's ties. Ah, but evening-wear, you say—that changes. Does it? One year the evening vest is cut thus, and next year it is cut so; but the changes are indiscernible except to the experts and are wholesomely disregarded by everybody else. It is not style that governs now; it is standard. The clothes of four hundred men at an evening gathering look as if they had come from the same mould; and for years and years have not looked otherwise. This generation has other things to think about than styles. Production, for instance; ever present and omnipotent production.

While the war was on and the British government was straining every nerve to force economy upon a careless populace, it designed a suit of clothes for universal wear, all of the same color, same cut, same quality. In the summer of 1918 many of these began to be worn; if the war had lasted another year the streets would have been filled with them, the nation would have been uniformed. At the suggestion, Bond Street rocked with horror; the very paving-stones were said to have flown up in protest. The rest of the Empire received the news calmly and even with approval. After all, what difference does it make to the mature mind what color or shape of clothes we wear so long as we are warm enough in winter and cool enough in summer and get to our work on time? Like it or dislike it, standardization is uniformity, and standardization is commercial life.

If now, still hat in hand, with genuflexions and with fearful heart, I come to make remarks about the garmenting of women, I think we are approaching much the same condition. I am told on unimpeachable authority that women's hats have been so standardized that they are now virtually

all of a size and shape. Thirty thousand women's hats were exhibited on the counters of one store in Chicago, and one woman with a rather larger head than common could not find the least variation in size among them all. As to colors, when the dread and invisible powers that determine these things decree blue and brown for the season's colors, woe betide the poor wretch that seeks anywhere for green.

Where shall all this land us? In the business regions of our cities we have produced to the world's horror its most hideous architecture. If now we are to fill those streets with a population uniformed and in one dreary color it must be admitted the prospect has little to cheer the drooping spirit. Standardized clothes, standardized houses; the one we are achieving, the other is already with us. Look at the suburbs of Philadelphia! Look at upper Park Avenue!

But we are to remember that after all in our civilization nothing really matters but production. This is true, whatever we may pretend about it. Mr. Wells saw it twenty-two years ago and wrote a book about it. In "When the Sleeper Wakes," he looked ahead and saw all society organized strictly and frankly for production efficiency, a huge working population marshaled to this end under one employment, inhabiting a human rabbit-warren by night and a huge workshop by day, as mechanical as the machines they directed. A hoot went up as soon as this dream was disclosed. I doubt if there would be much hooting now. We are getting too close to the grim reality as mass production leads us ever onward if not upward.

It is a wonder some one does not now expand and elaborate Mr. Wells's vision. One might look forward to about A. D. 1956 and see a working population dwelling in a hive of a million standardized cubicles. Each worker sleeps in a

standardized bed, at the foot of which is an open cabinet with stretched-out arms holding the man's clothing—standardized. A great gong outside sounds in the morning three strokes. Then a whistle blows; the bed sinks at the foot, rises at the head, and throws the man into the cabinet, whence he emerges completely clad. He has been dressed by electrical machinery—standardized.

A little door in the cabinet pops open and thrusts out the man's breakfast, a standardized tablet of highly condensed nutriment. A great arm then grabs him by the collar and projects him into the street, where he falls into a line of men like himself, uniformed from top to toe and marching a lock-step to the factory. This is a mile long and equipped with rows of machines and a railroad back of them to bring up goods and transport standardized foremen. There is standardized labor until noon, mechanical motions before the machines, arms going in unison up, down, up, down. Luncheon is again a standardized tabloid, swallowed at the machines. The lock-step march back to the cubicles follows the day's work. At six o'clock a tabloid dinner, standardized on the authority of Johns Hopkins University Medical Department, and known to contain exactly what is best for a standardized stomach. From seven to nine, a standardized radio plays standardized jazz and furnishes to what is left of the cubicle-dweller's mind an assortment of standardized misinformation. After which machinery removes his standardized clothing and casts him into his standardized bed.

It is not to be denied that toward something like this we seem surely to be moving. On the other hand, there is to be noted the more cheering suggestion that the elimination of waste, as it progresses, may eventually bring about a shortened working day, provided that meanwhile increased popu-

lations and increased social needs do not come in to prevent it.

But turn now to the fields of domestic politics and see what mass production has already effected there. In truth, we have awakened a force like a giant's; no one can tell how far it may go in pulling things down upon us. Observe, first, the American trade-balances of the last few years:

YEAR	TOTAL EXPORTS	TOTAL IMPORTS	EXCESS OF EXPORTS
1922	$3,831,777,469	$3,112,746,833	$719,030,636
1923	4,167,493,080	3,792,065,963	375,427,117
1924	4,590,983,845	3,609,962,579	981,021,266
1925	4,845,168,048	4,178,460,012	666,708,036

These figures reveal us as piling up year by year the amount due us from foreign countries, year by year growing more and more the world's great creditor nation. For 1926 the showing will be less favorable partly because of the British rubber monopoly and its assessment of the British debt payments upon American tire-users, partly for other abnormalities. But the fundamental condition seems unchanged. Suppose mass production to continue to expand and improve, trade-balances must remain substantially on our side. Whereupon will arise this sobering question:

Can a great creditor nation maintain a high tariff?

This has nothing on earth to do with soap-boxers or hobby-horses, theories or doctrines. It is merely a question of fact. We are accumulating great trade-balances in our favor. Ordinarily trade-balances are paid in gold, securities, or goods. These cannot be paid in gold; we have all the gold there is. If we take securities we shall only swell by the

amount of the interest-charges the next year's trade-balance. Goods alone are left, and as to goods—there stands the tariff wall.

This troublous condition is already splitting the political parties. The international banking interests, perceiving well the difficulties involved to them and not wishing an upset of exchange that might work us ill, are favorably inclined toward a reduction of the tariff. Many manufacturers, particularly those of New England, have dug themselves in against any change, unless it be more courses on the wall. For once and a wonder, the agricultural West finds itself aligned with the banking interest and enthusiastically pushes the wedge. Protection Democrats sympathize with the manufacturers; agricultural Republicans turn the other way.

Meantime standardization, prohibition, and better methods have increased the national efficiency until we have overtaken our high wage-levels and can make some things demanded abroad more cheaply than any other nation can make them. Protection was devised to foster infant industries. When an infant can go out into the world and wallop all comers of all ages, some one is sure to say it no longer needs the nursing-bottle. When we can lay down cotton-duck almost anywhere abroad more cheaply than any mill in England, what is the use of 65 per cent duty on cotton-duck? When we can go to Europe and in their own markets outsell German makers of electrical goods, what need of a tariff on electrical goods?

Before long questions like these will be hard upon us. They can even now be seen coming up the road. The chief defenders of the existing tariff have plainly observed them and started an unfriendly reception. It may be doubted if anybody even in Congress took quite seriously Mr. Mellon's

discovery in social science that we must not tax the rich lest they get mad and take their money out of industry. What was really meant by the movement to reduce income taxes was a preparation for the day when it will be necessary to defend import duties on the ground that they produce revenue. Perhaps the movement against inheritance taxes had the same impetus—that and the example of Signor Mussolini.

Some years ago under sage counsel we solemnly took the tariff out of politics on the ground that it was a business matter unmeet for politicians' wrangling. The hope seems now futile that the pestilent thing can be made to stay out. Indeed, a question arises if the same influences that drove it out will not soon be seen dragging it back, even by the tail. Anyway, it is clear enough that the next congressional and presidential elections will be fought largely on this issue, and one can already see an opposition, flaccid and comatose since March 4, 1921, arising with the electrifying juices of exuberant political life once more coursing in its veins.

Next, in international affairs and relations, standardization promises to have historic results. That it has bound us upon a course of marvelous expansion in the world's markets is in itself alluring, but still there lurks upon it the grim fact that we win into those markets only as we elbow some one else out of them. Elbowing is a process first of irritation, then of exasperation. Applied to marketing it produces always international hatreds and usually international wars. For years before the World War Germany had been notoriously elbowing Great Britain from some of the choicest of all markets, and we cannot so soon have forgotten what followed upon that abrasion. We have had in the country for at least nine years an active agitation in favor of some form

of virtual alliance or partnership with Great Britain. Important business and financial interests have shown much addiction to such an arrangement, part of the press has favored it, and one might say that what is called society has rapturously demanded it. Already the nations of earth have been deeply affected by this apparition. The threat of an Anglo-Saxon or English-speaking domination has driven the smaller and especially the Latin countries together into a defensive alliance, and the world has begun to present again the spectacle of two armed and hostile camps.

Our commercial advance will heal this friction, truly enough, but only by substituting another. The nation we shall chiefly elbow from markets is Great Britain. The mercantile marine that we shall chiefly supersede, if we resume our place as a maritime power, is the British mercantile marine. If anything has been proved by human experience it is that these commercial antagonisms take not the slightest heed of sentiment and not much of propaganda. If we pursue the road we are now traveling commercially there will be an abrupt ending to all talk about Anglo-Saxon fraternity, and the hands we are now urged to extend across the sea will be two doubled-up fists. It is all in history, if one cares to seek it there. The rapid rise of the United States as a maritime power was the chief underlying and originating cause of the War of 1812.

Finally, if we turn to some aspects of life more nearly cultural, there is the same trend. We can see plainly the beginnings of standardized education, standardized literary criticism, even standardized style. Write in the manner of Mr. Conrad or do not write at all. Could we have a standardized press without standardized thinking? Not in this country, certainly, where our habit is fixed of believing anything

we see in a newspaper. On well-oiled hinges standardization proceeds to give us standardized thought. Twice a week the Washington correspondents meet the President; four times a week they meet the Secretary of State. In effect, if unconsciously, both tell the correspondents what to tell the public, one about domestic affairs, the other about foreign. The next day fifty million people read an identical result and derive an identical impression.

Paving-bricks are not more effectively standardized.

The fewer the newspapers, the simpler the process. What is called syndication helps it. Except for accounts of strictly local happenings, the newspaper in the average American city can now fill itself from first page to last with predigested matter prepared elsewhere and fed to a hundred other places. Even editorials are syndicated. Virtually the entire nation reads the same thing at the same time—and believes it. If gaps appear in the operation they can be filled neatly by a standardized radio.

Depressing speculations as to the outcome must be familiar to all that have studied this subject. When an entire nation can be led to believe a theory about the French occupation of the Ruhr that is absolutely unfounded, and when grave consequences follow to the world, it seems difficult to share all the enthusiasm for standardization that is felt in the Department and the Chamber. For is it humanly possible that there should be standardized thinking without standardized action?

From all the foregoing facts it seems evident that we are entering upon a new phase of human experience, developed by machine production, developed still more by machine invention. Former President Barnes and other thoughtful men

of the Chamber labor hard to show that this transfiguration, involving general standardization, may go on and the individual still avoid swamping. The record of specific industries refutes them. Evolutions do not turn upon themselves.

BOYS—THEN AND NOW[1]

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Man is a blow-hard. He likes to lie—not in malice but to stimulate his vanity. And, curiously, he doesn't seem to care whether the lie he tells in one hour fits the lie he tells the next. He prances around, slapping his suspenders in peacock pride, crowing about the bigger and better world he has made since he came into his maturity.

We who are passing out of our middle age like to think that our generation is a world-maker; that our generation discovered progress and harnessed it upon reluctant humanity, so dragging a thousand years of growth into five decades. We point to the material things that we have done: the American continent that we have conquered; the machines that we have strewn over the world; the goods that we have distributed. We brag about remodeling the world of our forefathers into a new, slick, varnished, efficient twelve-cylinder perfection that runs without grease, on its own power, by the sheer virtue of the brains we put into it.

It would be all very fine, that vain pride of ours for the things we have done, if we did not immediately turn around and *discredit* our achievement by croaking about the virtues of the good old times.

"When we were young," say the bald-heads, "then life was real; men were true; women were beautiful; children were models of propriety, industry, and wisdom."

Now, *one* of these proud boasts of ours is not true. Either

[1]From *The American Magazine*, March, 1926. Reprinted by special permission of the author and the Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

the good old days were pretty bad, or else these days are not much better!

It is hard to deny the facts of material progress. Here they are: Life is easier than it was for millions. Machinery really has lightened the labor of every creature in Christendom. Work days are shorter than they ever were. Play times and play places are more plentiful for young and for old. The printed page in books and papers and magazines is more accessible; and for him who would be wise, wisdom is nearer at hand than it was before our generation went to work. Fellowship, brotherhood, and understanding, which are the chief blessings of a wholesome civilization, never were so widely accessible to man as they are to-day.

In view of facts like these, it would seem that the good old middle-aged liar, who talks about the good old days of the sixties, seventies, and eighties, should take a reef in his imagination.

The test of a civilization is its treatment of youth. What did the good old days of the sixties, seventies, and eighties do for the boys and girls of that time? And what are the new days doing now? And what are the boys and girls themselves doing? There are criteria by which to judge the worth of progress and the value of our civilization.

These lines are written by one who can crane his neck from his office window and look two hundred yards down the street and see his birthplace. As a boy he grew up in a little town three hours away as the Ford flies, and so has lived his fifty-eight years in practically the same environment. Only the times have changed. Now, for an hour let us go back and consider the old times in the old town as a boy saw them then, and compare them with the new times in the new town as a boy has them to-day.

Presto! Behold Eldorado, Butler County, Kansas, in the early seventies: a frontier town, a dusty road crossing a prairie creek and making a gray streak up a long hill. Beside the road were dingy, unpainted wooden buildings, mostly of one story, a stone hotel facing a brick bank on the diagonal corner; a wood culvert crossing a ravine that ran from one side to the other of the street; a livery stable facing a saloon; shanties with false fronts stair-stepping down from the thick of the town out toward the sun-flowers that lined the gray, dusty streak of a road as it topped the distant hill.

Beyond the shambling false fronts of the squatty town, set back from the street, rose the stone school house: two stories, four rooms, capped by a bell tower that clanged the first bell and the second bell twice a day five days a week, nine months in the year.

Beyond the school house, and up to its very door, stretched westward to the Rockies the illimitable prairie.

A boy's habitat in that town ordinarily ranged from the creek at the foot of the road to the school house at the top of the hill. Of a Saturday, he might roam the prairie, gun in hand, bringing home prairie chickens, quail, and rabbits, or he might drown out prairie dogs, capture raccoons, steal pigeons in the loft of the discouraged church used as a granary, or perhaps pass bills for the Swiss Bell-Ringers, or the Slight-of-hand men who gave occasional shows in the courthouse at night. He could even ring the bell that called a public meeting or announced an auction.

Of a summer, the circus came and went. And in autumn the county fair held forth. Always Saturday afternoons, north of town, on a straight, level stretch of dirt road, in fair weather, were horse races, mostly races of "quarter horses"; horses that could go fast for a quarter of a mile,

and then would languish. There were found the cowboy's pony, the gambler's stallion, the livery man's pride.

So much for the physical town. The inhabitants of the town were for the most part young men and women in their twenties and thirties who had come out from the East and the Middle States to make their fame and fortune. They had neither time nor money to give to any organized endeavor to help youth. Boys were mostly cut loose, and ran free like unlariated stock. The girls were tethered close to the little houses, helping with the work.

After the boy's chores were done of a morning, the woodbox filled for the day, the stable cleaned, the chickens fed, the cow picketed, the horse curried, the boy was his own master.

He ran in gangs. Generally, the boy herd roamed the alleys, huddled in barns, or browsed in woods. Often in these places the boy in the roving herd saw dark and awful things. He saw murder and lust and greed; the ox going to slaughter, and its human prototype hurrying along his own blind way. No one cared. Back of the saloon the boy picked up empty bottles and saw the town drunkard, covered with flies, lying in his filth.

The town gambler, in white broadcloth, with white hat, and his revolver bulging in his hip pocket making a bump in the long drape of his broadcloth—he was the boy's idol. And the boy knew all of the gambler's works and ways. The boy knew where the painted ladies lived, and who went to see them and why. And down in the timber along the creek, in covered wagons, the boys met, and sometimes, sitting on a wagon tongue, stopped to chat with the social derelicts who camped by some spring in the woods and preyed upon the town at night—the thieves, the bad men, and their women-

kind, the swindlers and the ne'er-do-wells, peddlers and predatory pillagers of a disorderly civilization. Their roistering songs, their bitter and miserable wit, their devilish enchantments, all were spread before the boy of the seventies in that prairie town.

Only the boy's home, and often only his mother at home, counteracted the influence of the boy's whole environment of his youth when he stepped across the threshold. For fathers, those good old-fashioned men you read about, too often had no bridle on their tongue in that fine day when men were men. In spite of a mother's protest, the father who was master in his own house, before feminism had shorn him of his authority, was likely to bring the language of the street and the saloon into the home. Of books there were what came across the plain in the covered wagon, precious few, fairly good but too often deadly dull. Of music there were only the songs the boy's mother taught him and the banalities of the prairie-town singing-school.

The singing-school, incidentally, was more or less of a romantic adventure, where, if he was old enough, the boy went that he might take a girl home, and perhaps, if the moon was bright, steal from her a good-night kiss at the gate.

The good old times for that boy certainly came upon him like a thousand of bricks, beating upon his soul, breaking down his natural decencies, doing all they could to make him a wild man, unrestrained, unashamed; and even the leaden sense of sin which weighted him down by night did not hold him by day.

Religion in those good old days was full of hell fire. The revival and the camp meeting, the boy saw chiefly as opportunities for high adventure by way of more or less *sub*

rosa romance. He sat in the back seat of the revival, and sang, not without joy, but usually without much conviction. And at the camp meeting he roved in restless herds in the timber about the torch-lighted circle where the worshippers were gathered. What the devil lost under the torches he gained out in the darkness of the woods.

In those days gambling was taboo. So was flirting in its various forms, and Sabbath-breaking, and certain forms of murder, except murder in self-defense.

On the other hand, often boys went to a Sunday-school whose superintendent ran a whiskey drug-store in that prohibition commonwealth. And the boy of those days, if he got anything out of his Sunday-school, had to take it in a knowledge by rote of the King James version of the Bible, which in later days often burst upon him with the miracle of its beauty.

The Sunday-school was a social rather than a religious exercise for the boy. There he learned the Golden Text, and received cards for good attendance, cards which progressed in value as his regularity increased. The Sunday-school cards came to have a fairly staple market price. They were accepted, in boy commerce, without haggling, as worth so many pins or marbles, so much chalk or walnuts, fluctuating, of course, with the seasons. And when the greasy, creased, and crumpled cardboards were turned in to the school for the prizes which they promised, they had somewhat the same journey as old greenbacks coming home to the Treasury through many devious ways.

For the boys of that day the Sunday-school was their chief social diversion, inexpensive, regular, established by the high powers that control the universe. There the boys met the girls, and across the rows of benches, the boys on

one side of the church, the girls on the other, from side to side darted, lightning-wise, electrically refreshing glances that renewed the joy of the week-day intimacy after the long Saturday's absence of the lusty young males in the woods, or alleys, or barns, far from the softening influences of the gentler schoolmates.

Sunday-schools were held at various times in the town in that ancient day, from nine o'clock in the morning, when the Baptists met, through the noon hour, when the Presbyterians assembled, until two-thirty, when the Methodists convened. And a boy, if he were enterprising and thrifty, and desired to collect Sunday-school cards and gather romantic thrills, could soak his young hide full of Golden Texts, "leading thoughts," and Bible stories, and at the same time see his girl three glorious times.

Or, being naturally polygamous, he could meet three separate dulcineas, get three separate and delicious eye shocks, and anoint himself unctiously with the belief that he was a good and pious youth. Thus he enjoyed a sweet, saintly sense of sin without guilt.

After the Methodist Sunday-school in the afternoon, it was the habit of the youth of the town to walk sedately through the streets in the afternoon sunshine, under the lacy shade patterns of the young and scrawny elm saplings set out along the paths where sidewalks sometime would come, in the growing days of the town. The paths led down to the river-bank, to the grove by the dam. The girls walked ahead in little groups, chattering nervously; the boys behind the girls in wrestling knots, chaffing, bantering, shoving, scuffling—as conscious as young roosters shedding their pin feathers—but following at a decent and disrespectful distance.

The truth is that the net result on the boy of this festal practice of religion, whether at the camp meeting, or revival, or the Sunday-school, was to shove adolescence into his life several years before his time, to make him knowledgeable and sophisticated, when he should have been gay and blind.

The boy's school, fifty years ago, was not—at least in the country towns of the Mississippi Valley—the rude log school house where his father went to school before the Civil War. But the school houses of the frontier a generation ago were upon the whole ugly; the curriculum was limited, the pedagogical methods were raw. Bull strength was inclined to rule the playground. The older boys in their late teens had touched the pitch of the dark and greedy life of the plains, and were as hardened a set of young sinners as ever corrupted childhood. Fighting, mean and treacherous sells and swindling games prevailed. Ribald verses and shibboleths ran round the playground, and the whole place was fetid with rank suggestion.

Occasionally a prairie fire came roaring up the far side of the hill from the town, and the boys rushed madly from the schoolroom, without waiting for dismissal, to join the town fighting fire. Sometimes they soaked their home-made calico-lined coats in the rain barrels hauled to the scene on wagons, and whacked the little blazes that ran before the flames like snakes in the dead grass; blistered their chubby faces, and returned to the school vain and tired boy heroes to boast of their achievements.

Once, in an orchard in view of the El Dorado school, a horse thief, in that day and place the direst of all possible sinners and wickedest of all men, was surrounded by a posse, and the boys at recess ran to join the mob while the men shot the outlaw to death. The boys saw his lady friend come

up from the covered wagon in the timber where she had been encamped, and throw herself, in the unbridled passion of her grief, upon the bloody form of her outlaw lover. So, alas! what the boys learned at school that day, and even during the week and perhaps in the months that followed, was precious little compared with what they learned in that tragic, bloody moment under the peach trees in the high grass when guilty death met guilty love.

So much for the church and the school. For the boy of the frontier, the home, broadly speaking, was the barn. In the barn he lived, worked and dreamed. Here, hidden from the hard face of a disapproving civilization, the boy learned to play cards, to read the rough romances of the Indian killers of the day. Here was his gymnasium, where he practised the tricks of those shining, bespangled gods in pink tights who dazzled him at the circus. In the hay mow was his trapeze, and his spring board. In the barnyard was his turning-bar. There he balanced the broom or the pitchfork upon his chin, and kept three rubber balls in the air; threw knives at the barn door; smoked his grape-vine and rattan cigars and his corn-silk cigarettes.

He romped in the filth of the hog lot, and learned to throw by aiming cobs at chickens which, being killed or winged, he stealthily carried to his cave in the river bank and, having plucked them, cooked them, tops and all, over his illicit fire—a young savage throwing back a thousand years.

The best thing about the boy's home was the work. And always there was plenty of it, from the early winter morning, when he heated the slop for the cows, to the late winter night, when he piled the last weary stick in the woodbox before supper. He split wood. He bedded down the cattle. He

cared for the pigs and chickens, sliced turnips for the calves, hoed in the garden, carried countless buckets of water from the pump to the straggling elm saplings along the weedy area where the parking one day would spread its cool green spaces from the sidewalk to the curb. After school and on Saturdays he picked up chips and raked the yard.

Much of his unoccupied time, however, he spent in the camp of his savages. If his mother was wise, and she often was, she tamed him, after he had spent a day there, by putting him to wiping dishes at night, shamefully wrapped in her kitchen apron. Thus the centuries of civilization flowed back into his cosmos, and the heap big Injun of the barn and woods went doggedly through his graceless task. The work was all good for him. Perhaps the saddest part of it was that he felt so keenly the disgrace of work that he made lying a virtue if by lying he could avoid it.

Now, it is easy to idealize all of these conditions, to paint in rosy half-lights the picture of the boy's church, his school, his home, as glorified places where the sturdy young angel shed his wings and became a strong and useful man. But, alas! Too many facts stand out, in rough, harsh, obstinate detail, destroying the ideal picture.

The truth is that the passing generation was importunate, was ruthless, was cruel in its achievements. It built ugly things, and flaunted justice to do its unquestioned wonders. Yet if that generation conquered the wilderness with the methods and morals of pirates, it is not to be blamed. As boys, the generation took its morals from a wicked time and an ugly place.

Unfortunately for those who wrought wonderful changes in the material face of the land, they are judged alone by those marvels in iron and stone and wood. And those boys of

a passing generation who came from a sordid world and made it big and bright, those boys of a drab and dirty day, grown mature, have performed a real miracle—a miracle more important than its mere wonders in cities and states and the modern civilization that sprang from their hands.

But, to be fair, first let us consider the physical wonders they have done, before we come to their greater service. They have made, all over this Mississippi Valley, indeed, they and their contemporaries have made all over this country, a new civilization in fifty years. In those years, the railroads have girdled the continent, bringing with them millions of settlers, who have turned what was a desert into a great agricultural empire in the Mississippi Valley, across the mountains to the Pacific, and in the East a rich industrial commonwealth, from the Carolinas northward to Canada. It is essentially one civilization from Florida to Oregon, from Maine to California.

Into that civilization material things have flowed out of the bottomless cornucopia of Providence, and have been distributed fairly equitably to a hundred million people. The material things have generally had one aim—a saving of labor, a reduction of the hard, grim toil that men have had to do since the beginning of history until this last half-century. Food, fuel, clothing, housing, books, music, sports, transportation, and communication, all have come within the realm and reach of the average man. His horizon is widened, his vision of justice has become clearer.

He lives, this average man, in a warmer house, eats cleaner, more wholesome food, sees more of this world, and understands it more perfectly than any other average man of any other generation has done upon the planet; and all because his father, the little, old, bald-headed man in his late

middle age, either here or tucked away beneath the grass of some graveyard, worked his head off in the seventies, eighties, and nineties, to produce this vast change in the outer aspects of humanity.

But this change in the externals of humanity is not the miracle that has been wrought in fifty years by American civilization. The miracle lies in the changed attitude of this civilization toward youth.

These lines are written in an ordinary American country town of twelve or fifteen thousand people. Emporia is no different from hundreds of American towns in its organized contact with youth. It is the average contact of the average ten thousand Americans anywhere upon the North American continent, between the Rio Grande and Hudson Bay. So that an account of the activities of this town would be more or less the account of the activities of any American group of ten or fifteen thousand people in its attitude toward youth.

The master passion of our lives clearly is a desire to promote the interests of the next generation. Of every dollar paid in taxes in Emporia, more than fifty cents goes directly into the schools. There are, on the town site, school buildings, high schools, and colleges that would cost three million dollars. Into these schools go five thousand children and youths every day.

More than that, we have a quarter of a million dollars invested in buildings of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and in parks and playgrounds, devoted to the business of making youth strong and useful and happy. Seven hundred people of these fifteen thousand give their entire time to teaching, coaching, or directing the affairs of youth.

And in the community there are nearly two score different organizations, supervised by men and women who give part

of their time, freely and without cost, to the welfare of children. Nearly fifty thousand dollars bequeathed by Captain L. T. Heritage, a benevolent soldier of the Civil War, to the children of Emporia, provides a fund from which every child in the town, that needs it, may have decent clothing, expert medical care, and hospitalization. So that in all the town no child need suffer either shame or pain which money will relieve. Let us consider these organizations set down categorically.

Of course the schools lead in importance. But in the schools are a score of activities for youth that the school fifty years ago did not consider. The school nurse examines the child's eyes, ears, and teeth. And a clinic for children is maintained by the doctors of the community, under the direction of the public schools.

Gymnasium work is highly developed, and the old rowdy playground has passed. Each school above the sixth grade has its gymnasium. Each school has its organized teams of play, putting on the seasonal games in competition with the other schools. Where forty years ago the literary society was the only school activity, to-day the children hear lectures, see moving-pictures, hold organized debates, essay contests, and perform all sorts of mental calisthenics outside of the classroom, under the supervision of the public schools.

The children are weighed and their food is considered. In the grade schools the women's clubs provide milk for children under weight. And diet suggestions for children over or under weight are sent home by the school dietician for parents to follow.

Of all the things our schools do for childhood, the most civilized things are done in what is known as the opportunity rooms. Here laggards are studied. Their peculiar needs are

considered. Those who are for any reason behind the pupils of their age, whether because of sickness, or of absence from school, or of inability to grasp the regular curriculum, are given individual care, and whatever personal attention each case needs.

When one thinks what happened to the backward student fifty years ago—the jeers that bedeviled him, the neglect, the misunderstanding that were his lot—the methods of this modern pedagogy in the opportunity rooms are wonderful.

All sorts of musical contests occupy the children. They have bands, orchestras, glee clubs, quartets, from the time they can toddle until they pass out of the public school into the two colleges of the town, where all of the care of youth, which has begun in the public schools, is continued and multiplied. After school hours, in a dozen classes, the literature of the Bible is taught, and a certain amount of moral instruction is given to the children.

Every normal activity of the child or youth is touched by the public schools. Fifty years ago the school was merely a ganging place where youth incidentally learned its reading, writing, geography, grammar and arithmetic, and roamed and raged at recess and between sessions like young barbarians at play.

After the school in importance in the child life of the town comes the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A., two big buildings filled and busy after school and Saturday with their long programmes. The "Y" organizes the boys for thrift, and it is ably companioned by the Boy Scouts, the Leader's Club, the Pioneers' Club, the Athletic Leagues of all the churches, the Swimming Club, the Hi-Y, the Colored Hi-Y, and the Mexican Club. And the Y. W. C. A. does much the same things for the girls.

The churches, in addition to the Sunday-school, Christian Endeavor Societies, and Epworth Leagues, have rooms where basket ball is played, and the Sunday-school teams organize to play teams of other Sunday-schools in the big gymnasiums of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. The churches sponsor vacation Bible schools. The city commission provides leaders for playground work. The town Red Cross sponsors contests in swimming and in health education and hygiene.

The county health unit looks after the school houses and their sanitary condition, and in the country the health unit inspects the school-house wells to see they are not infected. The county medical society requires its members to devote themselves to clinical work for children. And the various patriotic orders, the Woman's City Club, the G. A. R., the American Legion, and the D. A. R., are forever offering prizes for essays, orations, and debates on patriotic subjects.

The luncheon clubs, the Rotarians, and their kith and kind, send the boys to a summer camp, where they are cared for by trained men, who teach them all manner of physical, spiritual, and mental hygiene, keep them busy until they are dog-tired at night, returning them healthy and happy at the end of two weeks. The juvenile court is the corrective side of government as it touches childhood in the average country town.

The law which establishes the court is valuable. The court has contact with those who need help most—the wayward, the weak, the under-privileged. And the court, through the various organizations standing ready to help youth—the schools, the churches, the luncheon clubs, or the Boy Scouts —is able to rehabilitate scores, and even hundreds, of boys from every town every year. A considerable area of the con-

scious activity of local self-government in an average American community to-day is devoted to the care and training of youth. It is intelligent care.

This consistent, exemplary, and profitable training is the miracle of this century; the miracle that the men have done who receive riotous applause merely because they have participated in the commonplace conquest of the prairies. The conquest of the prairies was something, but the conquest of the heart of youth is vastly more important.

When one compares the home, the school, the church of the boy of fifty years ago with these agencies that are moulding him to-day, one sees the illimitable distance that civilization has come; the progress that man has made.

The change has been revolutionary. It makes the physical changes that have come in this country—the mere use of physical contraptions like modern plumbing, railroads, telephones, phonographs, automobiles, and radio sets—seem like a lot of tin cans tied upon the tail of progress, merely to make it go around and around.

This deep, fundamental change in our attitude toward the spiritual life of humanity, evidenced by these universal contacts with the life of youth, to guide it, to cherish it, to cultivate it into a richer and better maturity, is in truth the great achievement thus far of our race. This has all been done in the twinkling of an eye, when one thinks of the long, barren stretches of time in which man has inhabited this planet callously, carelessly, tramping childhood into youth and youth into maturity in the old, old-fashioned wine press of hard and wicked experience.

Many people like to wag their tongues about the wild antics of our youth of to-day—the automobile "petting parties" and the road-house revels. But the automobile is no more deadly

than was the buggy of the dear dead past. The young man and his girl jogging along behind the sleepy family horse fifty years ago, under the stars, with the lines of the harness tied around the whip socket, did just about the same kind of loving that the Romeos and Juliets, in automobiles, do to-day. Hoops, bustles, and tight corsets were no less sex lures in the midst of the last century than the scant dresses of the modern girl.

It is in the nature of humanity, as it is built, that youth shall attract youth. Changing costumes are but changing skin. The attraction, the lure, is as it was in the beginning, and shall be ever after. Since Adam and Eve left the Garden the whole world has been transformed. And we have had many inventions which have affected everything—but apple picking.

Now, all these pious activities of the grown-up world, all these movements to uplift the spirit of youth which theoretically should have made the modern boy a sanctimonious prig, have merely sophisticated him and left him decent. He knows more than any other boy in the world, and on the whole is a better boy than any of his grandfathers were, clear back to the Garden of Eden.

The "stable lore" of his immediate forbears has passed from boy consciousness. Even the farm boys know less about horses and stock to-day than the town boy knew fifty years ago. And all boys, country boys, town boys, and city boys, have an immense area of mechanical information about motors, spark plugs, mechanically applied electricity, mathematical calculations affecting the wheel and the lever, the pulley and the cog.

The boy of to-day in whose heart is throbbing the glory that shall be our to-morrow knows much that the world must

have. He knows it exactly by rule, by rote, and by measured reason. This boy lives in a world of copper and steel. He toys with the beautiful mystery we call electricity. He makes magic with static out of the ether. He and his kind are learning the white magic of physics as their savage forbears of the jungle played with charms and amulets, signs and portents. The new boys are all medicine men of the new voodoos.

Their contact with motor cars and radios gives them such a schooling in the practical aspects of mechanical engineering as no other generation of boys ever carried in their heads before. The extent to which the modern boy must use his mind is appalling. Old-fashioned men feel that the world is falling into decay since the woodbox was taken from behind the stove and the horse from the stall in the barn by the alley. They do not dream how much more mental activity the boy of to-day must assume, if he lives in the world of modern boys, than his father and grandfather grasped.

The boy of the fifties, working with an adze and a drawing-knife, made his bows and arrows, his turning-bar, and a score of simple things around the yard and barn. With these things and his work he built a strong body. The boy of to-day, whose work is done by machinery, who lives in a house heated by oil, or gas, or who lives in an apartment where the janitor does the work, would grow flabby and weak if he had to depend upon the work that he could do about the home. But he comes home from the gymnasium and the ball-field, renewed in body, and takes up his task of mastering the intricate problems of the radio and the motor-car, a young giant refreshed.

He is building a better brain than his father had, equipping himself better for the modern life than his father equipped himself fifty years ago. He is not a prude. He

knows how the world is made and the knowledge does not hurt him. He and his sister, Modern Youth, look the modern world squarely in the eye, free-born spirits, unafraid of their problems. Of such, despite the cackling dolor of the passing generation, of such—O most grave and reverend signiors—despite all your craven fears, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

DREAMS[1]

M. C. OTTO

Three college chums were sitting in the shadow of a great willow on the bank of a sleepy little canal in New Jersey. It was June. The leaves were in their freshest green, the air was delicately sweet with the elusive fragrance of high spring, the hedges were vocal with thrushes and song sparrows and the marshes with redwings and bobolinks, while a transparent sky, deep cobalt in the zenith, paler blue toward the horizon, expanded the scene into the far distance. Sitting in the shadow of the willow, "Harry," "Frank," and "Wick," known as "The Triumvirate" because of their invariable alliance, were making a languid pretense at preparing for their coming finals. But they were seniors, and their wayward minds refused to be restrained to the immediate task. They wandered back over the happy adventure now so soon to end forever; they wandered out into the more strenuous life so soon to begin; they reminisced, they gossiped, they planned. And out of their reminiscing, gossiping, and planning, out of the glory of earth and sky, too, perhaps, a project took form. They would inaugurate and carry through a paleontological expedition into the West. They would discover and restore the fossil record of the animal life that had populated this continent before anything like a man had walked the earth. To this they would devote their lives.

[1]From the *American Review*, March-April, 1926. Reprinted by special permission of the author and The Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill.

It will be a half-century next June since this bargain was struck. To-day "Wick" and "Harry" are known the world round in the field to which they that day gave their lives. "Wick" is William Berryman Scott of Princeton University. The mass of fossil remains he has collected, described and reconstructed, the books he has written, "A History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere," "The Theory of Evolution," etc., the men he has trained and inspired to continue the work, are an impressive consummation of the dream which took shape on that sunny afternoon. And "Harry" is Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of the American Museum of Natural History, hunter of fossil animals in many climes. His captures would stock a museum. His books, "Men of the Old Stone Age," "The Origin and Evolution of Life," etc., would fill a library shelf. The titles alone of his articles and pamphlets would make a neat little volume. And "Frank," the third actor in the little drama, Francis Speir, Jr., who died only last March, likewise proved equal to giving material embodiment to the scheme. Although through force of circumstances later obliged to abandon paleontology for law, he was an essential factor in putting through the first western expedition and an active member of three others. Many of the choicest specimens in the Princeton Museum are credited to his remarkable skill, and a large number of his discoveries are of the types of new genera and species. In each case an undergraduate dream took on real and magnificent shape as time nibbled away the years.

Such episodes would seem to show that the term experience includes more than the term matter. For if dreams (in the sense here used) are prophetic of conduct; if they command men's lives and direct their activities to remote and

comprehensive ends; they must be included within the category of real being. In which case materialism leaves rather much to be said. That they have this power is secret to no one. They have it in various forms, each convincing in its own way, but all showing that the nature of reality must be conceived as rich enough to include ideals.

Perhaps nothing shows the power of such dreams more clearly than the fact that they cause men to surrender things the reality of which no one doubts—money, comforts, reputation, life itself. The illustrations of this fact are without number, but Giordano Bruno may serve as a conspicuous example. He was a mere youth in the monastery overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples when a dream took shape for him. The idea men entertained of the universe with its concentric spheres was too narrow; it gave them a far too limited conception of God. He would lead them to a bigger vision. He would teach them that the universe was infinite in extension, filled with countless worlds, alive, evolving. Thus they would get a truer, nobler concept of God, of human life, of each other. For over a quarter of a century he traveled or, rather, was chased from city to city in Italy, Switzerland, France, England, Germany—agitating, arguing, teaching, writing. Why did he not surrender the dream when the enlightened opinion of his time, refusing to be converted, hounded him for his faith? A poor man, exiled, homesick for sunny Italy, why did he not at least pretend to give up his dream and secure the comfort and friends and fame which might have been his? When at last the choice had to be made between the dream and life itself, why did he prefer to die, to be burned to death in the Campo dei Fiori at Rome? Why, indeed, if the dream was not the central reality of his life? We are accustomed to agree that "greater

love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." Is it not equally true that nothing can be more real to a man than that for which he is willing to suffer a horrible death?

There is another proof of the reality of these dreams. They transform the dreamer. No one who has had any vital experience of life needs to be told that human things are not easily remade. Creatures born in the skull of the theorizer are easily shaped to any pattern. That is why certain philosophies of education, morals, social relations, religion move through pages and pages of type without tripping. But actual human beings are concentrated power, centres of propulsive and resistant energy. To meet this power and to direct its liberation is the profoundest test of human engineering. In every community a proportion of youth seems bent upon making a failure of life. Many others are indifferent to the highest type of success. And one of the experiences that adds a tone of tragedy to life is our failure to prove equal to coping with this problem of misdirected energy.

There is a power that can deal with this power. A dream. Introduce the right kind of dream into the life of the youth who seems indifferent or downward bent and the problem is met. This may be difficult to do; we are not discussing that phase of the matter. We are reviewing the fact that certain dreams can meet and give direction to so real a thing as the energy called human will, and on that are resting the contention that our concept of reality must be comprehensive enough to include such dreams.

Once more the possible illustrations are numerous, though we limit ourselves to one. When Charles Darwin, a graduate of Cambridge, was ready to settle down as a small parish preacher, he was, according to his autobiographical account,

as innocent as a pig of such subjects as history, political science, and philosophy. Nor was his life impelled by any unifying purpose. From his early boyhood he had attended the foremost educational institutions and had felt his time worse than wasted in each of them. One word may be written across the thirteen years of his schooling. Failure. He had unusual capacity, but his teachers failed to discover it. And gossip was predicting a not very honorable future for a youth whose favorite occupation was hunting and fishing, cross-country riding, convivial evenings with boon companions in eating, drinking and playing cards. Even his devoted, understanding father, taking him out of one school to try another, said, "Charles, you'll be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

Well, Charles did not disgrace himself nor the family. Neither did he develop into an idle country-gentleman, which seemed then to be the only possible alternative. He made the family name illustrious so long as men shall be interested in human thinking. What happened? A dream. It took shape out of a letter suggesting the possibility of his going as naturalist-in-the-making in *The Beagle* on her scientific expedition around the world. He recognized the hour then and to the end of his life as his second birthday; as that

> ". . . . tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

A definite ambition to add something, however little, to scientific knowledge—how the vague and fickle wish to amount to something, which had haunted even his most wasted hours, was steadied and clarified by it! Under its per-

suasive influence his passion for sport was gradually replaced by the greater joy of observing and reasoning. Under its tutorship he returned from the voyage an educated youth. Through forty years of ill-health he devoted his extraordinary mind to one biological problem after another. Great masses of data, daring hypotheses, ingenious experiments, vast generalizations, were the fruits of his devotion, until the theory of origin which he was the first to make compelling, vanquished both scientific and popular opposition and established the major premise which made inevitable the radical revision of literally every field of thought. The sort of thing we call a miracle, is it not, this transformation of an intellectual ne'er-do-well of the schools into a master in the realm of mind? Credit it to a great dream.

Great dreams not only remake the dreamer; they transform the world. This is a final witness to their reality. We have only to recall Scott and Osborn and Spier, or Bruno, or Darwin, or—but who cannot supply a galaxy of names? No name more romantic, however, than that of William Crawford Gorgas. He actualized his vision in the greatest sanitary achievement of history, and thereby not only profoundly altered the present conditions of life in vast areas of the world but opened up possibilities to be realized in coming centuries.

When the exhaustive investigations of Henry R. Carter, and the experiments of Walter Reed and his co-laborers, had scientifically demonstrated the connection between Stegomyia (the aristocrat of the eight hundred varieties of mosquitoes) and yellow fever, this was looked upon as merely "a brilliant academic performance." And naturally, since it did not in itself do anything to eradicate the disease. Stegomyia had still to be destroyed, otherwise the discovery had only made more clear the desperateness of the situation. And what sane person

would entertain so wild a dream as destroying the mosquitoes? "Mosquitoes," as we read in the recent biography of Gorgas,[1] "existed by the uncountable billions. Havana and its environs was full of them. They filled every alleyway, every street, every house, every nook and cranny of the city. At times they settled over the community almost like a cloud. To run around the city attempting to banish the disease by killing these gnats—what occupation could seem more useless or more ludicrous? Might as well attempt to banish the air in which the mosquitoes passed their brief destructive lives." Even Reed was sceptical.

Not so thought Gorgas. "If it is the mosquito," he said, "I am going to get rid of the mosquito. . . . They say we can't do it? Perhaps we can't, but we shall try." For nearly a century and a half before Gorgas began his programme of extermination there had not been a day when yellow fever had not prevailed in Havana. For ten years preceding his coming the toll had been more than five hundred lives a year. Once at least it had mounted to nearly thirteen hundred. But in less than four years the scourge had been mastered. And since 1905 no cases have been reported. "It was," the biographers remark, "like a sea that had been tossed with storms for a century and a half and then, seemingly without warning, became as quiet as a mill-pond. No wonder the whole scientific world was awed in the presence of this tremendous fact. It signified that the human mind had once more risen superior to Nature and had penetrated one of the secrets which she had cleverly hidden for ages."

To Gorgas conquering the Stegomyia was something more than liberating a community from an ever-recurring plague. "From this date," we are told, "his life took on a new mean-

[1] "William Crawford Gorgas," by Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Kendrick (Doubleday, Page and Company).

ing—a definite meaning. What had been done in Cuba could be done in other disease-ridden countries; what had been accomplished with yellow fever could be accomplished with other similar plagues." The Panama Canal was under way. The Isthmus was a notorious breeding place of tropical diseases; its reputation as the stalking ground of death had travelled to every quarter of the earth. Was America to repeat the failure of France? It all depended upon what America did with the mosquito. American public opinion would not permit the sacrifice of 3,500 lives a year (the probable slaughter), canal or no canal. Therefore, the next opportunity was in the Isthmus. An experienced sanitarian was absolutely indispensable to the building of the Canal, Gorgas reported to the Surgeon-General. "And I should like to be that man," he added.

In less than six months after the opening of the campaign, yellow fever had been eradicated from the section of the world which was its stronghold and where it had raged for at least four hundred years. One day in September, 1906, Gorgas entered the autopsy room in the hospital at Ancon where a number of young surgeons were working over the cadaver of a yellow fever victim. "Boys," he said, "take a good look at this man, for it's the last case of yellow fever you will ever see. There will never be any more deaths from this cause in Panama." A bold prediction; but the years have justified it. The more difficult battle with the malaria producing Anopheles, a mosquito more wide-ranging than Stegomyia, was eventually won too; won in the face of persistent opposition from official and unofficial sources, from "practical" men who knew that filth and miasmic vapors were the cause of the scourge, rather than the mosquitoes which this wrong-headed visionary was forever chasing.

From the Isthmus the dream reached out to wider areas. When the Canal was opened, Mexico, Yucatan, Central and South American countries still harbored yellow fever in endemic form, and there were indications that it prevailed on the west coast of Africa. Commerce with these infected areas would be encouraged by the opening of the new route, and commerce with infected areas had always been the way in which yellow fever had been carried from one country to another. In the Far East were enormous populations, non-immune and unaccustomed to sanitary measures of any kind. Stegomyia was there too. The stage was perfectly set for an epidemic of frightful proportions. One thing could prevent it: the application of the lesson of Havana and Panama to the remaining foci of yellow fever. It was this greater task of completely exterminating yellow fever which challenged Gorgas. "I hope," he said, "to have the privilege of writing the final chapter in its history. To this I propose to give up the rest of my life." And when in the summer of 1919 his body, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, was borne up Ludgate Hill to the funeral services in St. Paul's, this great world project, the ultimate effects of which no imagination can now predict, was well begun.

One leaves with regret this great epic in the application of science to life. And one is tempted to follow the idea into other fields—into invention, music, art, literature, politics, business. But another aspect of the subject claims our final attention. Dreams, according to the newer psychology, are nascent actions, actions in their embryonic form. When a person faces the world with the determination to possess himself of goods in it, or to change the world in which goods are to be possessed, he has already begun to do so; he has already engaged in the appropriate activities and has found

others to co-operate with him. The dream reflects these activities and these relations. It is actually of "the substance of things hoped for" and "the evidence of things not seen." This does not mean that every hope flowers in the desired. Dreams are realities, but things are realities, too, and there are conflicts of dreams. It is perfectly evident that many a plan must go to the wall in the adventure called life. Still, it is a mistake to say to ourselves as we do: Be careful to entertain dreams, whatever they may be, for thereby some have entertained a great consummation unawares. It were better to say: Be careful to entertain *great* dreams. For dreams are the reflections of activities already in progress; they are in fact the actual beginnings of the transformation aimed at. Let them be the promise of a richer personality and a happier world.

In 1909 a great dreamer of dreams was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. The vision of a New Orient had lured him across the miles to sit at the feet of Professor Reinsch, who, he believed, would give it form. But he not only got; he gave. To those who learned to know him he raised the shades in the windows to the eastward. He taught them to live in a world, rather than in a hemisphere. As he was packing up to return to China, he brought a little tea-pot to a friend, presenting it with a little formal speech, characteristic of him in his more serious moods. "This little tea-pot," he said, "has been the companion of four happy years. I give it to you as a token. See these characters on the side? This is what they say; I wish to say it to you: 'When hope burns low, drink of me and be restored in soul.' Or, to put it in American," he added to show how thoroughly he had imbibed our culture, " 'When you are all in, have one on me, and be pepped up.' This tea-pot I leave with you. In five years I

shall return to Madison for a reunion. Then we shall drink tea and tell each other how the world has dealt with our dreams. And I'll tell you a secret which I have never confessed to any American. I hope to be sent by my country, and that country, I hope, will then be a republic."

In 1914 Tsai Chu Tung came back, but not to his Alma Mater. He had devoted himself too assiduously to his dream, and his brave, young life came to an end when he was still far from the lakes and hills he had learned to love. His friends waited in vain, and the reconstruction of China, to which he had dedicated his life, must go on without him.

Not without him either, for in those five years he had laid the foundation of far-reaching reforms in the city of which he had become mayor, and he had fired others with his enthusiasm. Even had he died earlier, had he lost his life in the revolutions, as he nearly did three times, his devotion would not have been without issue. There is a young surgeon in Missouri who will give unusual service to his time; there is a young farmer in Virginia whose ambition leaps his fences to cope with agricultural problems in the State; there is a young financier in New York whose marked success has not satisfied his hunger for the higher life; there is a university teacher who labors for a better practice in education as the means of a more worthy society—in these men Tsai would, in any case, have worked on. To these men "Remember Tsai!" is a call to rededication; to renewed effort for the realization of the ideal in the realm of fact.

Dreams are not respecters of times or places. We began on the bank of a little canal in New Jersey, we may end on a great river in South America. Two men were swinging in their hammocks on the deck of a steamer throbbing its way up the moonlit Amazon, guarded by purple-black forests on

either side. One of them was a professor, the other his pupil, and the hour was midnight. "James," whispered the professor, "are you asleep?" James was not asleep. "Well, I cannot sleep," continued the professor. "I am too happy. I keep thinking of our glorious plans." The professor was Louis Agassiz, the pupil William James, and what a record of dreams achieved each left behind him! And how ideal a relationship between teacher and pupil, between age and youth —comradeship in the achievement of glorious plans!

"What are the differences," asks Bruce Bliven, writing of LaFollette, one of the greatest of those who dreamed of regenerating life through the medium of political action, "what are the differences in their fundamental stuff which cause one man, confronted by a great wrong, to smile the plump smile of contented indifference and pass by on the other side, while another turns white with rage and vows 'that if he ever has a chance to hit that thing he'll hit it hard'?" And he answers: "The student of behavior tells us that these differences go deep into personality, far below the realm of conscious intellectual actions; that probably most of us even before adolescence have been marked to spend our lives on one side of the fence or the other." Idealism is thus in one respect a problem of eugenics. Great dreams are brain-born, James would have called them, but they are not accidents which might happen to any nervous equipment whatever. This lesson we are slowly learning, though we are far from knowing how to proceed to secure a more aspiring stock of human beings. But in another respect the problem is one of nurture, of education in and out of school. At present the infant mortality of dreams is very high and most of those that live are sickly. We are at once brutally indifferent and sentimentally indulgent toward the idealistic ardor of youth. We need conditions more fa-

vorable for robust dreams. We need a wider vogue for realistic idealism.

A wider vogue for realistic idealism. Material things condition us on all sides, yet we all choose to some extent what sort of things shall play the chief rôle in our lives. Therefore, hope lies neither in the detachment of indifference, nor the detachment of escape, but in the resolute, intelligent development of nature's and human nature's fairer possibilities. What these possibilities are cannot be determined without trial. It is one of those cases where "faith in a fact can help to create the fact." We live in a time that challenges idealism as it has perhaps never been challenged before. We can accept the challenge with confidence if we may count upon trained minds and dedicated purposes. We can do great things—there is no doubt about it—great things, individually and socially, if we engage life armed to battle with realities, lured by the banners that are dreams.

EDUCATION AS A NATIONAL ASSET

AN ADDRESS BY HERBERT HOOVER

Delivered before the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, Washington, D. C., February 25, 1926.[1]

I have been reluctant to accept the honor of your invitation to address your body, because I feel that no layman can instruct a great profession such as yours, whose traditions and skill have been builded upon a century of experience. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the layman to express the indebtedness which lies upon us to so great a body as yours.

About one-fourth of the whole population of our country is always simultaneously engaged in the same occupation—the job of going to school. It is the largest group in any one employment. To use a term of the Census, it is truly a "gainful occupation." Moreover, as nearly the whole people have worked at it at one time or another, no matter how diverse their later life may become, they all have a common memory of the school yard and the classroom, and they all have a lasting affection for some teacher.

Not three other industries in our country can boast of so large a physical plant as yours. Hundreds of millions are invested in new construction every decade, and still, in commercial slang, you are behind your orders, as witness the unsatisfied demand for seats in the schools of every city in the country. Yours is a big business. And it is big in its responsibilities and bigger in its possibilities than any other business ever undertaken by our countrymen.

[1]Reprinted by permission.

No nation in the world's history has so devoutly believed in, and so deeply pledged itself to, free universal education. In this great experiment America has marched in advance of all other nations. To maintain the moral and spiritual fibre of our people, to sustain the skill required to use the tools which great discoveries in science have given to us, to hold our national ideals, we must not fail in the support and constant improvement of our school system.

Both as the cause and the effect the maintenance of our complex civilization now depends upon it. From generation to generation we hand on our vast material equipment, our knowledge of how to run it, and our stock of intellectual and spiritual ideas. If we were to suppress our educational system for a single generation the equipment would decay, the most of our people would die of starvation, and intellectually and spiritually we should slip back four thousand years in human progress. We could recover the loss of any other big business in a few years—but not this one. And unless our educational system keeps pace with the growth of our material equipment we will slip also.

Our School System as the Foundation of Our National Ideals

To you school men and school women is entrusted the major part in handing on the traditions of our republic and its ideals. Our greatest national ideal is democracy. It is your function to keep democracy possible by training its children to its ways and its meanings. We have seen many attempts in late years to set up the forces of democratic government, but many of them are but the forms, for without a literate citizenry taught and enabled to form sound public opinion there is no real democracy. The spirit of democracy

can survive only through universal education. All this has been said often enough before, but it seems to me will always bear repetition. I may add that we don't expect you to teach the gamut of local, national and international problems to children. What democracy requires is a basic training of mind which will permit an understanding of such problems, and the formation of a reasonable opinion upon them. That the resultant will in the long run be an enlightened public opinion is a hazard upon the intelligence of our race that we the believers in democracy are willing to take.

Democracy is a basis of human relations far deeper than the form of government. It is not only a form of government and an ideal that all men are equal before the law; it is also an ideal of equal opportunity. Not only must we give each new generation the ideals of democracy, but we must assist them to an equality of opportunity through fundamental educational equipment.

Some poetic mind called America the melting pot for all races; there have been some disappointments in melting adults, but none will deny that our public schools are the real melting pot. Under our schools race, class and religious hatreds fade away. From this real melting pot is the hope of that fine metal which will carry the advance of our national achievement and our national ideals. You have the responsibility of making America one and indivisible.

The Character of Our Teachers

Such a result in carrying forward national ideals was bound to accrue from the nature of our educational system. It has called its teachers from the body of the people, and has commissioned them to teach the ideals of the great body of our people as well as the knowledge of the more favored few. It

is, therefore, in itself truly democratic. This teaching of ideals is by its nature spontaneous and unstudied. And it has had to be sincere. The public school-teacher cannot live apart; he cannot separate his teaching from his daily walk and conversation. He lives among his pupils during school hours, and among them and their parents all the time. He is peculiarly a public character under the most reaching scrutiny of watchful and critical eyes. His life is an open book. His habits are known to all. His office, like that of a minister of religion, demands of him an exceptional standard of conduct. And how rarely does a teacher fall below that standard! How seldom does a teacher figure in a sensational headline in a newspaper! It is truly remarkable, I think, that so vast an army of people—approximately eight hundred thousand—so uniformly meets its obligations, so effectively does its job, so decently behaves itself, as to be almost utterly inconspicuous in a sensation-loving country. It implies a wealth of character, of faith, of patience, of quiet competence, to achieve such a record as that.

Doubtless this means, also, that the profession attracts naturally the kind of people that ought to be in it—men and women of character and ideals, who love young people and who wish to serve the nation and the race. Teaching has always been an underpaid profession—though I do not admit that our rich democracy can any longer excuse itself for niggardliness toward those who so largely create its ability and upon whom its whole existence is so dependent. Teachers always have preferred, and probably always will prefer, to lose a little money rather than to lose the chance to live so abundantly in the enriched lives of the next generation. They feel about their work as the critic Hazlitt felt about the conversation of literary men, "poor as it may be, once one has

become accustomed to it, he can endure no other." I have never seen a teacher who left the profession, either a woman who married out of it, or a man who left it for other profession or business, who did not seem to hanker for the old scene where he or she was the leader of a little host that might contain in it the most important citizen of the world a few years hence. Certainly in your collective classrooms to-day sit practically all the leaders of to-morrow. It has been often said that one of you has a future President of the United States under training for his work; another has a future great artist, a great administrator, a great leader in science. To a mighty extent, that future flower in our natural life will be the work of your hands.

The Stimulation of Ambition and the Creation of Character

Nor is it enough to have trained minds, or even to have implanted national ideals. Education must stimulate ambition and must train character. There have been educational systems which trained the intellect while they neglected character. There have been systems which trained the mind and debauched the character. And there have been educational systems which trained the body and mind and character to effectuate routine jobs while they failed to give either hope, inspiration, or ambition. There are countries whose school systems so depress ambition that the great mass accepts its absence not despairingly but gladly, where for any to attempt to rise above their groove is ridiculed even by their mates. Your results have surely been different. If there is any man in America so dead to ambition as not to strive for a better lot, no member of Congress or officer of the Federal Government has ever met him. It seems to us at times as if

every citizen of the republic had descended upon Washington, ambitious to get something better than he now has.

In the formation of character you have played a great and an increasing part. Your transformation from the spare-the-rod-spoil-the-child theory of character building to that of instilling of sportsmanship, leadership and personal responsibility is making for character faster and better than ever before. I would not go so far as to say, nor, I am sure, would you claim, that you are altogether responsible for the distinctive virtues of the American character. You would yourselves refer to other influences, notably religion and the home, which share with you the responsibility for moulding the characters of our young people. But certainly your part, as teachers, is very large in the result. There may be failures in characters and while the educated crook may achieve success as a crook, he does not secure honor or applause.

And I am less interested, as you are really, in the facts that you put into young folks' heads than in what you put into their spirits. The best teaching is not done out of a book, but out of a life; and I am sure that measured by this standard, it will be agreed that American teaching has been marvelously productive.

Some Economic Phases of Education

A century of scientific discovery has vastly increased the complexities of our national life. It has given us new and more complicated tools by which we have gained enormously in productivity and in standards of living. It has vastly increased the opportunities for men and women to attain that position to which their abilities and character entitle them. It has necessitated a high degree of specialization, more education and skill. It has greatly reduced the amount of human

sweat. It has given the adult a greater leisure which should be devoted to some further education. It has prolonged the period and widened the chance for the schooling of children. And from it all, your responsibilities have become infinitely greater and more complex, for you must fit each on-coming generation for this changing scene.

I could dwell at length upon the economic aspects and setting of our educational system. But I feel even more strongly the need of compensating factors among the nation's assets; learning and the development of science apart from material rewards, disinterested public service, moral and spiritual leadership in America rather than the notion of a country madly devoted to the invention of machines, to the production of goods and the acquisition of material wealth. Machines, goods, and wealth, when their benefits are economically distributed, raise our standard of living. But it requires the higher concept to elevate our standard of life.

The Educational System Has Proved Its Competence

In all these great tests of your work, the maintenance of our national ideals, the building of character, the constantly improving skill of our people, the giving of that equipment which makes for equality of opportunity, the stimulation of ambition to take advantage of it, no greater tribute can be paid you than to say that you are succeeding better than was ever done before in human history. No one pretends that the great American experiment has brought the millennium. We have many failures, but that great and fundamental forces like yours, coming yourselves from our people, are battling for moral and spiritual improvement is the high proof of the soundness of the American mind and heart. It is not the oc-

casional failure which counts, it is that the forces of right are vigorous and undaunted.

Future Development of the System

Our public school system cannot stand still in the form and character of its instruction—it must move forward with every advance in knowledge and it must erect additional bulwarks against every new malign social force. You are permitted but a short term of years in which to infiltrate a mass of ideas into each succeeding generation. Therefore our school system must utilize its intellectual and human material to the very best advantage. Probably the greatest lesson we had from the war was that of the better utilization of all our resources, whether human or material. Before the war many economists contended that any general war could last but a few months. They held that burning the candle at both ends by drafting millions of men away from production of goods and other necessities into armies which were bent on destroying vast quantities of material, would shortly bring its own breakdown. But the war revealed that by better training and by the better utilization of men and material we could greatly increase production and decrease waste. The impetus of this lesson continues with us still. One of its results has been to increase the desire for more education and we are overwhelmed by the demands of our youth for further instruction. The astonishing increase in our high school and university attendance is but one of its results. With this has come a renewed earnestness of your profession to re-examine the basis of education to bring this instrument to bear more effectively upon the present world. Your efforts to solve the problems of misdirected education, of better organization of the school system itself, to vitalize its relations to

the rural communities, to further integrate our educational systems into the life of the communities, and a host of other problems, are not only great services to the nation but they are also proof of the vitality of your profession and of the fine acceptance of your responsibilities.

Hundreds of demands are made upon you to introduce new strains of instruction. I, myself, as head of the American Child Health Association have been guilty of such requests. You cannot abandon the fundamentals of knowledge and training for the inclusion of everything, no matter how worthy. And most of us are willing to trust to your judgment upon our appeals. This Association has, and is devoting a large part of its large resources and energies to cooperating with your own Association.

In Summary

But, after all, our schools do more than merely transmit knowledge and training; they are America itself in miniature, where, in a purer air and under wise guidance, a whole life of citizenship is lived experimentally with its social contacts, its recreations, its ethical problems, its political practice, its duties and its rewards. Ideals are developed that shape the whole adult life. Experience is gained that is valuable for all the years of maturity. I would be one of the last people in the world to belittle the importance of the exact knowledge that teachers impart to their pupils—as an engineer I set a high value upon precise information—but knowledge, however exact, is secondary to a trained mind and serves no useful purpose unless it is the servant of an ambitious mind, a sound character, and an idealistic spirit. The dangers of America are not economic or from foreign foes; they are moral and spiritual. Social and moral and spiritual

values outrank economic values. Economic gains, even scientific gains, are worse than useless if they accrue to a people unfitted by trained character to use, and not abuse them.

I should say that your work, then, is of three categories: The imparting of knowledge and the training of mind, the training of citizenship, and the inculcation of ideals. I should rank them in that ascending order. And I should add that our nation owes you a debt of gratitude for your accomplishments in them.

LITERARY AND CRITICAL INQUIRY

THE TRAINING OF THE INTELLECT

WOODROW WILSON

An address by the President of Princeton University before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale University in 1908.[1]

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. President, and Gentlemen: I must confess to you that I came here with very serious thoughts this evening because I have been laboring under the conviction for a long time that the object of a university is to educate, and I have not seen the universities of this country achieving any remarkable or disturbing success in that direction. I have found everywhere the note which I must say I have heard sounded once or twice to-night—that apology for the intellectual side of the university. You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive, among college men, and they are being asked by way of indulgence to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community, unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? That if a university is a place for distinction at all it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind? I for my part tell you plainly that that is my motto, that I have entered the field to fight for that thesis, and that for that thesis only do I care to fight.

The toastmaster of the evening said, and said truly, that this is the season when, for me, it was most difficult to break away from regular engagements in which I am involved at this time of the year. But when I was invited to the Phi Beta

[1]Reprinted by permission of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Kappa banquet it had an unusual sound, and I felt that that was the particular kind of invitation which it was my duty and privilege to accept. One of the problems of the American university now is, how, among a great many other competing interests, to give places of distinction to men who want places of distinction in the classroom. Why don't we give you men the Y here and the P at Princeton, because, after all you have done the particular thing that distinguishes Yale? Not that these things are not worth doing, but they may be done anywhere. They may be done in athletic clubs where there is no study, but this thing may be done only here. This is the distinctive mark of the place.

A good many years ago, just two weeks before the mid-year examinations, the faculty of Princeton was foolish enough to permit a very unwise evangelist to come to the place and to upset the town. And while an assisting undergraduate was going from room to room one undergraduate secured his door and put this notice out: "I am a Christian and am studying for examinations." Now I want to say that that is exactly what a Christian undergraduate would be doing at that time of the year. He would not be attending religious meetings no matter how beneficial it would be to him. He would be studying for examinations not merely for the purpose of passing them, but from his sense of duty.

We get a good many men at Princeton from certain secondary schools who say a great deal about their earnest desire to cultivate character among our students, and I hear a great deal about character being the object of education. I take leave to believe that a man who cultivates his character consciously will cultivate nothing except what will make him intolerable to his fellow men. If your object in life is to make a fine fellow of yourself, you will not succeed, and you

will not be acceptable to really fine fellows. Character, gentlemen, is a by-product. It comes, whether you will or not, as a consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty, and the place in which character would be cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result.

Not long ago a gentleman approached me in great excitement just after the entrance examinations. He said we had made a great mistake in not taking so and so from a certain school which he named. "But," I said, "he did not pass the entrance examinations." And he went over the boy's moral excellencies again. "Pardon me," I said, "you do not understand. He did not pass the entrance examinations. Now," I said "I want you to understand that if the angel Gabriel applied for admission in Princeton University and could not pass the entrance examinations, he would not be admitted. He would be wasting his time." It seemed a new idea to him. This boy had come from a school which cultivated character, and he was a nice, lovable fellow with a presentable character. Therefore, he ought to be admitted to any university. I fail to see it from this point of view, for a university is an institution of purpose. We have in some previous years had pity for young gentlemen who were not sufficiently acquainted with the elements of a preparatory course. They have been dropped at the examinations, and I always felt that we have been guilty of an offense, and have made their parents spend money to no avail and the youngsters spend their time to no avail. And so I think that all university men ought to rouse themselves now and understand what is the object of a university. The object of a university is intellect; as a university its only object is intellect. As a body of young men there ought to be other

things, there ought to be diversions to release them from the constant strain of effort, there ought to be things that gladden the heart and moments of leisure, but as a university the object is intellect.

The reason why I chose the subject that I am permitted to speak upon to-night—the functions of scholarship—was that I wanted to point out the function of scholarship not merely in the university, but in the nation. In a country constituted as ours is, the relation in which education stands is a very important one. Our whole theory has been based upon an enlightened citizenship and therefore the function of scholarship must be for the nation as well as for the university itself. I mean the function of such scholarship as undergraduates get. That is not a violent amount in any case. You cannot make a scholar of a man except by some largeness of Providence in his makeup, by the time he is twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. There have been gentlemen who have made a reputation by twenty-one or twenty-two, but it is generally in some little province of knowledge, so small that a small effort can conquer it. You do not make scholars by that time; you do not often make scholars by seventy that are worth boasting of. The process of scholarship, so far as the real scholar is concerned, is an unending process, and knowledge is pushed forward only a very little by his best efforts. And it is evident, of course, that the most you can contribute to a man in his undergraduate years is not equipment in the exact knowledge which is characteristic of the scholar, but an inspiration of the spirit of scholarship. The most that you can give a youngster is the spirit of the scholar.

Now, the spirit of the scholar in a country like ours must be a spirit related to the national life. It cannot, therefore,

be a spirit of pedantry. I suppose that this is a sufficient working conception of pedantry to say that it is knowledge divorced from life. It is knowledge so closeted, so desecrated, so stripped of the significances of life itself, that it is a thing apart and not connected with the vital processes in the world about us.

There is a great place in every nation for the spirit of scholarship, and it seems to me that there never was a time when the spirit of scholarship was more needed in affairs than it is in this country at this time.

We are thinking just now with our emotions and not with our minds; we are moved by impulse and not by judgment. We are drawing away from things with blind antipathy. The spirit of knowledge is that you must base your conclusions on adequate grounds. Make sure that you are going to the real sources of knowledge, discovering what the real facts are, before you move forward to the next process, which is the process of clear thinking. By clear thinking I do not mean logical thinking. I do not mean that life is based upon any logical system whatever. Life is essentially illogical. The world is governed now by a tumultuous sea of commonalities made up of passions, and we should pray God that the good passions should outvote the bad passions. But the movement of impulse, of motive, is the stuff of passion, and therefore clear thinking about life is not logical, symmetrical thinking, but it is interpretative thinking, thinking that sees the secret motive of things, thinking that penetrates deepest places where are the pulses of life.

Now scholarship ought to lay these impulses bare just as the physician can lay bare the seat of life in our bodies. That is not scholarship which goes to work upon the mere formal pedantry of logical reasoning, but that *is* scholarship which

searches for the heart of a man. The spirit of scholarship gives us catholicity of thinking, the readiness to understand that there will constantly swing into our ken new items not dreamed of in our systems of philosophy, not simply to draw our conclusions from the data that we have had, but that all this is under constant mutation, and that therefore new phases of life will come upon us and a new adjustment of our conclusions will be necessary. Our thinking must be detached and disinterested thinking.

The particular objection that I have to the undergraduate forming his course of study on his future profession is this: that from start to finish, from the time he enters the university until he finishes his career, his thought will be centred upon particular interests. He will be immersed in the things that touch his profit and loss, and a man is not free to think inside that territory. If his bread and butter is going to be affected, if he is always thinking in the terms of his own profession, he is not thinking for the nation. He is thinking for himself, and whether he be conscious of it or not, he can never throw these trammels off. He will only think as a doctor, or a lawyer, or a banker. He will not be free in the world of knowledge and in the circle of interests which make up the great citizenship of the country. It is necessary that the spirit of scholarship should be a detached, disinterested spirit, not immersed in a particular interest. That is the function of scholarship in a country like ours, to supply not heat, but light, to suffuse things with the calm radiance of reason, to see to it that men do not act hastily, but that they act considerately, that they obey the truth whether they know it or not. The fault of our age is the fault of hasty action, of premature judgments, of a preference for ill-considered action over no action at all. Men who

insist upon standing still and doing a little thinking before they do any acting are called reactionaries. They want actually to react to a state in which they can be allowed to think. They want for a little while to withdraw from the turmoil of party controversy and see where they stand before they commit themselves and their country to action from which it may not be possible to withdraw.

The whole fault of the modern age is that it applies to everything a false standard of efficiency. Efficiency with us is accomplishment, whether the accomplishment be by just and well-considered means or not; and this standard of achievement it is that is debasing the morals of our age, the intellectual morals of our age. We do not stop to do things thoroughly; we do not stop to know why we do things. We see an error and we hastily correct it by a greater error; and then go on to cry that the age is corrupt.

And so it is, gentlemen, that I try to join the function of the university with the great function of the national life. The life of this country is going to be revolutionized and purified only when the universities of this country wake up to the fact that their only reason for existing is intellect, that the objects that I have set forth, so far as undergraduate life is concerned, are the only legitimate objects. And every man should crave for his university primacy in these things, primacy in other things also if they may be brought in without enmity to it, but the sacrifice of everything that stands in the way of that.

For my part, I do not believe that it is athleticism which stands in the way. Athletics have been associated with the achievements of the mind in many a successful civilization. There is no difficulty in uniting vigor of body with achievement of mind, but there is a good deal of difficulty in unit-

ing the achievement of the mind with a thousand distracting social influences, which take up all our ambitions, which absorb all our thoughts, which lead to all our arrangements of life, and then leave the university authorities the residuum of our attention, after we are through with the things that we are interested in. We absolutely changed the whole course of study at Princeton and revolutionized the methods of instruction without rousing a ripple on the surface of the alumni. They said those things are intellectual, they were our business. But just as soon as we thought to touch the social life of the university, there was not only a ripple, but the whole body was torn to its depths. We had touched the real things. These lay in triumphant competition with the province of the mind, and men's attention was so absolutely absorbed in these things that it was impossible for us to get their interest enlisted in the real undertakings of the university itself.

Now that is true of every university that I know anything about in this country, and if the faculties in this country want to recapture the ground that they have lost, they must begin pretty soon, and they must go into the battle with their bridges burned behind them so that it will be of no avail to retreat. If I had a voice to which the university men of this country might listen, that is the endeavor to which my ambition would lead me to call.

DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRACY

An address delivered at the Sesquicentennial of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, William and Mary College.[1]

HENRY VAN DYKE

It is an honor to be invited to speak on this historic ground at the 150th anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa, one of the oldest voluntary associations of American students for the promotion of scholarship and friendship. The occasion is one of grateful memory and hopeful forecast.

Those romantic young Virginians who bound themselves together in 1776 by a solemn oath of fidelity to their "happy spirit and resolution of attaining the important ends of Society," were a company of Gentleman Adventurers enrolled under a new flag. Their modest enterprise had a dramatic touch.

It was a time of storm and stress. All round the world there was a distant thunder of mighty changes on the way. Electric flashes between opposing theories of ethics and politics troubled the horizon with oncoming fulguration. In America the tempest had already broken. The struggle of the Colonies for the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" was begun. The crimson waves of a warfare almost fratricidal in its fierceness rose higher and higher around the frail bark of American Independence which Washington and Franklin, Jefferson and Adams, and their comrades had launched. The ship was tossed and shaken.

[1]Published in *The Phi Beta Kappa Key*, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the author and publisher.

Confusion lay on the face of the waters. The fortune of the voyage was in peril.

Yet these brave lads in the College of William and Mary, preparing themselves for their future duties, were not dismayed. Their present duty they saw in devotion to scholarship and friendship. They avowed their faith in philosophy as the helmsman of life. To that star they hitched their wagon. And when the time for them was ripe they went forth greatly to serve their country in camp and council, at the bar and on the bench, in the ministry and in diplomacy, and wherever an honest man may prove that patriotism is not a selfish passion and religion not an idle dream.

From the fine example of the Fifty Founders of Phi Beta Kappa; from the success of their enterprise and its extension from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; from the friends their creed has won and the enemies it has made, a topic worthy of our thought springs out to meet us. It is: Democratic Aristocracy: Its Need, Its Quality, and Its Ideals.

Well do I know that the very choice of such a theme is a challenge to vulgar misunderstanding, cheap ridicule, and hidden hostility. Perhaps that is one reason why I am drawn to it, being born of militant blood. The adjective democratic will awaken the mistrust of those who cling to an inheritance of place and privilege. The noun aristocracy will offend those who are afflicted with demotic dementia and insist that massed ignorance counts for more than selective intelligence. The conjunction of the noun and the adjective will be derided by pale theorists of logic as a contradiction in terms. So much the better! Life is not logical; it is vital; and paradox is one mark of truth. Knowledge can neither be entailed nor taxed. Wisdom is not the product of a plebiscite; and yet

without wisdom the people perish. Scholarship and friendship, both voluntary, both personal, are the Jachin and Boaz, the twin pillars of Beauty and Strength which uphold the starry dome of the Republic.

I

It is a popular error to assume that a main object of democracy is to overthrow and destroy everything aristocratic. On the contrary, its high purpose should be to develop an aristocracy of its own begetting, after its own heart, and dedicated to its service. Unless it can do this, democracy spells confusion of mind, fickleness and feebleness of action, and final decay hastened by the increase of material wealth. The fatter it grows the more it degenerates.

As an army and a ship require officers, so a Republic needs leaders and commanders, equipped with special knowledge for their task and trained by the discipline of self-mastery for wise exercise of power. Government, which is the making and execution of laws, is no child's play, no lucky trick of dominance to be picked up haphazard by any man who has a pile of money, a gift of the gab, or a taking way of mixing with the crowd. It is a science, an art, a philosophy, demanding special fitness in the men to whom it is entrusted.

How shall these men be found and designated? Not by Heredity, says the Republic, for she is a shifty goddess, bringing forth strange and often malformed offspring. Not by Environment, the sanctions of class and caste, for this method mistakes the glitter for the gold. But by the Free Will of the people, for this is not only the fairest but also the safest and the sanest way.

That this is not infallible is proved by the story of our fatheads in high office. That it is not incorruptible is shown by

the recent record of money influence in popular primaries. But that on the whole it works well we may see by comparing the succession of American Presidents with the line of Heirs, apparent, presumptive or actual, of any royal house in Europe or Asia. In spite of popular whims and delusions, in spite of class animosities and regional jealousies, it has preserved for us that great ideal which Daniel Webster, anticipating Lincoln, proclaimed to the Senate in 1830: "a government made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people."

This is what Lincoln meant by his phrase about the impossibility of "fooling all the people all of the time." This is what Lowell meant by saying that the characteristic of democracy is its "habit of asking the Powers that Be whether they are the Powers that Ought to Be." This is what Grover Cleveland meant by his affirmation that "in the long run you can trust the honest judgment of the rank and file." Do not forget the long run.

For the perpetuation of this ideal popular education is an absolute necessity. The children who are growing up to the high and perilous privilege of suffrage must be prepared for it. All of them, without exception, must have the key to the door of elementary knowledge, through which they may enter, if they have the will and the wit, into the higher house of wisdom. The three R's are the deliverers of the State. Reading opens half-blind eyes; writing releases half-dumb souls; arithmetic casts out the deceptive devil who babbles that two and two make five if the people vote to have it so.

Illiteracy is the biggest enemy within our gates; but moral ignorance is the most dangerous. Our public schools are worth more to the Republic than all her other forts and navy yards. They ought to cost more. They deserve protection

from scheming politicians and wily ecclesiastics. They are handicapped, perhaps, by an overload of educational fads and fancies; possibly, by a lack of thoroughness in laying mental and moral foundations; certainly, by the want of a more generous provision for the teachers on whom their life depends. But they have survived; they have improved; they are doing wonderfully well. There is no place in the world where I would rather have my books read than in the public schools of America. For it is there that the children of the people get power to conceive, bring forth, recognize, and follow a native aristocracy of leadership.

II

What then is the quality of this democratic aristocracy?

In old English usage and in colonial Virginia "the Quality" (with a capital Q) was a word employed to denote a certain set of families, inheritors of rank and wealth, arbiters of dress and fashion—as if those tailorish accidents had evolved a separate species of the genus *homo sapiens!* That sense of the word is now marked in all the dictionaries as "obsolete," "archaic," or even "vulgar." It has gone out. Good-by to it. Quality now means something real; nature, character, disposition, ability.

A person of quality is one who by natural gifts and by wise training is able to observe more closely, think more clearly, imagine more vividly, and will more nobly than other people. One purpose of the common schools is to discover those who have the capacity and the working will to make good use of further training. Education should be not only a means of development, but also a process of sifting. The waters of instruction and discipline must flow through the pan in order that the dross may be washed out and the

pure gold remain. Primary education is the right of every child of the Republic; but a claim to the privilege of higher education can be established only by good work.

Heaven forbid that after twenty-five years as a teacher of reading in a New Jersey school, I should cherish the delusion that tests and examinations are infallible detectors of merit! But some virtue is in them, no doubt, and a pressing problem of the educational world to-day is how to better them. One thing I would do if the power were mine: restore the oral examination to a place beside the written test. This would have the advantage of bringing teacher and pupil eye to eye, and might perhaps remind the pedagogue that he is not dealing with a chemical compound but with a human person. After all, every good teacher will admit that it is harder to examine fairly than to teach well. It is not easy to exclude the influence of unconscious favoritism. For my part I think that a natural liking for honesty, industry, and modest ambition in a pupil need not be shut out. *Palmam qui meruit, poenam qui commeruit, ferat.*

American institutions of the higher learning have suffered in these later years a portentous increase in numbers and size. The figures of university enrollment are incredibly vast. Some point to them with unmitigated pride. Others have a doubt whether there may not be in this some touch of that strange ailment called giantism, in which the body of a boy outgrows his vital and virile powers. At all events it is sure that there is still a place and a work for the small college. In passing, I confess a special fondness for the university which dares to limit its numbers in order that it may keep its work well in hand, remain true to its type, and preserve the democratic unity of that mass of vibrant young life which is known as the student body.

No mistake could be greater than to make an academic degree the only ticket of admission to the higher circle of the Republic. That would let in many who are unfit, and keep out some who are supremely fit. Jefferson, the two Adamses, Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, Webster, Grant, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson had an academic training. Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Jackson, Clay, Lincoln, and Cleveland were non-collegians. But they were not uneducated. Theirs was the education that comes from contact with nature; from conflicts with difficulties, from converse with all sorts and conditions of men; from reading a few books well; from examining appearances sharply and cogitating causes profoundly; from living freely, vigorously, intensely, not on the surface but in the deeps of life. These men won out without a college course, yet almost all of them wished they could have had it. The ablest monarch in Europe, the Queen of the Netherlands, once told me of her great regret that she could not go to the university because she was crowned too young. The reply was inevitable: "Madam, you have lost nothing."

It may or may not be true that our universities are overpopulated. But one thing is undeniable. Of the throngs assembled in those academic halls, the most promising, the most worthy of advancement, are the young men and women who are keen and diligent to use the studious opportunities which they now enjoy. Therefore Phi Beta Kappa makes her first choice from the honor rolls of the colleges. True, all the good ones are not inside that group. Some students are awakened only by the rude shock of barely bumping through the final tests; and after that they do surprisingly well. But it is also true that somewhere outside of that honor group are most of the shirks and slackers, the fops and fribbles who have no business to be in college and no value for so-

ciety, except as models for the fearful and wonderful advertisements of tailors, milliners, and cigarette makers.

Scholarship and friendship are the two treasures of the golden key. Scholarship means more than mere learning. It means knowledge digested and wisdom to use the power that it confers. It means the mastery of one field, even if it be no larger than to "settle Hoti's business," as Browning puts it. But beyond that field it means sympathy with all true research and interpretation in all the wide regions of this atom-built, star-sprinkled, spirit-inhabited universe of space and time. The scholar treads firmly on the shore of the known and looks out reverently upon the ocean of the unknown. His daring is coupled with modesty. His lore is not a decoration but a tool. He regards books as people, but knows that he cannot read people like books. The scholar lives from the past, in the present, for the future; and his motto is, "I think; therefore I am."

More than other men the scholar needs friendship to sweeten and enlarge his life. The university that bans student fraternities closes its windows. Without the fresh breezes of love and laughter the academic atmosphere grows noxious with the carbonmonoxide gas of vanity and envy. Friendship means more than the choice of personal companions. It means the companionable spirit, rooted in good will, and blossoming in the desire to give and to bless. That is a poor friend who does not help you to feel and act more friendly toward all other human beings—yes, and toward the domestic animals who are so loyal and appeal to us so touchingly with their mysterious eyes.

Of dress our true aristocrat thinks little. Clean it must be if he can keep it so; and if possible he likes to have it fit the occasion and the work or pastime that engages him. He

does not make the blunder of that silk-stocking candidate for Congress in a Bowery district of New York who took off his coat on the platform and spoke in his shirt sleeves to make his audience feel at home. They did—and they kept him at home, feeling that he would not do them credit at Washington.

Of manners our true aristocrat thinks more. But he saves five dollars by dispensing with a code-book of etiquette, and behaves naturally in such a way as to make nobody uncomfortable and to add what he can to the pleasure of the company. To be a bumptious bounder would shame him. To be a social climber would make him sick. To be himself with due regard for others is what he aims at. Of one who behaves thus we say that he has good manners: whether he learned them from his father or worked them out himself makes no difference: he is one of nature's gentlemen.

Let us no more pretend and palter with the silly notion that all men are on a level in a democracy. Born equal they may be, but stay equal they do not, except in their political rights. Life sorts them out. Intelligence is superior to ignorance. Courtesy is above rudeness. There are ranks and degrees among men, conferred not by family entail or royal favor, but by scholarship and friendship. Let us have the courage to declare the fact, even if we lose the favor of Demos and his demagogues.

Enough incense has been burned on the altars of the ancient cavemen and the modern barbarian. It is not true that they are more admirable than civilized men. Emerson, himself a Brahmin of Boston, was wrong when he claimed superiority in health and bodily prowess for the savage, "the naked New Zealander." In fact the savage is weaker, more subject to disease, less able to throw it off. Powerful mus-

cles he may have, but he can not use them as well. Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," Uncas, was a fine figure of a man, but old Leatherstocking could beat him at anything except noiseless scouting. Two Mexican Indians lately ran sixty-two miles in nine hours and a half; but forty years ago Dixon, an Englishman, ran fifty miles in six hours and a quarter, outpacing the savages by an average of seven and a half minutes, against nine minutes to a mile. The Scandinavian Nurmi could probably distance them all. No team of Emerson's naked New Zealanders could hold the football line long against a Yale or Princeton University eleven. The legend of savage superiority is a myth, *nidus equae,* a mare's nest. The physical and mental leadership of the world is with civilization.

Of all the men that I have known in the past (I speak not of the living) the finest and most distinguished were Alfred Tennyson of England, Robert E. Lee of Virginia, and Charles W. Eliot of Massachusetts. These were men of quality.

III

It only remains to consider briefly the ideals of that kind of aristocracy which we have in mind as fit and favorable to the Republic. If I mistake not its highest aims are three: Self-control, serenity, and service.

"Know thyself," was Solon's motto, inscribed on the Delphian Shrine. But if knowledge is power, this means also control thyself. Keep the body out of the sensual mire, and the mind above the body, and the eternal laws of God above the mind. In two great points of goodness the world is growing better—the sense of justice and the sentiment of mercy. But in the third element of virtue, self-control, it seems to

be standing still or slipping back. The popular gospel of the day is self-expression, which means let yourself go, follow your passions, gratify your appetites, acknowledge no inhibitions. This is cynic doctrine, the doctrine of dogs imperfectly house-broken. But the philosophy of manhood is nobler. It calls us to

"Move upward, working out the beast."

It bids us bring our passions and powers into subjection to reason and conscience. Trust no outward agent to do this for you. No congress can legislate you virtuous: no church can enchant you good. You must do it yourself. By the grace of God above you and within you, you must possess and captain your soul.

According to the measure of this self-mastery comes the serenity of life. The man who has it is thrice-armed against all adversities. He may be troubled and distressed, but he is not cast down nor destroyed. The clamors of the world may annoy him but they cannot break his steadying converse with the Eternal every day. His tasks, however humble, are lifted up and lightened by the clearness with which he views them in their complete relations. He lives like an immortal, having overcome the fear of death.

Such serenity sets a man free to enter into the joy of service and the recreations which refresh and strengthen him for it. He can follow the calling which attracts and pleases him, looking more for the gladness he may find in it than for the gold he can get out of it. Farming, manufacture, commerce, banking, transportation—what does it matter, provided he can see the use of it, and find a satisfaction in doing it well? Law, medicine, the ministry, journalism—choose according to your gifts, my son, but do not sell your-

self to the slavery of an uncongenial task in order that you may come out of it as a rich freedman. And what of teaching? Ah, there you have the worst paid and the best rewarded of all the vocations. Dare not to enter it unless you love it. For the vast majority of men and women it has no promise of wealth or fame, but they to whom it is dear for its own sake are among the nobility of mankind.

I sing the praise of the Unknown Teacher.

Great generals win campaigns, but it is the Unknown Soldier who wins the war.

Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the Unknown Teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and leads the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which in later years will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward.

Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the Republic than the Unknown Teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy—

"King of himself and servant of mankind."

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The original manuscript of this essay lay for years in a bundle of old papers and was always assumed to be the "Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art." Recently, however, a closer examination revealed it to be a hitherto unpublished piece of work, and for a while I was greatly mystified as to its origin and the reason for its suppression. Its general character, the peculiar quality of the paper, even the handwriting itself—all went to show it was composed in Saranac in the winter of 1887-88. But why had it been suppressed?

Then in the dim, halting way things recur to one, I began to recall its history. It had been adjudged too cynical, too sombre, in tone, too out of keeping with the helpful philosophy always associated with R. L. S. Instead of assisting the Young Gentleman it was thought to be only too likely to discourage and depress him. Thus it was laid aside in favor of the other essay on the Career of Art. Whether we are right in publishing it now is for the public to decide. We seem to be going against the wishes of the author, who had evidently been content to leave it in oblivion; yet on the other hand it appears wrong to keep so fine an effort, and one so brilliant and grimly humorous from the many who would find pleasure in it. After all, there are others to be considered besides Young Gentlemen; and perhaps with these warned away we shall incur no reproach from the general lovers of literature, but on the contrary gain their support and commendation in the course we have taken.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

You write to me, my dear sir, requesting advice at one of the most momentous epochs in a young man's life. You are about to choose a profession; and with a diffidence highly pleasing at your age, you would be glad, you say, of some guidance in the choice. There is nothing more becoming than for youth to seek counsel; nothing more becoming to age than to be able to give it; and in a civilization, old and complicated like ours, where practical persons boast a kind of practical philosophy superior to all others, you would very naturally expect to find all such questions systematically answered. For the dicta of the Practical Philosophy, you come

[1]From *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1915. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

to me. What, you ask, are the principles usually followed by the wise in the like critical junctures? There, I confess, you pose me on the threshold. I have examined my own recollections; I have interrogated others; and with all the will in the world to serve you better, I fear I can only tell you that the wise, in these circumstances, act upon no principles whatever. This is disappointing to you; it was painful to myself; but if I am to declare the truth as I see it, I must repeat that wisdom has nothing to do with the choice of a profession.

We all know what people say, and very foolish it usually is. The question is to get inside of these flourishes, and discover what it is they think and ought to say: to perform, in short, the Socratic Operation.—The more ready-made answers there are to any question, the more abstruse it becomes; for those of whom we make the enquiry have the less need of consideration before they reply. The world being more or less beset with Anxious Enquirers of the Socratic persuasion, it is the object of a Liberal Education to equip people with a proper number of these answers by way of passport; so they can pass swimmingly to and fro on their affairs without the trouble of thinking. How should a banker know his own mind? It takes him all his time to manage his bank. If you saw a company of pilgrims, walking as if for a wager, each with his teeth set; and if you happened to ask them one after another: Whither they were going? and from each you were to receive the same answer: that positively they were all in such a hurry, they had never found leisure to enquire into the nature of their errand:—confess, my dear sir, you would be startled at the indifference they exhibited. Am I going too far, if I say that this is the condition of the large majority of our fellow men and almost all our fellow women?

I stop a banker.

"My good fellow," I say, "give me a moment."

"I have not a moment to spare," says he.

"Why?" I enquire.

"I must be banking," he replies. "I am so busily engaged in banking all day long that I have hardly leisure for my meals."

"And what," I continue my interrogatory, "is banking?"

"Sir," says he, "it is my business."

"Your business?" I repeat. "And what is a man's business?"

"Why," cries the banker, "a man's business is his duty." And with that he breaks aways from me, and I see him skimming to his avocations.

But this is a sort of answer that provokes reflection. Is a man's business his duty? Or perhaps should not his duty be his business? If it is not my duty to conduct a bank (and I contend that it is not) is it the duty of my friend the banker? Who told him it was? Is it in the Bible? Is he sure that banks are a good thing? Might it not have been his duty to stand aside, and let some one else conduct the bank? Or perhaps ought he not to have been a ship-captain instead? All these perplexing queries may be summed up under one head: the grave problem which my friend offers to the world: Why is he a banker?

Well, why is it? There is one principal reason, I conceive: that the man was trapped. Education, as practised, is a form of harnessing with the friendliest intentions. The fellow was hardly in trousers before they whipped him into school; hardly done with school before they smuggled him into an office; it is ten to one they have had him married into the bargain; and all this before he has had time so much as to imagine

that there may be any other practicable course. Drum, drum, drum; you must be in time for school; you must do your Cornelius Nepos; you must keep your hands clean; you must go to parties—a young man should make friends; and finally —you must take this opening in a bank. He has been used to caper to this sort of piping from the first; and he joins the regiment of bank clerks for precisely the same reason as he used to go to the nursery at the stroke of eight.

Then at last, rubbing his hands with a complacent smile, the parent lays his conjuring pipe aside. The trick is performed, ladies and gentlemen; the wild ass's colt is broken in; and now sits diligently scribing. Thus it is, that, out of men, we make bankers.

You have doubtless been present at the washing of sheep, which is a brisk, high-handed piece of manœuvring in its way; but what is it, as a subject of contemplation, to the case of the poor young animal, Man, turned loose into this roaring world, herded by robustious guardians, taken with the panic before he has wit enough to apprehend its cause, and soon flying with all his heels in the van of the general stampede? It may be that, in after years, he shall fall upon a train of reflection, and begin narrowly to scrutinize the reasons that decided his path and his continued mad activity in that direction. And perhaps he may be very well pleased at the retrospect, and see fifty things that might have been worse, for one that would have been better; and even supposing him to take the other cue, bitterly to deplore the circumstances in which he is placed and bitterly to reprobate the jockeying that got him into them, the fact is, it is too late to indulge such whims. It is too late, after the train has started, to debate the needfulness of this particular journey: the door is locked, the express goes tearing overland at sixty miles an

hour; he had better betake himself to sleep or the daily paper, and discourage unavailing thought. He sees many pleasant places out of the window: cottages in a garden, angles by the riverside, balloons voyaging the sky; but as for him, he is booked for all his natural days, and must remain a banker to the end.

If the juggling only began with schooltime, if even the domineering friends and counsellors had made a choice of their own, there might still be some pretension to philosophy in the affair. But no. They too were trapped; they are but tame elephants unwittingly ensnaring others, and were themselves ensnared by tame elephants of an older domestication. We have all learned our tricks in captivity, to the spiriting of Mrs. Grundy and a system of rewards and punishments. The crack of the whip and the trough of fodder: the cut direct and an invitation to dinner: the gallows and the Shorter Catechism: a pat upon the head and a stinging lash on the reverse: these are the elements of education and the principles of the Practical Philosophy. Sir Thomas Browne, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, had already apprehended the staggering fact that geography is a considerable part of orthodoxy; and that a man who, when born in London, makes a conscientious Protestant, would have made an equally conscientious Hindu if he had first seen daylight in Benares. This is but a small part, however important, of the things that are settled for us by our place of birth. An Englishman drinks beer and tastes his liquor in the throat; a Frenchman drinks wine and tastes it in the front of the mouth. Hence, a single beverage lasts the Frenchman all afternoon; and the Englishman cannot spend above a very short time in a café, but he must swallow half a bucket. The Englishman takes a cold tub every morning in his bedroom;

the Frenchman has an occasional hot bath. The Englishman has an unlimited family and will die in harness; the Frenchman retires upon a competency with three children at the outside. So this imperative national tendency follows us through all the privacies of life, dictates our thoughts and attends us to the grave. We do nothing, we say nothing, we wear nothing, but it is stamped with the Queen's Arms. We are English down to our boots and into our digestions. There is not a dogma of all those by which we lead young men, but we get it ourselves, between sleep and waking, between death and life, in a complete abeyance of the reasoning part.

"But how, sire" (you will ask), "is there no wisdom in the world? And when my admirable father was this day urging me, with the most affecting expressions, to decide on an industrious, honest and lucrative employment—?" Enough, sir; I follow your thoughts, and will answer them to the utmost of my ability. Your father, for whom I entertain a singular esteem, is I am proud to believe a professing Christian: the Gospel, therefore, is or ought to be his rule of conduct. Now, I am of course ignorant of the terms employed by your father; but I quote here from a very urgent letter, written by another parent, who was a man of sense, integrity, great energy and a Christian persuasion, and who has perhaps set forth the common view with a certain innocent openness of his own:

"You are now come to that time of life," he writes to his son, "and have reason within yourself to consider the absolute necessity of making provision for the time when it will be asked Who is this man? Is he doing any good in the world? Has he the means of being 'One of us'? I beseech you," he goes on, rising in emotion, and appealing to his son by name, "I beseech you do not trifle with this till it actually

comes upon you. Bethink yourself and bestir yourself as a man. This is the time—" and so forth. This gentleman has candor; he is perspicacious, and has to deal apparently with a perspicacious pick-logic of a son; and hence the startling perspicacity of the document. But, my dear sir, what a principle of life! To "do good in the world" is to be received into a society, apart from personal affection. I could name many forms of evil vastly more exhilarating whether in prospect or enjoyment. If I scraped money, believe me, it should be for some more cordial purpose. And then, scraping money? It seems to me as if he had forgotten the Gospel. This is a view of life not quite the same as the Christian, which the old gentleman professed and sincerely studied to practise. But upon this point, I dare dilate no further. Suffice it to say, that looking round me on the manifestations of this Christian society of ours, I have been often tempted to exclaim: What, then, is Antichrist?

A wisdom, at least, which professes one set of propositions and yet acts upon another can be no very entire or rational ground of conduct. Doubtless, there is much in this question of money; and for my part, I believe no young man ought to be at peace till he is self-supporting, and has an open, clear life of it on his own foundation. But here a consideration occurs to me of, as I must consider, startling originality. It is this: That there are two sides to this question as well as to so many others. Make more?—Aye, or spend less? There is no absolute call upon a man to make any specific income, unless, indeed, he has set his immortal soul on being "One of us."

A thoroughly respectable income is as much as a man spends. A luxurious income, or true opulence, is something more than a man spends. Raise the income, lower the ex-

penditure, and, my dear sir, surprising as it seems, we have the same result. But I hear you remind me, with pursed lips, of privations—of hardships. Alas! sir, there are privations upon either side; the banker has to sit all day in his bank, a serious privation; can you not conceive that the landscape painter, whom I take to be the meanest and most lost among contemporary men, truly and deliberately *prefers* the privations upon his side—to wear no gloves, to drink beer, to live on chops or even on potatoes, and lastly, not to be "One of us"—truly and deliberately prefers his privations to those of the banker? I can. Yes, sir, I repeat the words; I can. Believe me, there are Rivers in Bohemia!—but there is nothing so hard to get people to understand as this: That they *pay for their money;* and nothing so difficult to make them remember as this: That money, when they have it, is for most of them at least, only a cheque to purchase pleasure with. How then if a man gets pleasure in following an art? He might gain more cheques by following another; but, then, although there is a difference in cheques, the amount of pleasure is the same. He gets some of his directly; unlike the bank clerk, he is having his fortnight's holiday, and doing what delights him, all the year.

All these patent truisms have a very strange air, when written down. But that, my dear sire, is no fault of mine or of the truisms. There they are. I beseech you do not trifle with them. Bethink yourself like a man. This is the time.

But, you say, all this is very well; it does not help me to a choice. Once more, sir, you have me; it does not. What shall I say? A choice, let us remember, is almost more of a negative than a positive. You embrace one thing; but you refuse a thousand. The most liberal profession imprisons many energies and starves many affections. If you are in a

bank, you cannot be much upon the sea. You cannot be both a first-rate violinist and a first-rate painter: you must lose in the one art if you persist in following both. If you are sure of your preference, follow it. If not—nay, my dear sir, it is not for me or any man, to go beyond this point. God made you; not I. I cannot even make you over again. I have heard of a schoolmaster, whose specialty it was to elicit the bent of each pupil; poor schoolmaster, poor pupils! As for me, if you have nothing indigenous in your own heart, no living preference, no fine, human scorn, I leave you to the tide; it will sweep you somewhere. Have you but a grain of inclination, I will help you. If you wish to be a costermonger, be it, shame the devil; and I will stand the donkey. If you wish to be nothing, once more I leave you to the tide.

I regret profoundly, my dear young sir, not only for you, in whom I see such a lively promise of the future, but for the sake of your admirable and truly worthy father and your no less excellent mamma, that my remarks should seem no more conclusive. I can give myself this praise, that I have kept back nothing; but this, alas! is a subject on which there is little to put forward. It will probably not much matter what you decide upon doing; for most men seem to sink at length to the degree of stupor necessary for contentment in their different estates. Yes, sir, this is what I have observed. Most men are happy, and most men dishonest. Their mind sinks to the proper level; their honor easily accepts the custom of the trade. I wish you may find degeneration no more painful than your neighbors, soon sink into apathy, and be long spared in a state of respectable somnambulism, from the grave to which we haste.

ON THE RIGHT OF AN AUTHOR TO REPEAT HIMSELF[1]

BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

Once upon a time—and not so long ago—I wrote a newspaper article insisting on the essential distinction between true criticism and mere book-reviewing. As I had intermittently plied the trade of book-reviewer for more than fifty years, I had had occasion to come to certain conclusions about it, and one of them was that book-reviewing is (and ought to be) journalism, whereas criticism is (or ought to be) literature—at least in its intent, if not in its execution. Reviewing, as I see it, is reporting—reporting on the content and the quality of a new book for the benefit of the readers of the periodical, daily or weekly, monthly or quarterly in which it appears. The critic can adventure his soul in contact with masterpieces, whereas the reviewer has to do the best he can with the books of the day, few of which are the work of a master. In other words, the critic deals mainly with the past, while the reviewer has perforce to deal with the present. Since this is the case, the aims and the methods of the reviewer necessarily differ from those of the critic.

Two or three months after my little essay appeared I chanced to see in another periodical an article expressing sharp dissent from what I had said, asserting dogmatically that book-reviewing is and must be and ought to be criticism

[1]From *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the author and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

and holding me up to scorn because my little essay was very like a longer article which I had written ten or fifteen years earlier. In fact, the writer of the retort seemed to suggest that I had been guilty of the high crime and misdemeanor of plagiarizing from myself and that I was thereby defrauding the public. That I had repeated myself was something I could not deny; and in the slang of the street, I had been "caught with the goods on me." All I could do was to plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court. I did not dare to call witnesses to my previous good character, because there was danger that one or another of them might, under skilful cross-examination, disclose the damning fact that I had repeated myself on other occasions in discussing other themes.

All I could do to clear myself, even in my own eyes, was to deny the constitutionality of the law under which my assailant sought to convict me. I went to the root of the matter and asked if there was any enactment prohibiting an author from repeating himself as often as he saw fit. On this ground I felt secure; and I had no difficulty in convincing myself that there was no such law, that there never had been, and that even if it had been enacted, it had been violated so persistently and so abundantly by all sorts and conditions of writers that it had become a dead letter, self-repealed by its own impossibility.

Who am I, I asked myself, that I should set up for myself a standard of literary legality loftier than that attained by the masters at whose feet I have sat to acquire wisdom? Is there any one of these masters, if so be he was spontaneous and affluent, and if also he was granted a revered longevity, who had not repeated himself boldly and frequently? Did not Stevenson smilingly confess that he did not know how

often he had written "it was a wonderful night of stars"? Did not Matthew Arnold assert again and again, and yet again, that in his day in Great Britain there was "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized"? Did not Macaulay perch his fabled New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge two or three times in various essays before he left him at last, lost in musing contemplation, in the review of Ranke's "History of the Popes"?

So far had I progressed in my preparation of my brief for the defense, when I bethought me of a passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which seemed to me to have almost the sanctity of a unanimous decision by the Supreme Court of the United States. So I here offer it in evidence, as exhibit A:

> You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

And now, after that, I should be greatly surprised if the judges in Special Sessions, overawed by the weight of these precedents or moved more immediately by common sense, did not at once release me from custody and authorize me to leave the court without a stain on my character.

II

Thus restored to liberty and reassured in equanimity, I was about to congratulate myself on my escape from the prison, the doors of which I had visioned as yawning to engulf me, when I suddenly found myself smiling and then laughing out loud at the absurdity of my dissipated fears. Of course, every author has the right to repeat himself, and almost every author has found his profit in so doing. In fact, the right to repeat himself is guaranteed to us Americans by the Declaration of Independence; it is an essential element in the "pursuit of happiness." Think for a moment how unhappy authors would be if they were forbidden to say again what they had already said. The right to repeat themselves has been theirs since a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as we lawyers say. Homer began it, when he "smote his bloomin' lyre" and evoked the image of "ox-eyed beautiful Juno" or when he told us how the "swift-footed Achilles" answered back. And Maeterlinck was but abiding by the precedents when, after Paul Heyse had refused to authorize the borrowing of a situation from "Maria von Magdala" for use in his "Marie Madeleine," he took it none the less, explaining that as he himself had already employed this situation in two of his earlier plays, he saw no reason why he should not utilize it a third time.

Careless speakers have been heard to assert that "Shakspere never repeats," than which no assertion could be more easily disproved. It is true that Shakspere's thoughts were so abundant and his vocabulary was so extensive that we do not often catch him saying the same thing in the same way,—as Macaulay did and Stevenson also and many another of honorable repute in the world of letters. But Shakspere does re-

peat situations, and he does repeat characters. There is an amateur performance at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost" and another at the end of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sheeted ghosts appear to affright the villian as he draws to his doom in half a dozen of the more sanguinary dramas. Edmund in "King Lear" is an enfeebled repetition of Iago; and Parolles in "All's Well that Ends Well" is an even fainter reproduction of Falstaff.

Molière, who is like Shakspere in not a few aspects of his genius, is exactly like him in this. He took his material where he found it, as was his right and his duty, but he often found it in his own earlier works. Three times do we behold a lover's quarrel culminating in a reconciliation. As it happened, Molière died when he was only fifty-one; and this lover's quarrel might have been served up to us a fourth or even a fifth time, if only he had survived to the ripe old age of Sophocles, Voltaire, Goethe, and Hugo. Half a dozen of Molière's lighter comedies have plots which are almost identical with that of "Etourdi" at the head of the procession and of the "Fourberies de Scapin" at the end. And Molière repeated characters even more often than Shakspere and with less variation. What is Scapin but Mascarille in a different costume? Consider the lively and authoritative serving-maids (impersonated by Madeleine Bejart)—are they not, so to speak, all sisters under their skins?

More than one historian of literature has pointed out that there is a strong family likeness among the heroes of most of the "Waverley Novels," pleasant young fellows, all of them, but a little pale by the side of Dugald Dalgetty and Scott's other more highly colored humorous characters. Lowell went so far—and I protest that I think he was going too far—as to suggest that two of Cooper's outstanding

characters, Long Tom Coffin and Natty Bumpo himself, were, in fact, the same man habited in two different garbs:

> He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
> One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
> Of this prest Western world; and, the thing not to mince,
> He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
> His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
> Are just Natty Bumpo, daubed over with red,
> And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
> Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat
> (Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
> To have clipped the old fellow away underground.)

It is only fair to record that a few lines later, in the "Fable for Critics," Lowell made amends by paying due meed of praise to the creator of the unforgetable Leatherstocking:

> Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities;
> If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
> The men who have given to *one* character life
> And objective existence are not very rife;
> You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
> Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
> And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
> Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

It used to be said of a long-forgotten contemporary of Scott and Cooper, G. P. R. James, that he had a formula for beginning his long-winded and empty romances: "As night was slowly descending a solitary traveller might have been seen descending the slope of the Apennines," or the Alps or the Cordilleras or the Grampians, as the case might be. And it was also said, but I fear without warrant, that when James's attention had been called to the monotony of this opening sentence, he varied it in his next tale of adventure, by stating that on this occasion two solitary travellers might be seen.

III

Like G. P. R. James, Robert Louis Stevenson trod in the trail first broken by Walter Scott; but he was too conscious an artist to repeat an opening sentence—unless perhaps "it was a wonderful night of stars." Where Stevenson was wont to repeat himself was not in words, of which he had an ample store, but in places. Certain spots had a fascination for him, since they seemed so remote and so romantic that each of them cried aloud for employment as the setting of an episode. After writing an enthusiastic essay, "Memoirs of an Islet," he made further use of the island of Earraid, first as the habitat of the "Merry Men" and second as the isolated spot whereon the young hero of "Kidnapped" is temporarily marooned. At every repetition the islet is served up with a different sauce, but the piece of resistance is ever the same; and no lover of Stevenson would wish that he had avoided the repetition, even if we now perceive that he has been caught in the act of plagiarizing from himself.

I have already quoted Maeterlinck's unblushing confession that he had used the same situation in three several plays; and I may add as a corollary, as it were, that Victor Hugo went further and in his "Lucrèce Borgia" he used what is practically the same situation three or four times. I have read somewhere that Eugene Scribe, that most fertile, inventive, and prolific of playwrights, was condoled with by a friend on the failure of one of his less important pieces and that he waived aside the proffered sympathy with the remark that even if the piece had not been successful it had a good story—"so I shall write it over again two or three years from now!"

Scribe may have said this, or he may not; but what he de-

clared to be his intention, was what the younger Dumas actually did. His thesis-play, the "Idées de Madame Aubry," did not please at its first performance and it was soon withdrawn. Dumas was not discouraged; he bided his time; and ten or a dozen years later he wrote another play on the same theme, "Denise," and this time more skilfully and more successfully.

In so doing Dumas knew what he was about. The theme he was rehandling in the second play was dear to his heart; and he wanted to have it discussed. But I doubt if Victor Hugo was really aware that in building the plot of "Lucrèce Borgia" he was guilty of self-repetition at the end of successive episodes. If he had been conscious, I think that he would probably have endeavored to disguise these consecutive borrowings from himself. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, was deliberately warming over his own funeral-baked meats when he used again the situation that Paul Heyse had declined to lend him. Probably the German dramatist thought that he had invented the situation and was proud of his invention. After all, it is a wise situation that knows its own father.

A friend, with whom I discussed the practice of self-plagiarism, called my attention to the fact that John Webster took over a couplet:

> "Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright;
> But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light,"

from "The White Devil" and inserted it unaltered in "The Duchess of Malfi," which was produced a few years later. This can hardly have been done unwittingly; and perhaps the poet, feeling that he needed these two lines in the second play, intended to cut them out of the first piece—and forget

to do it. Or perhaps he did not care, having no hope or expectation that his works would be put under the critical microscope three centuries after his death.

The same friend (and why should I not give him due credit for his amicable aid? It was Mr. Clayton Hamilton) has called my attention to a deliberate and avowed repetition by one of the masters of English prose, Sir Thomas Browne. At the end of the next-to-last paragraph of his "Urn Burial," we are told that "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them." Then at the very end of "Christian Morals," we are assured that "if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy, as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exolution, transformation, the kiss of the spouse and ingression into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the world is in a manner over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

If Sir Thomas had been a public speaker instead of a recluse scholar, he might very well have refrained from the admission that he had made the earlier declaration, for when the orator has improvised a felicitous phrase which has proved effective when uttered on the platform or the stump, he is tempted to utilize it as often as occasion serves. I have seen it stated that Mr. Bryan had employed the striking figure of the Cross of Gold and the Crown of Silver—striking when heard for the first time, even if unconvincing when considered in cold blood—two or three times before he

placed it triumphantly at the climax of the perfervid speech which brought him an unexpected nomination for the presidency. There is wisdom in the remark which Mr. Wilton Lackaye once made to Mr. Augustus Thomas, that "repartee was often a matter of repertoire." Sheridan once taunted a political opponent with "relying on his memory for his wit and on his imagination for his facts." Surely a speaker or a writer has a right to rely on his memory of his own wit on other occasions. It is a pretty poor witticism which is worn out by one using.

IV

The stump speaker has at least this excuse for repeating himself—that he is addressing a different crowd every time he stands and delivers; and that the audience of this evening cannot know what he said to the audience of last evening. The magazine writer is akin to the stump speaker in that no magazine goes to the same set of subscribers as another magazine. For myself, I confess frankly that I do not hesitate to use in a contribution to one periodical a turn of phrase which I have earlier employed in a contribution to another periodical. I confess further that this self-repetition has given me a deal of trouble when I have had to go over a group of essays written at different times for different reviews, revising them for publication in a single volume.

In my blameless vanity I have felt that it was always possible for a reader of a book of mine to be so entranced by it as to rush it through at a single sitting; and, therefore, for the benefit of this possible reader, have I striven valiantly, but not always successfully, to eliminate the unbecoming frequency with which I may have said the same thing in the same way. I should not like to be forced to count the num-

ber of articles wherein I have had to discuss the dearth of drama in English literature in the mid years of the nineteenth century and wherein I have asserted that in those decades "the plays of our language which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable." I have an affection for that phrase; it seems to me a good phrase, since it puts the case in a nutshell. But I had rather it did not appear in any one of my volumes of collected criticisms more than twice, or thrice at the most. Even after this phrase has made what ought to be its final appearance in a book of mine, I am afraid that I shall not hesitate to use it in the next paper I happen to write for a magazine. And why not? Is it not my own, to do with as I see fit?

It may be that this recalcitrancy of mine is to be explained by my being a college professor, charged with the duty of lecturing on the same subjects year after year to constantly changing groups of students. As a college professor, it is laid upon me to find the best way to arouse the interest of my successive classes, concourses of fortuitous atoms totally differing from year to year; and therefore, when I have found exactly the right words to characterize one of the authors I have to discuss (not to say, dissect), it is not only my privilege to use these words, year after year, it is my bounden duty so to do, unless indeed I can better my phrase as I come to know the author more intimately. Regularly every year for now more than three decades I have told my class in American literature that Emerson was the representative of the ideal and that Franklin was the representative of the practical, always adding that when Emerson told us to "hitch our wagon to a star," Franklin was ready "to proffer an improved axle grease."

There may be danger that the professor will let his lec-

tures become stereotyped and consequently soulless. But he does not know his business and he does not deserve to hold his place, unless he is keenly alive to the impression he is making on his class. If his students are inattentive and listless, he knows whose fault it is. When Henry Ward Beecher was once asked what was the best remedy for a somnolent congregation, he is reported to have said that at Plymouth Church they have a simple remedy. "Whenever one of the ushers discovers anybody asleep, he has orders to go at once to the pulpit—and wake the preacher!"

Of course, the preacher is under a disadvantage from which the professor is free; he faces the same congregation year after year, whereas the college instructor has a new audience every fall. But both of them need to be on their guard against undue self-repetition. And they cannot save themselves by the cautious writing of their sermons and their lectures, for in so doing, they lose more than they gain. They may gain in literary form, but they lose the easy freedom of direct speech, halting it may be, but far more effective in establishing contact with the minds of their hearers. As President Butler once put it aptly: "To read a lecture to a class is to insult the printing-press!"

No, the college professor need not hesitate to say again what he has often said before; and he can find comfort in a saying attributed to Agassiz, whom Lowell once declared to be the greatest teacher ever connected with Harvard. I have not been able to run down the time and place of Agassiz's confession nor can I now recall his exact words; but he had occasion once to speak of his first lecture in Switzerland, a lecture expected to fill the canonical hour. At the end of forty-five minutes he had told his hearers all he knew, so for the final fifteen minutes he had to repeat himself. Then

he added, "And that is what I have been doing ever since—repeating myself."

V

As I reread what I have here written I wonder whether I have not been abusing the privilege I claimed. So I refrain from further dilation upon this tempting topic; and I ask leave only to make one further quotation. John Hollingshead was for years the manager of the Gaiety Theatre in London. He had begun his career as a contributor to magazines, as a miscellaneous writer for all sorts of periodicals; and he explained that he had abandoned the craft of writing only when he discovered that the man of letters was like an organ-grinder, in that he could play only half a dozen tunes. When those had been heard, he had to move to another street and play them over again until he himself got tired of hearing them perpetually repeated.

There is a bitter truth in this comparison, I fear; but there was one thing that Hollingshead did not take into account. As the taste in tunes shifts and changes, it is always possible for the organ-grinder to procure a new barrel with another half-dozen tunes, which, alas, will also wear out their welcome, sooner or later.

THE HABIT OF GOING TO THE DEVIL[1]

ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

Every essential fact in this paper is a direct quotation, or exact paraphrase, from American periodicals published about a century ago; the date of publication is indicated in each case.

A glance at our country and its present moral con-
1827. dition fills the mind with alarming apprehensions. The moral desolation and flood tides of wickedness threaten to sweep away not only the blessings of religion, but the boasted freedom of our republican institutions as well. Every candid person must admit that if ignorance, licentiousness, and a disregard of
1828. all moral laws prevail in our communities, then demagogues and spendthrifts will sit in the halls of legislation; ambition, self-aggrandizement, and love of power will supplant patriotism, public spirit, and attention to the best interests of the nation. Due to the lack of moral restraint, the very freedom which we enjoy hastens this degrading process. To-day no virtuous public sentiment frowns down upon the criminal to shame him into secrecy. Let another half-century pass in our present indifference and inactivity, and existing evils will have attained a strength never to be overpowered.

It is clear that instead of the masses of our people improving they are sadly deteriorating. Murders, rob-
1843. beries, rapes, suicides, and perjuries are as common as marriages and deaths. Killings appear to have be-

[1]From *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the author and The Atlantic Monthly Co.

come contagious; no day passes without an attempt somewhere in our country. Lawlessness has so increased that the expense of watching our army of criminals, of tracking and arresting them, and of maintaining them in prison (together with the huge cost of their felonies) is immeasurable.

The wave affects not only the lower classes. In a
1843. court in Pennsylvania John Doe recently pled guilty to the charge of bigamy. As he rose to be sentenced by the judge he interrupted that official's verdict by handing him a pardon from the governor of that State! And our irreligious clergy! What can be done for
1828. the conversion of the many ministers of the Word who preach error for truth, because they themselves have never known salvation? What will become of churches under such leadership? In ten or twelve counties in Indiana a number of churches recently
1843. voted not to co-operate with any missionary, or temperance societies, or Sunday-school associations, since in their present form they are not warranted by the teachings of God's Word.

And what of our youth! To-day, where one child hails the Sabbath with delight, as the day for Bible
1829. study, one hundred young immortals are growing up in ignorance and sin. The lamentable extent of dishonesty, fraud, and other wickedness among our boys and girls shocks the nation. The army of youthful criminals from the slums is augmented by children abandoned by the shiftless of the working classes, by families wrecked by living beyond their
1830. means, and by wayward unfortunates from reputable families. Large numbers of these youngsters

belong to organized gangs of thieves and cutthroats, and are in the regular employ of old criminals who teach them the tricks of the trade. Many such have
1831. no homes; some cannot even return to the gang's headquarters unless the day's profit amounts to a stipulated sum. From these thousands of young desperadoes the chief mass of hardened criminals is recruited. Half the number of persons actually convicted of crime are youths who have not reached the age of discretion. Of 256 convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison, forty-five were thieves at sixteen
1833. years of age; and 127 had, at that age, become habitual drinkers. Youthful gambling, accompanied with most degrading language, as in the game of shooting craps, begins almost in infancy. A gentleman passing along the streets of Boston recently overheard a gang of boys shooting craps. The language issuing from their young lips might well have
1833. come from Hell, and even there would almost have shocked the Satanic proprietor himself. And even amid more refined surroundings our young people are everything but seriously minded to-day. At —— University the few students who profess religion
1828. stand, as it were, alone; to attempt to stem the torrent of vice and immorality there would be considered a freakish innovation.

A disregard for all laws, and feverish and foolish
1843. efforts to check crime by profuse legislation, are common. A man in Baltimore was recently arrested for fast driving. This is as it should be. Disastrous consequences of fast driving frequently follow carelessness in observing the traffic ordinances provided

against such offenses. Equal heedlessness is shown in our halls of legislation. With us nothing is fixed or permanent. There is a constant hankering for new laws, or for tinkering up old ones; what one legislature does to-day, the next undoes to-morrow. The popular slogan one year becomes an object of derision the next—and so we run from change to change in a restless round of experiment. This restlessness shows itself in extravagance in dress. Silk stockings, curiously wrought with quirks and clocks about the ankles, and interwoven with gold or silver threads, are all the rage. Persons with the smallest of incomes do not stick to have two or three pairs of silk stockings. Time was when one could have clothed herself from head to toe for what one pair of these silk stockings cost.

1843.

1857.

War has affected the world's nerves. The military events of the earlier years of this century were so extraordinary that it is charitable to forgive those who wish to tell or write about their experiences. We rejoice that this is true. Let the tale be told as often and as vividly as possible! Let it be repeated until every one shall be impressed with its horrors! Let those who delight in the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war" explain fully the fascination which lures them on to fill the world with tears—that we may candidly judge of war's value, and compare it with the sacrifices paid for it.

1830.

Do not think that we are so foolish as to maintain that there is nothing worth contending for. There is much we could defend at all hazards, and which can be enjoyed on no other terms. Personal

1830.

liberty and rights, the welfare of dear ones, and the independence of our country are to be struggled for, if need be, because without them life would not be worth living. But warlike ambition must receive a check by the establishment of republican institutions in all the civilized world where people are now in the possession of them or are struggling to acquire them.

Every day is confirming the strength of the free
1830. governments which exist and brightening the prospects of those which are forming. However, these transformations bring vast unrest, as witness Mexico—just now becoming free from Roman Catholic shackles. The National Assembly has just placed the priests on the same footing as those in the United
1834. States as spiritual shepherds. The President, it is said, will sign the bill, and a mighty conflict will follow.

What the world needs most in its present condition is that the truly intelligent among us rise to new
1830. truths; to find the stimuli and co-operation which will fit us for mastery—fit us to become sponsors for a higher intellectual life in our own country, and joint workers with the great of all nations and all time in carrying forward their race.

The true sovereigns of a country are those who
1843. determine its modes of thinking, its tastes, its principles. A condition of society which challenges men to use their noblest reasoning powers is the condition "most favorable for the moral and religious development of a nation." Such language comes properly from an enlightened man, whose faith in Christianity is not of that feeble kind which looks with

dread or misgiving at every intellectual novelty—as if truth could suffer from discussion, or the greatest and most noble of all truths could derive anything but strength from the progressive development of the mind! Religion has been wronged by nothing more than by being separated from intellect, and by
1830. being removed from the province of reason and free research into that of mystery and authority, of impulse and feeling. Hence it is that most prevalent forms of Christianity are inert.

It is singular that, while Christians publish many defenses of Christianity, they are perpetually charged with infidelity—this allegation being made
1830. against some of the Protestant sects, by the others, constantly, and usually on the question of Scriptural infallibility.

Now the Scriptures do not contain the actual communication made to the minds that were inspired from above; but they are a declaration of those
1830. things which were most surely believed among them. The distinction is important; and, unfortunately, derives some consequence because of the earnestness with which it is opposed. The communication was divine; the record was human. The inspired penmen wrote in conformity with the philosophy of their respective eras—in conformity, therefore, with some portions of natural science that were false. How else can you explain the Mosaic theory of the solar system?

The theory of the infallibility of the Bible is unnecessary to the validity and sufficiency of its mes-
1830. sage. Shall a man say he will not walk by the light

of the sun because it comes to him through so earthly and fallible a medium as the atmosphere? What particular truth in the Bible requires an "infallible" style, or a supernatural influence for its communication? We thus free the Scriptures from supporting a reputation to which they nowhere lay claim—of being in every particular perfect and infallible compositions.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRY

LOSING ONE'S RELIGION: A STUDENT EXPERIENCE[1]

HENRY THOMAS COLESTOCK

There is one word that some of us who look back on our college life wish had been spoken to us in the midst of our college course; for, lacking this word of explanation, we have had to learn *ab initio,* in the severe school of personal experience, one of the lessons worked out by the race through centuries of conflict. Not infrequently has it happened, in working out this problem for ourselves, that the process, compressing into a few months or years the anxiety, the anguish, of a racial experience, brings to the individual moments and days never to be forgotten. But not all learn the lesson when left to themselves, and this is an irreparable injury to the individual; for failure means indifference or even hostility to the most helpful things in life. I refer to the process of adjustment between religious faith and a growing knowledge.

In the experience of the race this problem of adjustment between religious faith and growing knowledge is one of the great problems of every period characterized by intellectual progress. Nor is it difficult to understand the reason for this age-long conflict between faith and knowledge. The explanation is a psychological one.

Religious faith being one of the dearest and most sacred possessions of mankind, it is natural to transfer to our ex-

[1]Reprinted through the courtesy of Henry Thomas Colestock and of *The Outlook.*

planations of faith the sacredness of faith itself. Failing to make this distinction between religious faith, which is a life of fellowship with God, and the *explanations* of this fellowship, which necessarily must vary according to the temperament and the enlightenment of the individual, the problem of adjustment between religious faith and the growing knowledge of the age has at times absorbed the attention and the strength of nations.

The same problem of adjustment between faith and knowledge confronts the student. He comes to college with certain religious ideas and beliefs, and in the progress of his studies finds an antagonism between his religious beliefs and his growing knowledge. At first he puts aside as false whatever does not accord with his religious opinions. Students have been known to go through college rejecting every position in science or philosophy which did not harmonize with their inherited religious beliefs. This, however, is not true of many students. On the other hand, the reasonableness of the conclusions of science and of philosophy wins the assent of the student even against his will. But it seems impossible for him to accept these conclusions and retain his religious beliefs which he thinks of as his religion. He may fight for a time the rising tide of new ideas, but sooner or later he finds resistance useless. He awakens to the fact that these new ideas, hostile to his religion though they be, as it appears to him, are possessing him.

Now ensues one of the tragic struggles of his life. As the new ideas possess him, they undermine certain religious beliefs which he holds on to with terrible earnestness for a while, only to find at last that these beliefs do not mean to him what they once did. Few individuals who have passed through the heartrending experience of losing their religion

can ever forget that experience. Some, after a very trying and painful struggle, learn that *religious faith* and *religious opinions* are two very different things; others never learn this lesson, and, having lost their early religious opinions, think they have lost their religion and easily drift into an indifference toward the duties and claims of the religious life. When approached, such persons will tell you, in moments of confidence, that religious matters do not mean anything to them now—they had to give all that up in college.

It is possible, of course, to lose one's religion in college; to degenerate in character, to become immoral and irreligious; as it is possible to become dissolute anywhere. But I have not at present such a class of individuals in mind; but rather those whose characters have not degenerated, but whose religious opinions no longer mean to them what they once did, and who think consequently that they have lost their religion.

The word which some of us wish had been spoken to us who have passed through one phase or another of this struggle of adjustment between faith and knowledge is this: Religious faith is a life of fellowship with God; religion is the living of one's life in view of this fellowship; religious beliefs are explanations of this life of fellowship with God, and it is reasonable to expect that these explanations will vary according to our intellecutal progress, being different with the same individual in different stages of his development; and differing also in the thought of different persons owing to training and temperament.

With this distinction between religious faith and religious beliefs firmly grasped, the student need not feel that he is losing his religion when he is being compelled to give up some of his early, inadequate religious conceptions. Rather

he will welcome all new ideas which enable him to explain this fellowship and to understand more fully its meaning. With this distinction between religious faith and the explanations of faith kept in mind, the student can fearlessly investigate any subject in science or history or philosophy without disturbing his religion, for he thinks of religion as a life in fellowship with God; but as new light dawns he may be compelled to reinterpret all of the soul's relations with God. His explanations of faith change; his faith abides, grows, develops.

WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS TOWARD ORGANIZED RELIGION?[1]

ALBERT PARKER FITCH

It is not easy to give any answer to this question which will be sufficiently accurate to be illuminating. It is never a simple matter to discern what youth is thinking or feeling, either on those matters which it believes to be important to itself or those which it is aware we propose or desire it should regard as such. There is always a gulf fixed between middle age and youth though for the most part age only dimly comprehends it. We who have grown up remember our childhood with sufficient and rather sentimental clearness and we have a vivid realization alike of the trials, the responsibilities, and the privileges of age. But the years of our adolescence tend to fade from our memory. Those days of swift transition, of continuous experimentation, of unrelated, irresponsible, and ephemeral expansions left no enduring marks upon the tablets of the mind. For the most part we have so far forgotten their significance that we do not even realize they have passed out of our recorded consciousness.

This largely accounts, I think, for the characteristic impatience of our self-protective prudence with the gay and careless destructiveness of newly awakened life. This is why age has more of jealousy than sympathy for youth and why it is more prone to expect adolescence to understand and pay tribute to what appear to it the self-evident standards of

[1] From *The Journal of Religion*, University of Chicago, March, 1921. Reprinted by permission of the editor and the author.

maturity, than to remember the need and difficulty of thinking itself back into the morning of life. Few older men can deal with youth imaginatively. Hence professor and student live side by side in outer decorum and superficial companionship, but the real springs of action and the scales of value by which youth builds its life are often carefully concealed.

This is particularly true when the discussion deals with matters of faith and conduct. The sense of the maladjustment is between an older and a younger generation strongest here. Youth does not understand its own attitude toward religion any too well. It is both self-conscious and self-exacting and these traits increase the inhibitions induced by the sense of the obtuseness and remoteness of older lives. Moreover, youth is not aware that the reasons age brings forward in the support of established institutions are often more ostensible than real, that it is not so much the intrinsic worth of organized religion as it is its by-product of stability, comfort, and professional security which endears it to its defenders. "The Profits of Religion" is a grotesquely unfair and one-sided book but there is truth in it and just the kind of truth that youth can perceive. Youth thinks that age demands more of it in the way of intellectual and moral docility than it, itself, is prepared to give.

In short, a community of young people strives on the whole toward higher standards of thought and conduct than does the armored and respectable middle age around it. However fantastic and perverse some of its contemporary expressions may seem, nevertheless it is generally distinguished by ethical insight and moral sensitiveness. Youth sometimes fails dreadfully but it is more honest with itself regarding its failures, realizes their nature more keenly, and takes them more seriously than does the older life about it. Hence

the spiritual atmosphere of a college or a parish, which offers them the only medium for the exchange of real thought and emotion, is clouded by false values. The young idealists in it art tongue-tied and uncertain except when talking among themselves; the older formalists are too exacting, especially of other people, and too expressive, at least in public. Hence the initial suspicion with which youth regards both professional advocates and conventional forms of religion; hence the voluntary expression of religion among the better undergraduates is meagre, reticent, not easily analyzed. Quite aside from any other reasons there is something inherent in the nature of the relationship and the different status of the lives composing it in a college community which makes a just and accurate common understanding difficult.

The first thing, then, to remember about such a discussion as this is the peril of quick answers. We are hearing a good deal at present about the godlessness of modern youth and the immorality of the present generation. But easy summations of undergraduate attitudes, either by way of censorious condemnation or sentimental praise, are all likely to go wide of the mark. We should understand youth better, if we were more confident of it, more critical of ourselves; if we approached it with a mixture of disinterested and expectant observation and some personal humility. There is something truly ironical in the apparent simplicity of academic relationships, something almost fatuous in the bland acceptance on the part of older men and women of the mere appearances in youth of virtue or vice, piety or irreligion. There is something, too, profoundly unjust in the easy generalizations, the all but absolute judgments by which an established order betrays its resentment at the critical scrutiny or frank hostility of young life.

II

Let us attempt a dispassionate analysis, from the point of view of the churches, of the undergraduate community. We shall discern at once three conventional attitudes toward organized religion on the part of college students. They are all of them classic; they illustrate, in the realm of the religious interests, corresponding reactions having the same characteristic emphases and approaches which may be found in the economic and social and political life of the time. First: there is the natural conformist. He is the boy who is temperamentally "good," who identifies religious faith with external moral practices. He issues from the average, middle-class American life, the son of a thrifty, practical, unimaginative household. He has had a sober and careful bringing up. He has been taught to read the Scriptures, to say his prayers, to attend church. There is often a frank and naïve strain of commercialism in his piety; he has been schooled to remember that social disgrace or academic failure, or material ruin, are the punishments of irreligion and immorality. He largely conceives of religion in the terms of group respectability; assumes that the content of the moral law is practically unchanging from generation to generation. Wrong and right are simple and self-evident; they are mutually exclusive territories, separated by clear boundary lines. Faith and character are achieved by remaining in the right territory.

Boys of this group often have substantial sanity, a rather shrewd and sensible scale of values. But their imaginative deficiencies, their narrow range of desires and interests, with the accompanying intolerance and complacency make them unlovable and relatively negligible figures among their peers.

This group has sent many recruits into the ministry in the past. Some of them have become saints and have deepened and enriched the life of the profession. But on the whole they have not strengthened it. They have not had enough creative ability to be great preachers. They have approached the ministry with a too simple notion of its duties; it has been strangely mechanicalized in their minds. It has appeared to consist of preaching pleasantly an accepted message furnished ready to their hands, of making routine calls, of gently perpetuating existing organizations—even if with a slowly diminishing momentum! Instinctively they have expected the institution to carry them; the office to make the man, not the man the office. It was such innocuous, if complacent conformity which the late William E. Godkin had in mind, when, referring to a distinguished foreign university, he observed that it was an ideal place for those youth who were chiefly interested "in lawn tennis, gardening, and true religion."

The numbers of these men, however, are diminishing in the college just as middle-class religion, with its passion for respectability and its identification of faith with conventional conduct is, in proportion to the growth of the population, everywhere diminishing as well.

Second: there is a group of the young institutionalists. They are a more characteristic product of our present society and therefore more significant to our discussion. They come from a richer and wider environment, are more developed personalities, than their conforming comrades. They do not share in the moral naïveté of the first class; sometimes they do not share its moral scruples either. The boys of this group identify religion with a half-romantic, half-mythical allegiance to impressive and picturesque institu-

tions. They link up this allegiance in their minds with subscription to creed, a sort of class allegiance to the formulæ promulgated by an imperial and established organization. There are certain classic statements of the Christian faith. They move the imagination, both subdue and elevate the minds of sensitive and reflective youth, partly by their æsthetic and mystical appeal, partly by the very prestige of their antiquity. They are the confessions of faith of a splendid and imperial standing order. They appeal to the best in the aristocratic impulse, its sense of the continuity of life, its perception that you must not divorce the present from the past, its understanding of the slowly refining, carefully garnered deposit which makes up all that is best in human experience.

These youth are not moved by any terrific moral struggle or by the evangelical passion for soul-saving. The prophetic note in them is absent. They are Churchmen; social and religious Conservatives. Sometimes when they grow older they, like John Neville Figgis, carry side by side with mediæval forms of religion quite radical views of political economy and social science. But essentially religion is to them a perpetuation of an established and authoritative order.

When these men enter the ministry, they become not so much the shepherds of sheep as spiritual governors of parishes. The world regards with something of reluctant admiration, something more of covert hostility and distrust, their amalgam of the urbane manners and self-assurance of this world, with the offices of priest and preacher. Boys whose religious instinct expresses itself in these ways are increasing among us and they are turning naturally to the Roman and Anglican communions. The main current of our age flows steadily and relentlessly against the institutionalist and his type of religion. But there are many cross cur-

rents in any generation and a new exaltation of institutional religion is one of them which is discernible at this moment. As the American home becomes more and more sophisticated and society becomes older, more highly developed and rigid in its customs, allegiance to all established institutions grows among us. It represents the determined effort of a relatively completed and well-adjusted social order to defend itself, its achievements no less than its privileges, from the crudeness and destructiveness of the new forces now struggling upward in society. Most men who have gained anything of permanence hate and fear change. They identify the accompaniments of a new order, its bohemian living, its flippant and reckless iconoclasm, its attacks upon special privileges with the order itself. This, they think, is all there is to it. So they withdraw into the citadel of institutional orthodoxies.

A fair number of college men who are now entering the ministry are of this group. It does not matter much what learning they receive in college which seems to vitiate either the historic pretensions or the intellectual statements of their faith. They have already cast in their lot with the older order, they are not inquirers so much as they are partisans. They will by no means be a negligible force in the coming generation. By no perceivable possibility can they become the leaders of the age into which we are now advancing. But they will skilfully and resolutely oppose it; they are far more formidable opponents than their simpler brethren of the first group, and they will have considerable influence.

Third: there is the young humanitarian. He is a common and obvious type of undergraduate, more in evidence a decade ago than now, the boy who expresses his religion through its substitutes, who meets his spiritual problem by evading

it. He puts effects in the place of causes; practical efficiency takes the place of spiritual insight. The ardent if superficial humanism of recent years has produced the youth who identifies religion with social reform, piety with organized benevolence, and spiritual leadership with administrative efficiency. To work is to pray, social service is character, a rarefied amiability is faith.

Such a lad is a past master at planning a missionary campaign, engineering a student conference, and "promoting" a Bible class. He knows how to "swing it right." He sees nothing incongruous in organizing a risqué undergraduate vaudeville show to raise money for the support of a settlement house. He will be found teaching at a downtown mission, or acting as scoutmaster for local gamins, or installed as religious work director. He is a wholesome and aggressive youth, friendly, rather too approachable, amazingly able and resourceful in practical affairs. He has character, is not imaginative, is terribly at ease in Zion. It is largely from this group that the ever-to-be-replenished ranks of student Christian association secretaries, graduate secretaries, student-volunteer leaders, are recruited.

These men, for the most part, accept the essentials of the present order. They do not scrutinize the intellectual and emotional sources of our present religious and economic structure. They would rather mitigate its abuses than reform its principles. They are natural if unconscious pragmatists. Their passion is for action; they want always to be "doing things." The goal of social service, which is ever before their eyes, and their passion for "results" makes them superficial leaders. They take refuge from the difficulties of thought in the opportunities of action.

A few of these men, not many, go into the ministry. Gen-

erally speaking, it repels them by its emphasis upon religious passion and spiritual insight. Also, they are contemptuous of what seem to be the lax business methods and practical inefficiency of the average church. They are not so large a group in the college as they were before the war, for its brutal dislocations shook this type of youth out of his notion of salvation by expansion and reformation by machinery.

III

Probably all the men of these three groups which we have been discussing represent when combined decidedly less than half the undergraduate body. The remainder of it, which is a substantial majority of the whole number, forms the group which is most significant to our purpose. It can be classified under two heads. First there are the modern pagans. A large number of contemporary undergraduates are not irreligious to-day, they are non-religious. They are neither hostile nor contemptuous as regards religion; they are indifferent to it, they know nothing about it, they are relatively incapable of experiencing it. There is much truth in the neglected Calvinistic doctrines of election and predestination. Probably all men cannot be saved; some of them are antecedently incapable of salvation. Such boys as I am describing are the natural product of the materialism and commercialism which represents one-half of the American character at the moment; they are neither very much better nor worse than the homes from which they issue. But this group of obtuse and unawakened lads is one of the most significant factors in undergraduate life, more characteristic of the immediate problem which confronts the college and the nation than any one of the other groups we have as yet mentioned. The grosser forms of immorality are not common among them, they are

more vulgar than vicious, hopelessly secular, but not bad. Their language is callously profane and has a sort of a moral coarseness about it. Their literature is principally *Snappy Stories, The Saturday Evening Post* and the Sporting pages of the daily prints. Their most natural occupations seem to be striving for some club, indulging in college gossip, or indefinite discussion of athletic events in which they themselves took no part, and alternating between the "movies" and innumerable dances.

In short, they are men in whom the æsthetic, intellectual, and spiritual interests are almost undeveloped and to whom organized religion makes no contribution and for which they feel no slightest need. Religion in general would seem to have no *quid pro quo* to offer them. The number of these men has very largely increased in the American college. They are changing its habits of thought and conduct, its scale of values as regards courses, the whole æsthetic and emotional level of the group. They undertake their four years of college life mostly for social or practical reasons and they leave college nearly always for business or for law.

If organized religion wants to test out how much of a power it still is in the college, let it see if it can evangelize this group. Success or failure with them would be an actual measure of its vitality, a real snatching of brands from the burning. The other groups we have discussed are temperamentally disposed toward some sort of acceptance of the churches. This group is one of the two for whose salvation the churches specifically exist. We should never draw many leaders from its numbers; can we recruit the laity from it? It is significant that at present this group remains almost wholly untouched either by college preaching or by the Y. M. C. A. activities of the undergraduate body.

Finally, there are the intellectual and æsthetic radicals. This group probably comprehends by far the largest number of valuable men in the college community. It is composed of the boys who have both intellectual and emotional equipment and along with their brains and their heart, they have the accompanying spirit of the adventurer. Such youth are natural come-outers. They are possessed of character as well as intellect. Their moral code is often not that of their elders and they are sometimes rather brutal in their disdain of inherited prohibitions. But they have a code of their own, they govern their lives, keep their appetites within reasonable bounds, respect themselves. They have a passion for intellectual integrity and for accurate appreciations and judgments. They are unsentimental by nature, and dislike, as they dislike few other things, the boy who is only temperamentally or emotionally religious. They have a disconcerting habit of ignoring the considerations of expediency or the sensitiveness of their interlocutors when scrutinizing a conviction or analyzing an institution.

Now the most significant fact we have yet touched upon is that these men also are almost wholly outside the influence of organized religion. The first reason for this is either the lack of any religious training in their homes or church in their earlier youth, or, as is more often the case, their having received a training which has been both mistaken and inadequate in content. Neither Sunday-school nor minister ever pointed out to them the difference between scientific and religious truth. Scientific truth is the exact agreement of observation and judgment with fact. It is an affair of the intellect, it calls for mental accuracy, is capable of precise demonstration. Ethical truth is the harmonious adjustment of conduct to the moral and social constitution of man. Insight into

the nature of this adjustment is as much, if not more, an affair of the imagination than of the mind; the allegiance to ethical truth might be called more of a practical than an intellectual experience. Moral truth is not capable of mathematical demonstration, but only of a gradual and relative verification in experience. Religious truth again is the perception of the right relations between man and the universe as a whole. Such truth is generally presented to mankind in the form of personalities, it comes in the guise of personages who by their imaginative insight, their spiritual intuitiveness, have worked out or grasped an attitude both toward men and God which satisfies and interprets the lives and consciences of those who behold it. There are speculative, mystical, and æsthetic values in religious truth which do not enter into scientific observation of fact. The imagination plays a part here which it does not play with the natural investigator.

Now such fundamental distinctions are primary elements in religious growth and education. But for the most part they are not given by churches or parents. Able youth are sent to college believing that the truth of religion stands or falls with historical accuracy of the gospel narrative or with the correctness of inherited systems of opinion. They have been encouraged to identify religious truth either with theological beliefs or with faith in some inerrant writings or with the concept of an omniscient Christ. When the church says that Jesus is the truth, it is talking of truth as a form of personality, as a system of relations, and of the Lord Jesus as being, by the common consent of human experience and observation, all that a man ought to be in these relations. He is truth in its final form, a true person. All this, these men have not been taught; they suppose that what the church as-

serts as "true," is some particular brand of theological or ecclesiastical orthodoxy. Thus, their teaching before ever they come to college has given them no preparation for what they will find there; it has not only been deficient but it has been positively false.

The inevitable of course happens when these boys of potential intellectual and æsthetic power are introduced to the free intellectual processes and stimulated by the sudden expansion of scientific knowledge which come to them as undergraduates. They quickly perceive how far the thought and feeling and knowledge of their day have outstripped the creed and practice of ecclesiastical, as of other contemporary, organizations. They perceive that to some real degree the churches are outmoded in conduct and reactionary in belief. They are aware how far contemporary psychological and social science has advanced beyond the consciousness of most preachers and how dreadfully it discredits their usual concepts regarding nature and human life. They have an acute and somewhat exaggerated perception of how discarded is the philosophic view of the world which lies behind classic systems of theology and they see how inconsistent with the ethics of Jesus are both the theory and the practice of our imperialistic and ruthlessly competitive society. They are aware that consciously or unconsciously, the laity support the churches quite as much for social and economic reasons. In short, they perceive that their inherited ethical, theological, and ecclesiastical orthodoxies will not stand the test of scientific investigations and they think these are to be identified with religion. Hence, not understanding the nature of religious truth they soon lose any sense of the value of it. In the beginning, they look with scorn upon the minister as the official of an order of ideas which he must know is no longer

defensible and they regard the church as a drag upon society.

Now these are able boys. And before they are through their Senior year they have become more or less aware of the difference between religion and theology, an art and its science, the self-verifying moral and spiritual experience of the Lord Jesus and any particular philosophic or practical implications with which men have clothed it. They have come to perceive the difference between religious and scientific truths. But it is then, for the most part, too late to reclaim them, because their active lives have already gotten substitutes for the faith which they discarded. They are absorbed in intellectual pursuits. Just as we are told of Darwin that his early and vivid delight in music became entirely atrophied through long absorption in purely scientific pursuits, so the interest of these youths in the distinctively religious expression of their ethical and imaginative life has perished. They give themselves to philosophy or economics or political science; they are still devoted men but their devotion is to wisdom, they worship truth, not the God of truth. They are young men of character, but it is respect for themselves and humanity, not awe and loyalty in the presence of a holy being, which is alike the motive and the sanction of their conduct. Some of them give a genuine discipleship to the old classic ideals of beauty and justice. They prefer this to the personalized and too often the timid and obscurantist religion of the churches.

Other men in this group, not possessing as great intellectual power or as keen scientific interests, hold aloof from organized religion for æsthetic reasons. They are sensitive to the various aspects of beauty. Indeed, boys who understand the significance and value of the æsthetic world are rapidly on the increase in this group. To them the stenciled

walls and carpeted floors, the anomalous furnishings and frock-coated officials, the popular romantic and quite irreligious music of the average Protestant sanctuary are both ludicrous and repellent. With all the joyous cruelty of youth they pitilessly analyze and condemn it.

More and more the college is training these abler youth to a critical appreciation of the intimate and significant relationship between sublime ideas and deep emotions and a restrained and beautiful, an austere and reverent, expression of them. The very age itself, with its immensely increased interest in the dramatic and plastic and descriptive arts, tends more and more to feed their imaginative life and to make the standards of that life more consciously exacting. But our average non-liturgical service has not much to offer their critically trained perceptions. They find little of beauty or of awe in the Sunday morning service. Indeed our church habits are pretty largely the transfer into the sanctuary of the hearty conventions of middle-class family life. The expressions and attitudes of life which are precious to such youth, the subtle and precise and mystical ones get small recognition here. They feel like uncomfortable outsiders or truculent misfits in the Sunday morning congregation. Therefore, partly for reasons of intellectual integrity and partly for reasons of a genuine æsthetic distaste and partly because organized religion has been crowded out by other interests which also feed mind and spirit, they avoid the Christian church. It does not seem to move in their world. They are quite aware that it tries to stand for, and once did stand for, real values. They, too, think those values are real but that they are no longer within its custody.

It is conceded that very few of the abler men in college today, either the students of distinguished intellectual or crea-

tive capacity, are turning toward the Christian ministry. It does not seem to me difficult in the light of what we have been saying to understand why. It is not because these men are devoid of religious capacity or of ethical loyalties. Quite the contrary; they are the men who are going to be the leaders of the higher life of their generation. But modern life offers many new professions and occupations into which imaginative spirits and keen minds may enter. The new engineering professions, the opportunities of big business, give scope for the work of the constructive imagination and the analysis of the keen mind, which an earlier and simpler age denied. Political and economic reform call for the highest moral and mental qualities. Hence it is not altogether consonant with the genius of our day that it should produce such conventionally religious spirits as mediæval civilization gave birth to. Nevertheless, the general defection of this group upon the Christian ministry and the churches is gravely significant as to the probable immediate future of organized religion. For if we have lost our hold upon men of this sort, then, whether or not we win the battle at any other point of the line, our real success in controlling the thought and feeling of society is problematical indeed. If we have lost these men as both laymen and leaders in the churches, all other gains are gravely diminished thereby.

It would not be true, I suppose, of this group, that they would say that the ministry is not a "man-sized" job. They began, in the first flush of intellectual activity in their Sophomore year, by saying that, but now they would be quite aware that religious and moral leadership of this generation offers a herculean task. But they have become indifferent to it and are rather of the conviction that the churches are neither able nor indeed anxious to really undertake it. There is plenty of

dormant religious capacity in this group, much unexpressed spiritual ability. But it regards the only ministry possible for it in this generation, because the only one compatible with clear thinking and fine feeling, as one outside of the ecclesiastical institution. This is obviously a half-truth, by no means a perfectly just attitude. But then all convictions are combinations of half-truths; vague hearsay, blank prejudice, fond fancy, are component parts of all our thinking and feeling. We shall never gain the men in this group by railing at them or by pitying ourselves for their unsympathetic attitude or by denying the large measure of justification that lies beneath it. If we ever do win back their allegiance it will be by a generous and frank appreciation of those very gifts of intellect and character which have turned them away. And we shall make a grave mistake if we suppose that in any age of the world keen minds and tempered spirits have been shut up to our expression of the higher life.

My general attitude must be clear from the foregoing observations. The attitude of college students toward organized religion is very far from what we should like it to be, but the trouble is not so much with these young men as with our own organizations. Able and sensitive youth are naturally religious. They are also naturally scrupulous that whatever of religion they bring themselves to openly espouse, shall be candid in spirit, intelligent in content, beautiful and dignified in expression. If there is to be again a warm and confident alliance between academic and ecclesiastical life and if the ablest youths are again to enter the ministry, the churches will have to change more than the colleges. In so far as religious institutions adapt their interpretations of religious experience to the world-view of to-day, according as they promulgate a moral code not formed to meet the problems

of a vanished and simpler order of society but adapted to the new and urgent problems of an urban and industrial civilization, and in so far as they can recognize that the beautiful has as much place in life as the holy and the good, they will interest and attract undergraduate life. There is an infinite pathos in the wistfulness with which many idealistic boys regard the church to-day as an organization hostile to mental freedom, indifferent to beauty, and insistent on a procrustean morality; there is something deeper than pathos in the indifference and almost contempt which exists between so many youth in the coming generation and the Christian church. In their heart of hearts these boys would like to worship, to believe, to openly espouse a holy and a sacrificial life. If that be true, what is the reason the church can do so little with them?

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY

THE GREAT ANALYSIS[1]

WILLIAM ARCHER

I

What is wrong with the world is its vastness. That is what hinders us from reducing the chaos of human affairs to a rational order. In relation to the solar system the earth is small; in relation to the universe, infinitesimal; but in relation to the mind of man it is bewilderingly huge and complicated. No human intellect has hitherto been able to conceive in any detail a rational world-order, for no human intellect has had the power of grasping a thousandth part of the factors in the problem. There have been Utopias in plenty, both in literature and in political experiment; but a Utopia is precisely a world-order in which the data of the problem are ignored.

The purpose of the present essay is to inquire whether the human mind must forever remain inadequate to the effort required to bring cosmos out of chaos—whether the time has not come (or is not approaching) when a world-order may be projected on the basis of a competent knowledge or forecast of all the factors. I suggest that a new instrument of precision lies ready to our hands, needing only an organizing genius, with a selected staff of assistants, to make effective use of it on a sufficiently comprehensive scale. It is no recondite or unfamiliar instrument: we employ it very frequently, in every-day affairs. But it is somewhat difficult to handle,

[1]Reprinted by permission from "The Great Analysis, a Plea for a Rational World Order," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

even on a small scale; and to apply it to the problem of world-order is a task, no doubt, for a giant brain. My humble design, in the meantime, is to give, mayhap, a little twist in the right direction to one or other of the giant intellects which are possibly, and even probably, ripening around us.

What do we mean when we speak of world-order? The actual thing is so unrecorded in history, so remote from practical experience, that many people find it hard to grasp even the bare concept. I propose, then, to illustrate the concept on a greatly reduced and simplified scale.

II

Most of us have heard of Sir George Darwin's speculation that the moon consists of matter which, at some indefinitely remote period, flew off at a tangent from the earth, leaving a gap now occupied by the Pacific Ocean. Well, let us suppose that, one fine day, the county of York were in like manner to break loose from its moorings and drift away into space, until it reached a point at which the balance of forces, rounding it as on a turning-lathe, set it rotating, a second satellite, between the moon and the earth. Let us suppose that its climatic conditions remained practically unaltered, and that it took its minerals along with it, and a due allowance of sea. Let us suppose, moreover, that the disruption from the earth produced no instant or startling change in the mental constitution of its inhabitants. We may also assume, what would probably be the fact, that the population, at the moment of severance, was fairly representative of the English people as a whole—of its virtues and vices, its ideals and prejudices, its talents and its limitations. And one thing more we must postulate—namely, that the libraries and laboratories of the errant region contained all that was

necessary to place its people fully abreast of modern science, research, and speculation.

Yorkshire, then, with its three and a half million inhabitants—its peers and merchant princes, its squirearchy and its clergy, its soldiers, its sailors, its fishermen, its villa residents, living on their dividends, its shopkeepers and its artisans, its workers in factories and foundries and mines, its unskilled laborers, its ploughmen and shepherds, the tramps on its country roads, and the grimy social sediment of its slums—this fragment of what we call European civilization would (by hypothesis) be swinging through space, a self-contained planeticule, cut off from all communication with the rest of the universe. In process of time, indeed, it might learn to exchange signals with its parent earth; but we assume that any transit of material objects, animate or inanimate, between our globe and its new satellite is forever out of the question.

What would ensue? As this is not a Utopian romance, I make no attempt to prophesy in detail. There would be a period, no doubt, of great confusion and suffering. Most of the luxuries of the rich, many of the necessaries or quasi-necessaries of the poor, would be suddenly cut off. There could be no replenishing of whatever stock happened to be in hand of wine, tobacco, rubber, petrol, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, oranges, lemons, bananas. Manufacturers would be cut off from almost all their markets. Famine could be avoided, if at all, only by the most drastic measures. Possibly the organizing talents of the county (let us continue to call it so) might get together, take command, as born leaders, of the police and military forces, seize all food-supplies, and dole out siege-rations, until the food-producing resources of the territory could be developed in proportion to the new claims upon

them. Possibly, on the other hand, the organizers might convince themselves that the county was essentially overpopulated, in relation to its inherent resources (even under intensive cultivation), and might decide that to fight against ultimately inevitable famine would only be to prolong the agony, widen the area of suffering, and postpone the eventual reorganization of life. In one way or another at any rate—whether by the elimination of the unfittest, or by the prompt and skilful utilization of natural resources, or, more probably, by both processes—some sort of balance would sooner or later be established between food and population; and, the transitional state of siege being over, Yorkshiremen might calmly and at leisure set about the reconstruction of their polity. How would it proceed?

III

Evidently a resolute effort would be made to set up anew the hierarchy of British society—the great landowner, the capitalist, the small landholder, the dividend-drawer, the tradesman, the artisan, the operative, the peasant, but this providential gradation, and the assumptions on which it rests, would have received a rude shock in the days of the disruption. Perhaps, if the "governing classes" had been wise in their generation, they might, instantly on the occurrence of the catastrophe, have organized a highly bribed army, and deliberately set about the protection of their privileges, at whatever cost of famine and slaughter the circumstances might entail. Had this endeavor succeeded, the resultant polity would have been a military oligarchy, ruling over a practically enslaved proletariat. But it is very doubtful whether, in these days of sentimental humanitarianism, the privileged classes would have stood together with sufficient unanimity

to make the attempt successful, or would have found among the non-privileged classes a sufficient number of mercenaries who could be bribed to do their dirty work. It is much more probable that whatever authorities came into power on the morrow of the disruption would act nominally, and (according to their lights) sincerely, in the interests of the whole community, and would be pretty loyally supported in so doing by the privileged classes. This is the state of things I have assumed above; and, this granted, it would be extremely difficult for society to settle down, after the period of stress was over, into its old pyramidal structure, with the territorial duke at its apex, and the hind and the casual laborer at its base.

Think of all the forces that would oppose themselves to a restoration of "the classes and the masses," and of the old concepts of the rights of property on which rests the scheme of social subordination!

The great principle that "a man can do what he likes with his own," suspended during the months or years of what may be called provisional (and provisioning) government, could never again resume its full authority. Landowners would have had to submit their land to the uses of the community, as they pleased, but employing it so as to produce, in due proportions, the greatest amount of the necessaries of life. The provisional ministry of agriculture would have ordained that so much land should lie in pasture for the due supply of meat, milk, leather, and wool, so much land should be devoted to cereals, so much to root-crops, so much to fibres (hemp and flax) in order to repair, so far as possible, the disappearance of cotton and silk—and none at all, that could be made productive, to non-productive uses. During the period of stress, the products of this communal agriculture

would pass into the communal stores, thence to be distributed on whatever principle the government might determine —no doubt a confessedly temporary and provisional principle. But when the time of stress was past, can it be supposed that the landlord would simply resume his right of demanding a tribute for the mere access to certain portions of his land, in order that he might, at his leisure, devote certain other portions to unproductive, and partly destructive, purposes of sport and recreation? Assuredly it is not to be supposed. Remember that the masks and disguises that hide the realities of territorial privilege would now be stripped off. Men driven off the land could not emigrate, for there would be no place to emigrate to. They could not herd into the cities, to scratch a precarious subsistence as parasites of the bloated host of machines; for mechanical industry, now ministering, with restricted raw material, to the definite demands of a county, instead of the indefinite demand of the world, would very soon shrink to such proportions as to make the amount of labor required accurately measurable and fairly stable. The margins and safety-valves, in short, which in some degree relax the pressure of "the landed interest" upon the body politic, would then have disappeared, and the real meaning of private property in land would, so to speak, be visible to the naked eye.

Consider, too, that the influences which now conspire with and bolster up "the landed interest" would then have lost much, if not all, of their power. Capital, almost swept out of existence in the catastrophe, could not possibly recover a tithe of its volume or its prestige. Cut off from his world-wide market, the manufacturer would be unable to amass huge wealth, to adopt a princely style of living as natural and proper to his class, and to claim the lion's share of the prod-

uct of labor as the just reward of his grandfather's or great-grandfather's "abstinence from consumption," and of his own business insight and organizing capacity. No longer hoping himself to take his place among the "landed" aristocracy, he would view the claims of that aristocracy with a dispassionately critical eye. No longer able to pretend, either to himself or to society, that the management of his business demanded Napoleonic genius, he would be the more readily content with a reasonable reward for such capacity and energy as it did actually require. No longer subject to the temptations of unlimited display and luxury, he would be the less likely to grudge labor the opportunity of a decent human existence.

Again, let us remember that the great dividend-drawing class, that bulwark of Things-As-They-Are, would practically have ceased to exist. This is the class, which, by dint of small abstinences and pettifogging parsimonies, has earned the right to exploit indefinitely the labor of the world. It is the giant expansion of enterprise—the weaving all over the earth of a network of railways, steamship lines, telegraph cables, and so forth—which has enabled this class, in initially rich and thrifty countries, to grow so enormously. But the villadom of Yorkshire would now be cut off from its sources of supply. Its Fortunatus's purse would be snatched from its grasp; and within the county, now isled in space, there would be no room for such rapid expansion of enterprise as would provide profitable investment for new savings, even supposing saving to be possible. This whole class, therefore, would find itself willy-nilly transferred from the camp of Capital into that of Labor, and its influence, if it came to a question either of voting or of fighting, would go against the re-establishment of a monopoly in land. Further, the men-

tion of fighting reminds us that privilege would no longer be protected by a standing army. We have put aside as highly improbable the hypothesis that the privileged few would have the presence of mind to intrench themselves from the outset behind a force of lavishly bribed mercenaries; and if once they let slip that opportunity—if once they admitted the idea of organization with a single view to the general weal—they could find no plausible excuse for the maintenance or revival of the military profession. The armies of to-day are maintained primarily and ostensibly to guard against foreign aggression; but their equally real though not commonly avowed function is to support the police in enforcing the rights of property. In our insulated county, far from the madding crowd of jealous nations and hostile races, there would be no possibility of foreign aggression, and consequently no excuse for maintaining an army or navy. We need not speculate as to how far the removal of these burdens would go toward the restoration of economic prosperity; for that is not the present point. The point is that the privileged classes could scarcely come to the county government, organized for the general welfare, and say: "Your measures are threatening our privileges: we demand that you shall withdraw from productive employment so-and-so many thousand men, who shall protect us, by aid of blood and iron if necessary, against your encroachments upon our ancestral rights." Such a demand would be too paradoxical for consideration. Moreover, foreign aggression, as a factor in the problem of state, being once for all cancelled, the common plea for an endowed aristocracy, that it gives its best blood for the defense of the country, would thereby fall to the ground. All those partly real, but mainly fallacious, arguments for Things-As-They-Are, drawn from the unstable and threatening aspect of inter-

national relations, would lose whatever force they possess. The disruption would have cleaned the slate of these, as of so many other, prejudices, sophisms, hypocrisies, illusions.

A clean slate! That is what the organizing intelligence of the county would start from in its work of reconstruction. I am conscious that in the foregoing speculations I have now and then suffered my own prejudices to anticipate, by implication, the reconstructive work. I have spoken as if the slate would not be clean, but inscribed with certain foregone ideas and principles. This has been, I believe, inevitable; but it has in some degree obscured the true purport of my argument. Let me, then, repeat and insist that I do not set up for a sociological prophet, and do not take my stand on the plausibility of any detail in my forecast. What I have sought to do is simply (for purposes that will presently appear) to stimulate the reader's imagination of a segregated community, limited in size, provided with all the mental resources, and most of the material equipment, of modern science, and uprooted, by a great convulsion, not only from its geographical environments, but from all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and habitual forms of thought. I beg the reader to conceive such a community recovering from its first bewilderment and disarray, and settling down, on the assumption, as nearly as possible, of the "clean slate," to the reordering of its polity. What might we reasonably expect to be the process of that reordering?

IV

We need not pause to speculate upon the composition of the Organizing Body, or the method of its appointment. It would either be a very small Committee, or (more probably, perhaps) a Dictator with certain councillors or assessors. At

any rate, we assume that some group of men (and women?) capable, not merely of voting "aye" or "no" on a cut-and-dried proposition, but of sustained and accurate collective thinking, is intrusted with the task of planning the new order of things, with a view to what we may vaguely describe for the present as the Common Weal.

What would be the determining feature of their position, as compared with that of any of the Constituent Assemblies of history, whether in Philadelphia, in Paris, or elsewhere? Surely this: that they would be confronted with a task of *manageable magnitude*. They would have an entire and perfect globule to deal with, instead of a segment of a globe. From the polity of this globule, many of the most perplexing factors of globe-politics would (by hypothesis) be eliminated. There would be no disparities of race or color; no (real or imaginary) superiority of one complexion over another; no tribal antipathies to be reckoned with; no "backward" peoples to be brought into line. There would be no differences of languages to impede understanding, and create misunderstanding, between parish and parish. There would be no ancestral feuds, no historical jealousies of any importance, between one region and another. There would be no artificial barriers between region and region, making it seem that the gain of one must be the other's loss, and that the only way to enrich yourself is to impoverish your neighbor. As there would be no possibility of aggression from without, there would be no burden of armaments, and no military caste whose prospects of honor and advancement lay in the fomenting of bellicose feeling. There would be no great differences of climate, begetting such differences of temperament and character as could not possibly be reduced to a common measure. There would be differences of religion, no doubt,

but none so aggressive as to imperil the great principle of "live and let live."

The problem, in short, would be neither interracial, nor international, nor military, nor religious: it would be simply social and economic. Which means that, fundamentally, it would be a problem of economics alone, but of economics viewed, not as the science of wealth, but as the science of well-being.

Now it would not be overwhelmingly difficult—it would demand no superhuman brain—to co-ordinate in one survey all the elements of the situation. The material elements would be pretty easily summed up. There would be a territory of so many thousand acres, divisible into various grades of fertility, and suited in such-and-such proportions for the cultivation of such-and-such products. The actual fertility could be increased by known methods of intensive cultivation to such-and-such a degree in such-and-such a time: further improvements in agriculture and stock-breeding might be vaguely anticipated but must not, for the moment, be counted on. The ascertained mineral resources of the county would be sufficient for so-and-so many years at such-and-such a rate of consumption. Specialists would have to be consulted as to the likelihood that further stores awaited discovery, or that science would provide substitutes for coal before the known veins were exhausted; and policy would have to be guided by what seemed "the better opinion" on these points. An almost complete census could be taken, in fact, of the potentialities of the country, in regard both to those forms of wealth which reproduce themselves and to those which do not; and the further problem would be to regulate their production and distribution in accordance with the best interests of the community.

But this would leave the crux of the problem untouched: What are the best interests of the community? What is meant by the phrase used vaguely and provisionally above: the Common Weal? Here the Constituent Body would have to embark on a psychological inquiry, and that in two branches: First, what would be fundamentally and ultimately the highest good of the community? Second, what instalment of that highest good was practicably possible, and could be rendered acceptable, to the existing generation?

The inquirers would doubtless be met on the threshold by the plausible phrase, "the greatest good of the greatest number," and would fall to analyzing it. Should they take it as meaning that the ideal of statecraft should be to foster, upon a given territory, "the greatest quantity of human life that it could be made to support in fair material comfort"? Or should it rather be held to imply "the greatest quantity of human life compatible with the highest physical and spiritual development of the individual"?

On the former assumption, their course would at first, at any rate, be comparatively clear. The problem would simply be to utilize to the utmost the food-and-warmth producing potentialities of the county, making the most of every cultivable rood, sacrificing nothing to beauty, and no more to recreation than was absolutely necessary in the interests of health. Agriculture and manufactures would be so organized that every able-bodied person, by a short day of labor, could support himself or herself, with a certain number of youthful and aged dependents, on something like the present scale of middle-class decency and comfort. Education would be strictly utilitarian; and while science would be treated with some liberality, art would decline to the level of the cinematograph, the colored supplement, and the novelette. Exist-

ing treasures of painting and sculpture would be gathered in Museums (such, perhaps, as Castle Howard or Wentworth Woodhouse), but they would probably be little frequented. A smug prosperity, in a world as nearly as possible divested of hope and fear and ambition, would be the goal of statecraft. When once the routine of life was established, the chief difficulty would be to maintain the just balance between population and subsistence; for the people of such a lubberland would probably show a constant tendency to breed beyond the margin fixed by the established standard of comfort.

If, on the other hand, the Organizing Body adopted the second interpretation of "the greatest good of the greatest number," and sought their ideal in intensity of human experience rather than mere quantity of human life, their task would be very much more complex and difficult. It would be one, not of more scientific adjustment of mouths to means, but rather of artistic social construction, always based, of course, on scientific recognition of material and psychological facts. It would be manifest from the outset that no dead level of equality should be aimed at. No man should have the right to claim tribute from another for access to his fair share in the reproductive powers of nature, or should be enabled to make a "corner" of private ownership in mineral wealth. But equal economic opportunity does not imply equality of social service, or of reward. There would be a clearly marked gradation in the dignity and worth of human employments, proportioned to the rarity of the endowment, and the arduousness of the preparation, demanded for them. It would be difficult, no doubt, to measure the worth to the community of artistic products; there would always be lively discussions and heart-burnings on the subject, to diversify

life: but some workable method would assuredly suggest itself when the need arose. At any rate, life-supporting space would be freely sacrificed to life-ennobling space: visible beauty and adequate elbow-room would take high rank among the necessaries of existence; and the reward of exceptional service to the commonweal would be found, not in the means to indulge in ostentatious and senseless luxury, but in the right to lead a life of exceptional spaciousness and dignity, among exceptionally beautiful surroundings. There would always, or at any rate for many generations, be a majority of mediocrity in the state—a populace content with common employment, and its common reward in the shape of ordinary comfort and pastime. Whether there would ever come a levelling-up, which would bring all to some sort of equality on the heights, is a subject for remote speculation; but there would be no need for a levelling-down, which should bring all to a flat stagnation in the depths. There would be room for ambition, room for achievement, room for renown. Men do not in their hearts believe in, or desire, equality. They love to look up and admire: so much so that, in the absence of what is fine and noble, they will admire what is tawdry and base. They do not desire to live like mites in a cheese. When once they can all live like human beings, they will be not only content, but happy, that the master-spirits among them should move in loftier regions, like the demigods of old.

And in such a polity as this, where elbow-room was recognized as one of the indispensable conditions of the seemliness of life, the population question would probably give no trouble. How far eugenics would be a matter of state regulation, and how far it would be left to the growth of enlightened sentiment, I do not attempt to conjecture.

V

Again I have suffered my own prejudices and preconceptions to peep through rather obtrusively. But again I beg the reader to remember that they are not the essential stuff of my argument. My forecast of the probable trend of thought in the Organizing Body may be extremely shallow and unconvincing. That does not matter. My purpose was not to persuade the reader—how could I?—that the Organizers would arrive at such-and-such results, but simply to indicate, in broad outline, the topics of their deliberations. What I am endeavoring to show is that, in an absolutely isolated community of the size of Yorkshire, it would be possible, not only to think out in detail the problems of the commonweal, but to place the solutions convincingly before the intelligence of the people, so that all should take conscious and understanding part in whatever experiments of social organization were decided upon. The organization should, of course, be confessedly experimental. It would be absurd to suggest that any human intellect or intellects could think out a system perfect in all its parts, that could be made to function smoothly from the very outset, like a well-oiled machine. Such a system, indeed, would be manifestly imperfect if it purported to be rigid and to possess no elasticity. There would be room for a thousand afterthoughts and readjustments. No one can absolutely foresee how the human character will react to untried conditions. But it would be well within the power of the Organizers to foresee and prepare for all probable eventualities, and even to adjust matters so that the readjustment necessitated by an unforeseen eventuality might be effected without throwing the system, as a whole, out of gear. "Politics" would thus mean rational experimenting in the light in-

stead of wrangling over the next leap in the dark. The conditions of any given experiment would be clearly defined, its results accurately measured and appraised. Where there was no conflict of class interests, and no suspicion that one party or group was trying to overreach another, experiments could be carried out with a single eye to the commonweal, and a dissenting minority could register its protest without turbulence, claiming to have the issue tried over again, under certain conditions, and after a certain time. The state would be a measurable, manageable entity, like a joint-stock company governed by an energetic, clear-headed, far-sighted Board of Directors. The principle of what is known in America as Scientific Management would be recognized in all departments—the principle that, while there are many wrong, wasteful, rule-of-thumb ways of doing a thing, there is only one economical, elegant, right way, and it is always worth while, by patient experiment, to ascertain and master that process. The whole community would be consciously knit together in a league for the commonweal; and though debates would arise as to the true nature of the commonweal in this case and in that, the ever-present sense of solidarity of interest would divest them of acrimony, malice, and destructive passion.

In this globule and microcosm, in short, the human intellect would be able to grasp, master, control, and mould all the manifold constituents of human environment, character, and destiny. Man's mind would view in man's terrestrial lot a great and complex, but not an utterly overwhelming, problem. The intellect would approach its task with the confidence of a sculptor who sees before him a mighty mass of clay, yet not so huge as to appall and paralyze his energies. Already he divines in the vague the form, the symmetry, to

be evolved from it; and, as he settles to his toil, his nerves thrill with the joy of plastic energy. He knows the immutable laws of his material; and, under those laws, he knows that he can impress on this rude and formless mass the contours and proportions of organic life and beauty.

What is wrong with the world is its vastness. But is there no hope that we may ever reach out and grapple with this immensity? Has not the time come, or is it not at hand, for a Great Analysis and co-ordination of the factors of the world-problem? Is it inconceivable that some encyclopædic brain (with lesser intelligences working under its inspiration and control) should one day disentangle and master all the welter of terrestrial resources and potentialities, as we have supposed the Organizing Body to master and manipulate the resources and potentialities of our insulated Yorkshire?

I do not for a moment mean to imply that the establishment of an ordered world-state would immediately or very quickly follow the Great Analysis, and the theoretic forecast of a world-order. No amount of taking-thought will make the planet other than unwieldy and hard to manipulate. Even with modern methods of diffusion, thought-waves spread out slowly, and action lags still farther behind. I am far from suggesting that the most titanic intellect could, in a decade or a generation, remake world-polity, as Mutsuhito has remade the polity of Japan. The effect of the Great Analysis would not be revolutionary. But it would enable statesmen and nations to look far ahead, instead of groping along in the tangle of affairs. It would teach them to think in terms of centuries, instead of, at most, in terms of one or two decades. At present the world is like a motor-car without headlights, feeling its way by night along a road beset with snags and sloughs. The Great Analysis would throw a mighty beam

far into the future, enabling progress to forge ahead with a new speed, a new purposefulness, and a new security from quagmires, blind alleys, and precipices.

VI

There remain three factors in the world-problem which were absent from our illustration-in-little, but are enormously potent in the planetary scale. They are Nationality, Commercial Rivalry, and War.

They not only may, but must, be considered together: for the one includes the other, like a nest of Chinese boxes. Out of Nationality springs Commercial Rivalry, and out of Commercial Rivalry, War. For Commercial Rivalry it might be better, perhaps, to substitute a more general term—say, Economic Interest. Thus corrected, the above statement is almost literally exact. Nationality is the great bar to a consolidation of Economic Interests, and scarcely any motive is nowadays strong enough to lead to war, unless Economic Interest (real or imaginary) comes in to reinforce it.

What, then, in this all-important domain, would be the work of the Great Analysis? The answer is ludicrously obvious: to analyze the idea of Nationality, the idea of Economic Interest. Such analyses, it may be said, already exist in plenty, and lead to the most conflicting results. Yes: but which of them has been undertaken on the basis of exact measurements, under the rubrics provided by a complete world-survey, and with sufficient mental detachment from the very objects to be analyzed—Nationality and Economic Interest? In our illustrative Yorkshire, the great advantage of the Organizing Body lay in the fact that the disruption had uprooted all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and habitual forms of thought, or, in other words, had cleaned the mental

slate of the community. The very first step toward the Great Analysis would be for those engaged in it to undertake, in their own persons, a similar cleaning of the mental slate. This could not be effected without prayer and fasting—without an intense and heroic effort. But co-operation and mutual criticism would help, each investigator taking the beam out of his brother's eye, and having the mote, in turn, removed from his own. Let it not be objected that such an extirpation of prejudice would mean the ignoring of one of the decisive factors in the problem. A man may cast aside his own prejudice without forgetting or underrating its continued hold upon his neighbor's mind. And, the object of the whole endeavor being to place the human intelligence at a point of view from which it should see planetary affairs in a wider and juster perspective, how should our analysts hope to lead others to that point of view, without having first attained it themselves?

Can it be doubted that there is ample room, not to say urgent necessity, for what Nietzsche would have called a revaluing of political and economic values, and a re-education of our principalities and powers (individual or collective) in the light of that "tariff-revision"? Who has hitherto applied, in any systematic and comprehensive way, the one true standard of appraisement: to wit, human worth and well-being? We have constantly forgotten the end in our clinging to temporary and make-shift means, which we have come almost to deify, as ordinances handed down from heaven. Many of us even deny and deride the end, while we are prepared to vindicate with fury our vested interest in the means, as they take shape in this or that institution which has long survived any utility it may ever have possessed.

What is the general charactertistic of the political thought

which shapes what are called the practical politics of the world, at any rate in the international domain? Is it not an amazing short-sightedness, amounting in most cases to absolute inability to look more than a few years ahead? The great statesman is not he who gazes far into the future, but who sees clearly and estimates at their effective (as distinct from their ideal) worth the conflicting forces of the present. It is scarcely too much to say that the future, in any large sense of the word, does not exist for the political mind. The future at which the most far-sighted aims is only a slightly reformed present ("re-formed," sometimes, in a retrograde sense) which is to be, as Euclid says, produced to infinity. Mankind is always to be animated by the same stupidities and cupidities, the same traditions and superstitions. The idea that the future must be something immeasurably vaster, and may be something immeasurably wiser, than this groping, elbowing, snarling present of ours, has never dawned upon the political mind; much less the idea of fixing the view on a saner, nobler, not too distant future, and going forth to meet it. The typical diplomatist-politician lives from hand to mouth, on a set of ideas so old that it is high time they went to the public analyst, who should report as to whether they are still fit for human food.

These remarks apply mainly to international politics; of national politics it is possible, in some cases, to draw a less gloomy picture. Even a small measure of social justice or expediency may possibly be only an instalment of a larger scheme, present to the statesman's mind, but not yet ripe for disclosure. Perhaps it is not altogether too optimistic to imagine that the larger scheme may in some cases be based on a philosophic realization of the one thing needful—the enhancement of the worth of human life. But in international

politics who can trace the faintest glimmer of any such conception? Statesmen may, perhaps, think a few years or a few decades ahead; but their schemes are inspired by sheer national egoism and ambition, expressing itself in high-sounding ready-made phrases, the true import of which they have never sought to penetrate. To call this egoism "national" is, indeed, to flatter it. In nine cases out of ten it is essentially class-egoism or party-egoism, which has given no real thought—though it may pay perfunctory and hypocritical lip-homage—to the good of the nation as a whole. It is appalling to picture the condition of the minds the fifteen or twenty brains, under as many helmets or shakos or ministerial cocked-hats—in which the immediate destinies of Europe are at this moment shaping themselves. Some of these men, no doubt, are thoroughly well-meaning, and sincerely bent on doing as little harm as possible. But is there one to whom we can look with the faintest gleam of hope for a world-shaping, world-redeeming thought? Is there one who has shown any sense of the new conditions of planetary life, the vast new issues opening out before the human race? Is there one whom we can believe to have thought out, sincerely and competently, the meaning of the phrases on which his foreign policy is based? Is there one from whom we could with any confidence expect an original and enlightened view of his own country's interests, let alone any wider outlook? Is there one, to sum up, who has given proof of a mental caliber at all commensurate with his power and his responsibility? If such an one there be, he is certainly not among the active, aggressive "makers of history," but among the comparatively passive groups whose part it is to look on and try to prevent the worst sort of mischief.

We must not, however, be too hard on our purblind prin-

cipalities and powers. It is not their fault that they have been born into a world too vast and complex for their rational apprehension. It is just here that the Great Analysis must come to the rescue; and the very point of my argument is that it must be a huge co-operative effort, even if it be organized by one supreme intelligence. It would be fantastic to look for that intelligence among the Crowned Heads of Europe.

VII

Perhaps the best order for investigation to pursue would be to start with the innermost of the Chinese boxes, and work back from an analysis of the economics of war, to the larger subject of economic interest in general, and the still larger subject of nationality and the price we pay for it. Who gains by war? Putting aside altogether its horrors and agonies—assuming, for the sake of argument, that it is carried on by insentient puppets, like a game of chess—is the profit of even a successful war sufficiently large and sufficiently distributed to make it worth the expense and toil of previous preparation, and the still greater expense and toil of guarding and securing whatever advantage has been gained? I am far from taking it for granted that the answer to this question would necessarily be a sweeping negative; but it would surely appear that, in these days of fabulously expensive armament and apparatus, and ever more intricate financial interrelations, the possible advantages of war to any class of any community were becoming increasingly dubious. The Franco-German War is commonly cited as one from which the victor reaped huge and conspicuous gains. The Franco-German War, be it noted, took place nearly half a century ago; but, even so, I should very much like to see a searching analysis of its vaunted profits. It is true that the conditions

were exceptionally favorable to profit-making. The war was short, the collapse of the enemy complete, the territorial acquisition large, the indemnity enormous. But was the territorial acquisition a true gain to any human being? Is it fair to attribute the industrial growth and expansion of Germany wholly, or in any determining measure, to the influence of the war? How many times over has the indemnity been absorbed by the direct and indirect expense involved in guarding the spoils? And is the account yet closed? Even if the balance stands to-day somewhat to the credit side, may there not be huge sums of compound interest to be paid in the future for those months of inebriating triumph? As one walks the streets of Berlin, and sees at every corner some bronze colossus sending up its silent shout of "Victory!" to the inscrutable heavens, one wonders how the German "philolog" of to-day expounds to his students the myth of Nemesis.

And these doubts and hesitations, be it noted, merely concern the question of gross profits as recorded in columns of statistics. The Great Analysis would be a futility indeed if it took statistics at their face value, and did not translate them into terms of human well-being. The results of the investigation would probably be still more dubious when the distribution of the profits came to be considered, and their influence upon the actual worth of human life. I am not assuming (as some people do) that the dreamy, idealistic, provincial, antebellum German was a happier or a better man than the hustling, aggressive, cosmopolitan German of to-day. The idealist, in so far as he existed at all, was probably doomed to go under in the mere march of human affairs, war or no war. What I do suggest is that investigation might possibly show that, for the mass of the German people, the stress and strain of life had increased out of all proportion to any increase in

its interest, pleasure, or comfort—in short, in either its spiritual or its animal satisfactions. It would not improbably be found that the French milliards, in so far as they reached the pockets of the German people at all, went to swell the tide of luxury and vulgar ostentation, not to relieve the burdens, or dignify the lives, of the masses. They may have helped to make of Berlin a flaunting, swaggering, champagne-bibbing European capital, in place of the unpretentious *Residenz* of old; but have they enhanced the general worth of life for the bulk of the German nation? The efficiency which one so often admires, not without envy, in Germany, is no product of the war: rather, the war was a product of the efficiency. As for the rapid growth of population, we must think twice before we accept that as a proof of general well-being. It is often the most miserable household that is the most prolific.

I would be understood as suggesting the heads of a possible analysis, not forestalling its results. It is quite probable that in this particular instance—an exceptionally favorable one for the believer in the benefits of war—a good case could be made out for an ultimate balance of profit. Still more probably might it be demonstrated that, with an unscrupulous mock-Napoleon seated on the throne of France, war was, for Germany, the less of two evils. This argument may sometimes be advanced with speciousness, and possibly with justice, while the world-will remains at sixes and sevens, and the world-conscience, though perhaps moving in the womb of time, is certainly as yet unborn. But that only brings home to us the urgent necessity for a systematic effort to harmonize the distracted will by proposing to it a largely conceived, rational design, and at the same time to expedite the birth of a collective conscience. It is a monstrous and intolerable thought that civilization may at any moment be hurled half-

way back to barbarism by some scheming adventurer, some superstitious madman, or simply a pompous, well-meaning busybody. There is a great deal of common sense in the world, if only it could be organized to the rational end. But while we are wholly in doubt as to whither we are going, it is no wonder if we quarrel as to how we are to get there, and are never secure against the baneful influence of crazes, hallucinations, sophistries, catchwords, and that tribal vanity which, under the name of patriotism, works far more insidious mischief than personal conceit.

VIII

One thing, however, I do venture to prophesy—namely, that the study of all international problems, with that of war at their head, will be found to lead back to the one great problem—neither national nor international, but fundamental—of the distribution of wealth. I am even tempted to lay down an axiom, to this effect: "When the profits of war (if any) are distributed with a reasonable approach to justice, no one will any longer want to make war." In other words, the profits of war—and that term, of course, includes "armed peace," with its ever-recurring games of bluff in pursuit of some economic advantage—the profits of war go to widen the gap between the "haves" and "have nots." They may give room for an increase in the numbers of the proletariat; they do not better its condition.

We are back, then, at our starting-point. We find, after reviewing the main factors of complication, that the fundamental problem of the Great Analysis is precisely that which confronted the Organizers of our hypothetical Yorkshire—the establishment of a reasonable equilibrium between the resources of the planet and the drafts upon them, between Com-

modities and Consumption, or, in the most general terms, between Nature and Human Life. It is evident, if we only think of it, that such an equilibrium can and must be established, unless the history of the world is to be one long series of oscillations between nascent order and devouring chaos. Hitherto, as above indicated, the necessary data for the equation have been unattainable. We simply did not know the world we lived in. Now that we possess, or are in a fair way of attaining, an adequate knowledge of the data, we cannot too soon set about working out the equation—in the first place on paper. The sooner we see our way (however roughly outlined) to a rational world-order, the more chance is there of preventing a catastrophic swing of the pendulum.

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE COLLEGE-BRED[1]

WILLIAM JAMES

An address before The Association of American Alumnæ, at Radcliffe College, 1907

Of what use is a college training? We who have had it seldom hear the question raised—we might be a little nonplussed to answer it offhand. A certain amount of meditation has brought me to this as the pithiest reply which I myself can give: The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you is this: that it should *help you to know a good man when you see him.* This is as true of women's as of men's colleges; but that it is neither a joke nor a one-sided abstraction I shall now endeavor to show.

What talk do we commonly hear about the contrast between college education and the education which business or technical or professional schools confer? The college education is called higher because it is supposed to be so general and so disinterested. At the "schools" you get a relatively narrow practical skill, you are told, whereas the "colleges" give you the more liberal culture, the broader outlook, the historical perspective, the philosophic atmosphere, or something which phrases of that sort try to express. You are made into an efficient instrument for doing a definite thing, you hear, at the schools; but, apart from that, you may remain a crude and smoky kind of petroleum, incapable of spreading light. The universities and colleges, on the other hand, although they may leave you less efficient for this or that practical task,

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suffuse your whole mentality with something more important than skill. They redeem you, make you well-bred; they make "good company" of you mentally. If they find you with a naturally boorish or caddish mind, they cannot leave you so, as a technical school may leave you. This, at least, is pretended; this is what we hear among college-trained people when they compare their education with every other sort. Now, exactly how much does this signify?

It is certain, to begin with, that the narrowest trade or professional training does something more for a man than to make a skilful practical tool of him—it makes him also a judge of other men's skill. Whether his trade be pleading at the bar or surgery or plastering or plumbing, it develops a critical sense in him for that sort of occupation. He understands the difference between second-rate and first-rate work in his whole branch of industry; he gets to know a good job in his own line as soon as he sees it; and getting to know this in his own line, he gets a faint sense of what good work may mean anyhow, that may, if circumstances favor, spread into his judgments elsewhere. Sound work, clean work, finished work: feeble work, slack work, sham work—these words express an identical contrast in many different departments of activity. In so far forth, then, even the humblest manual trade may beget in one a certain small degree of power to judge of good work generally.

Now, what is supposed to be the line of us who have the higher college training? Is there any broader line—since our education claims primarily not to be "narrow"—in which we also are made good judges between what is first-rate and what is second-rate only? What is especially taught in the colleges has long been known by the name of the "humanities," and these are often identified with Greek and Latin.

But it is only as literatures, not as languages, that Greek and Latin have any general humanity value; so that in a broad sense the humanities mean literature primarily, and in a still broader sense, the study of masterpieces in almost any field of human endeavor. Literature keeps the primacy; for it not only *consists* of masterpieces, but is largely *about* masterpieces, being little more than an appreciative chronicle of human master-strokes, so far as it takes the form of criticism and history. You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically. Geology, economics, mechanics, are humanities when taught with reference to the successive achievements of the geniuses to which these sciences owe their being. Not taught thus, literature remains grammar, art a catalogue, history a list of dates, and natural science a sheet of formulas and weights and measures.

The sifting of human creations—nothing less than this is what we ought to mean by the humanities. Essentially this means biography; what our colleges should teach is, therefore, biographical history, not that of politics merely, but of anything and everything so far as human efforts and conquests are factors that have played their part. Studying in this way, we learn what types of activity have stood the test of time; we acquire standards of the excellent and durable. All our arts and sciences and institutions are but so many quests of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms "better" and "worse" may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow both more acute and less fanatical. We sympathize with men's mistakes even in the act of penetrating them; we feel the pathos of lost causes and misguided epochs even while we applaud what overcame them.

Such words are vague and such ideas are inadequate, but their meaning is unmistakable. What the colleges—teaching humanities by examples which may be special, but which must be typical and pregnant—should at least try to give us, is a general sense of what, under various disguises, *superiority* has always signified and may still signify. The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom. Some of us are wise in this way naturally and by genius; some of us never become so. But to have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labelled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education.

The sense for human superiority ought, then, to be considered our line, as boring subways is the engineer's line and the surgeon's is appendicitis. Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities, and a disgust for cheapjacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference of quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs about us. Expertness in this might well atone for some of our awkwardness at accounts, for some of our ignorance of dynamos. The best claim we can make for the higher education, the best single phrase in which we can tell what it ought to do for us, is, then, exactly what I said: it should enable us to *know a good man when we see him.*

That the phrase is anything but an empty epigram follows

from the fact that if you ask in what line it is most important that a democracy like ours should have its sons and daughters skilful, you see that it is this line more than any other. "The people in their wisdom"—this is the kind of wisdom most needed by the people. Democracy is on its trial, and no one knows how it will stand the ordeal. Abounding about us are pessimistic prophets. Fickleness and violence used to be, but are no longer, the vices which they charge to democracy. What its critics now affirm is that its preferences are inveterately for the inferior. So it was in the beginning, they say, and so it will be world without end. Vulgarity enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell us, is our irremediable destiny; and the picture papers of the European continent are already drawing Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle as his heraldic emblem. The privileged aristocracies of the foretime, with all their iniquities, did at least preserve some taste for higher human quality and honor certain forms of refinement by their enduring traditions. But when democracy is sovereign, its doubters say, nobility will form a sort of invisible church, and sincerity and refinement, stripped of honor, precedence, and favor, will have to vegetate on sufferance in private corners. They will have no general influence. They will be harmless eccentricities.

Now who can be absolutely certain that this may not be the career of democracy? Nothing future is quite secure; states enough have inwardly rotted, and democracy as a whole may undergo self-poisoning. But, on the other hand, democracy is a kind of religion, and we are bound not to admit its failure. Faiths and Utopias are the noblest exercise of human reason, and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture. The best

of us are filled with a contrary vision of a democracy stumbling through every error till its institutions glow with justice and its customs shine with beauty. Our better men *shall* show the way and we *shall* follow them; so we are brought round again to the mission of the higher education in helping us to know the better kind of man whenever we see him.

The notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.* Our democratic problem thus is statable in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the *X* and the *Y* of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political, or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

In this very simple way does the value of our educated class define itself: we more than others should be able to divine the worthier and better leaders. The terms here are monstrously simplified, of course, but such a bird's-eye view lets us immediately take our bearings. In our democracy, where everything else is so shifting, we alumni and alumnæ of the colleges are the only permanent presence that corresponds to the aristocracy in older countries. We have continuous traditions, as they have; our motto, too, is *noblesse oblige:* and, unlike them, we stand for ideal interests solely, for we have no corporate selfishness, and wield no powers of corruption.

We ought to have our own class-consciousness. "Les intellectuels"! What prouder club-name could there be than this one, used ironically by the party of "red blood," the party of every stupid prejudice and passion, during the anti-Dreyfus craze, to satirize the men in France who still retained some critical sense and judgment! Critical sense, it has to be confessed, is not an exciting term, hardly a banner to carry in processions. Affections for old habit, currents of self-interest, and gales of passion are the forces that keep the human ship moving; and the pressure of the judicious pilot's hand upon the tiller is a relatively insignificant energy. But the affections, passions, and interest are shifting, successive, and distraught; they blow in alternation while the pilot's hand is steadfast. He knows the compass, and, with all the leeways he is obliged to tack toward, he always makes some headway. A small force, if it never lets up, will accumulate effects more considerable than those of much greater forces if these work inconsistently. The ceaseless whisper of the more permanent ideals, the steady tug of truth and justice, give them but time, *must* warp the world in their direction.

This bird's-eye view of the general steering function of the college-bred amid the driftings of democracy ought to help us to a wider vision of what our colleges themselves should aim at. If we are to be the yeast-cake for democracy's dough, if we are to make it rise with culture's preferences, we must see to it that culture spreads broad sails. We must shake the old double reefs out of the canvas into the wind and sunshine, and let in every modern subject, sure that any subject will prove humanistic, if its setting be kept only wide enough.

Stevenson says somewhere to his reader: "You think you are just making this bargain, but you are really laying down

a link in the policy of mankind." Well, your technical school should enable you to make your bargain splendidly; but your college should show you just the place of that kind of bargain—a pretty poor place, possibly—in the whole policy of mankind. That is the kind of liberal outlook, of perspective, of atmosphere, which should surround every subject as a college deals with it.

We of the colleges must eradicate a curious notion which numbers of good people have about such ancient seats of learning as Harvard. To many ignorant outsiders, that name suggests little more than a kind of sterilized conceit and incapacity for being pleased. In Edith Wyatt's exquisite book of Chicago sketches called "Every One His Own Way," there is a couple who stand for culture in the sense of exclusiveness, Richard Elliot and his feminine counterpart—feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know any good thing when they see it, incapable of enjoyment, unless a printed label gives them leave. Possibly this type of culture may exist near Cambridge and Boston, there may be specimens there, for priggishness is just like painter's colic or any other trade-disease. But every good college makes its students immune against this malady, of which the microbe haunts the neighborhood-printed pages. It does so by its general tone being too hearty for the microbe's life. Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robuster tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops: democracy gives it a wide berth, turns toward it a deaf ear.

"Tone," to be sure, is a terribly vague word to use, but

there is no other, and this whole meditation is over questions of tone. By their tone are all things human either lost or saved. If democracy is to be saved, it must catch the higher, healthier tone. If we are to impress it with our preferences, we ourselves must use the proper tone, which we, in turn, must have caught from our own teachers. It all reverts in the end to the action of innumerable imitative individuals upon each other and to the question of whose tone has the highest spreading power. As a class, we college graduates should look to it that *ours* has spreading power. It ought to have the highest spreading power.

In our essential function of indicating the better men, we now have formidable competitors outside. *McClure's Magazine, The American Magazine, Collier's Weekly,* and, in its fashion, *The World's Work,* constitute together a real popular university along this very line. It would be a pity if any future historian were to have to write words like these: "By the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States. But the mission of raising the tone of democracy, which they had proved themselves so lamentably unfitted to exert, was assumed with rare enthusiasm and prosecuted with extraordinary skill and success by a new educational power; and for the clarification of their human sympathies and elevation of their human preferences, the people at large acquired the habit of resorting exclusively to the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of ten-cent magazines."

Must not we of the colleges see to it that no historian shall ever say anything like this? Vague as the phrase of knowing a good man when you see him may be, diffuse and indefinite

as one must leave its application, is there any other formula that describes so well the result at which our institutions *ought* to aim? If they do that, they do the best thing conceivable. If they fail to do it, they fail in every deed. It surely is a fine synthetic formula. If our faculties and graduates could once collectively come to realize it as the great underlying purpose toward which they have always been more or less obscurely groping, a great clearness would be shed over many of their problems; and, as for their influence in the midst of our social system, it would embark upon a new career of strength.

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS[1]

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The belief in Progress, not as an ideal but as an indisputable fact, not as a task for humanity but as a law of nature, has been the working faith of the West for about a hundred and fifty years. Some would have us believe that it is a long neglected part of the Christian revelation, others that it is a modern discovery. The ancient Pagans, we are told, put their Golden Age in the past; we put ours in the future. The Greeks prided themselves on being the degenerate descendants of gods, we on being the very creditable descendants of monkeys. The Romans endeavored to preserve the wisdom and virtue of the past, we to anticipate the wisdom and virtue of the future. This, however, is an exaggeration. The theory of progress and the theory of decadence are equally natural, and have in fact been held concurrently wherever men have speculated about their origin, their present condition, and their future prospects. Among the Jews the theory of decadence derived an inspired authority from Genesis, but the story of the Fall had very little influence upon the thought of that tenaciously optimistic race. Among the Greeks, who had the melancholy as well as the buoyancy of youth, it was authorized by Hesiod, whose scheme of retrogression from the age of gold to the age of iron was never forgotten in antiquity. Sophocles, in a well-known chorus imitated by Ba-

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con, holds that the best fate for men is "not to be born, or being born to die." Aratus develops the pessimistic mythology of Hesiod. In the Golden Age Dike or Astræa wandered about the earth freely; in the Silver Age her visits became fewer, and in the Brazen Age she set out for heaven and became the constellation Virgo. Perhaps Horace had read the lament of the goddess: "What a race the golden sires have left—worse than their fathers; and your offspring will be baser still." In the third century after Christ, when civilization was really crumbling, Pagans and Christians join in a chorus of woe. On the other side, the triumphs of man over nature are celebrated by the great tragedians, and the Introduction to the First Book of Thucydides sketches the past history of Greece in the spirit of the nineteenth century. Lucretius has delighted our anthropologists by his brilliant and by no means idealized description of savage life, and it is to him that we owe the blessed word Progress in its modern sense.

> *Usus et impigrae simul experientia mentis*
> *paulatim docuit pedetemtim progredientes.*
> *Sic unum quicquid paulatim protrahit aetas*
> *in medium, ratioque in luminis erigit oras.*

Pliny believes that each age is better than the last. Seneca in a treatise, parts of which were read in the Middle Ages, reminds us that "not a thousand years have passed since Greece counted and named the stars, and it is only recently that we have learned why the moon is eclipsed. Posterity will be amazed that we did not know some things that will be obvious to them." "The World," he adds, "is a poor affair if it does not contain matter for investigation for men in every age. We imagine that we are initiated into the mysteries of Nature; but we are still hanging about her outer courts."

These last are memorable utterances, even if Seneca confines his optimism to the pleasure of exploring Nature's secrets. The difference between Rousseau, who admired the simple life, and Condorcet, who believed in modern civilization, was no new one; it was a common theme of discussion in antiquity, and the ancients were well aware that the same process may be called either progress or decline. As Freeman says, "In history every step in advance has also been a step backward." (The picture is a little difficut to visualize, but the meaning is plain.) The fruit of the tree of knowledge always drives man from some paradise or other; and even the paradise of fools is not an unpleasant abode while it is habitable. Few emblematic pictures are more striking than the Melencolia (as he spells it) of Dürer, representing the Spirit of the race sitting mournfully among all her inventions: and this was at the *beginning* of the age of discovery! But the deepest thought of antiquity was neither optimistic nor pessimistic. It was that progress and retrogression are only the incoming and outgoing tide in an unchanging sea. The pulse of the universe beats in an alternate expansion and contraction. The result is a series of cycles, in which history repeats itself. Plato contemplates a world-cycle of 36,000 solar years, during which the Creator guides the course of events; after which he relaxes his hold of the machine, and a period of the same length follows during which the world gradually degenerates. When this process is complete the Creator restores again the original conditions, and a new cycle begins. Aristotle thinks that all the arts and sciences have been discovered and lost "an infinite number of times." Virgil in the Fourth Ecologue tries to please Augustus by predicting the near approach of a new Golden Age, which, he says, is now due. This doctrine of recurrence is not popular to-day; but

whether we like it or not, no other view of the macrocosm is even tenable. Even if those physicists are right who hold that the universe is running down like a clock, that belief postulates a moment in past time when the clock was wound up; and whatever power wound it up once may presumably wind it up again. The doctrine of cycles was held by Goethe, who in reply to Eckermann's remark that "the progress of humanity seems to be a matter of thousands of years," answered:

> Perhaps of millions. Men will become more clever and discerning, but not better or happier, except for limited periods. I see the time coming when God will take no more pleasure in our race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation. I am sure that the time and hour in the distant future are already fixed for the beginning of this epoch. But we can still for thousands of years enjoy ourselves on this dear old playground of ours.

Nietzsche also maintained the law of recurrence, and so did the Danish philosophic theologian Kierkegaard. Shelley's fine poem, "The world's great age begins anew," is based upon it. Still, I must admit that on the whole the ancients did tend to regard time as the enemy: *damnosa quid non imminuit dies?* They would have thought the modern notion of human perfectibility at once absurd and impious.

The Dark Ages knew that they were dark, and we hear little talk about progress during those seven centuries which, as far as we can see, might have been cut out of history without any great loss to posterity. The Middle Ages (which we ought never to confuse with the Dark Ages), though they developed an interesting type of civilization, set their hopes mainly on another world. The Church has never encouraged the belief that this world is steadily improving; the Middle Ages, like the early Christians, would have been quite con-

tent to see the earthly career of the race closed in their own time. Even Roger Bacon, who is claimed as the precursor of modern science, says that all wise men believe that we are not far from the time of Antichrist, which was to be the herald of the end. The Renaissance was a conscious recovery from the longest and dreariest set-back that humanity has ever experienced within the historical period—a veritable glacial age of the spirit. At this time men were too full of admiration and reverence for the newly recovered treasures of antiquity to look forward to the future. In the seventeenth century a doctrine of progress was already in the air, and a long literary battle was waged between the Ancients and the Moderns. But it was only in the eighteenth century that Western Europe began to dream of an approaching millennium without miracle, to be gradually ushered in under the auspices of a faculty which was called Reason. Unlike some of their successors, these optimists believed that perfection was to be attained by the self-determination of the human will; they were not fatalists. In France, the chief home of this heady doctrine, the psychical temperature soon began to rise under its influence, till it culminated in the delirium of the Terror. The Goddess of Reason hardly survived Robespierre and his guillotine; but the belief in progress, which might otherwise have subsided when the French resumed their traditional pursuits—*rem militarem et argute loqui*—was reinforced by the industrial revolution, which was to run a very different course from that indicated by the theatrical disturbances at Paris between 1789 and 1794, the importance of which has perhaps been exaggerated. In England above all, the home of the new industry, progress was regarded (in the words which Mr. Mallock puts into the mouth of a nineteenth-century scientist) as that kind of im-

provement which can be measured by statistics. This was quite seriously the view of the last century generally, and there has never been, nor will there ever be again, such an opportunity for gloating over this kind of improvement. The mechanical inventions of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, Stephenson, and others led to an unparalleled increase of population. Exports and imports also progressed, in a favorite phrase of the time, by leaps and bounds. Those who, like Malthus, sounded a note of warning, showing that population increases, unlike the supply of food, by geometrical progression, were answered that compound interest follows the same admirable law. It was obvious to many of our grandparents that a nation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve, and that, as Glanvill had already declared in the reign of Charles II, we owe more gratitude to the inventor of the mariner's compass "than to a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars, or to ten times the number of Aristotles." The historians of the time could not contain their glee in recording these triumphs. Only the language of religion seemed appropriate in contemplating so magnificent a spectacle. If they had read Herder, they would have quoted with approval his prediction that "the flower of humanity, captive still in its germ, will blossom out one day into the true form of man like unto God, in a state of which no man on earth can imagine the greatness and the majesty." Determinism was much in vogue by this time; but why should determinism be a depressing creed? The law which we cannot escape is the blessed law of progress—"that kind of improvement that can be measured by statistics." We had only to thank our stars for placing us in such an environment, and to carry out energetically the course of development which Nature has

prescribed for us, and to resist which would be at once impious and futile.

Thus the superstition of progress was firmly established. To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. The superstition of progress had the singular good fortune to enslave at least three philosophies—those of Hegel, of Comte, and of Darwin. The strange thing is that none of these philosophies is really favorable to the belief which it was supposed to support. Leaving for the present the German and the French thinkers, we observe with astonishment that many leading men in Queen Victoria's reign found it possible to use the great biological discovery of Darwin to tyrannize over the minds of their contemporaries, to give their blessing to the economic and social movements of their time, and to unite determinism with teleology in the highly edifying manner to which I have already referred. Scientific optimism was no doubt rampant before Darwin. For example, Herschel says: "Man's progress toward a higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the very last existence of history." But Herbert Spencer asserts the perfectibility of man with an assurance which makes us gasp. "Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." "The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain —as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith; for instance, that all men will die." "Always toward perfection is the mighty movement—toward a complete development and a more unmixed good."

It has been pointed out by Mr. Bradley that these apocalyptic prophecies have nothing whatever to do with Darwinism. If we take the so-called doctrine of evolution in Nature

as a metaphysics of existence, which Darwin never intended it to be, "there is in the world nothing like value, or good, or evil. Anything implying evolution, in the ordinary sense of development or progress, is wholly rejected." The survival of the fittest does not mean that the most virtuous, or the most useful, or the most beautiful, or even the most complex survive; there is no moral or æsthetic judgment pronounced on the process or any part of it.

Darwinism (Mr. Bradley goes on to say) often recommends itself because it is confused with a doctrine of evolution which is radically different. Humanity is taken in that doctrine as a real being, or even as the one real being; and humanity (it is said) advances continuously. Its history is development and progress toward a goal, because the type and character in which its reality consists is gradually brought more and more into fact. That which is strongest on the whole must therefore be good, and the ideas which come to prevail must therefore be true. This doctrine, though I certainly cannot accept it, for good or evil more or less dominates or sways our minds to an extent of which most of us perhaps are dangerously unaware. Any such view of course conflicts radically with Darwinism, which only teaches that the true idea is the idea which prevails, and this leaves us in the end with no criterion at all.

It may further be suggested that Spencer's optimism depends on the transmissibility of acquired characters; but this is too dangerous a subject for a layman in science to discuss.

Although the main facts of cosmic evolution, and the main course of human history from Pithecanthropus downward, are well known to all my hearers, and to some of them much better than to myself, it may be worth while to recall to you, in bald and colorless language, what science really tells us about the nature and destiny of our species. It is so different from the gay colors of the rhapsodists whom I have just quoted, that we must be amazed that such doctrines should

ever have passed for scientific. Astronomy gives us a picture of a wilderness of space, probably boundless, sparsely sown with aggregations of elemental particles in all stages of heat and cold. These heavenly bodies are in some cases growing hotter, in other cases growing colder; but the fate of every globe must be, sooner or later, to become cold and dead, like the moon. Our sun, from which we derive the warmth which makes our life possible, is, I believe, an elderly star, which has long outlived the turbulent heats of youth, and is on its way to join the most senile class of luminiferous bodies, in which the star 19 Piscium is placed. When a star had once become cold, it must apparently remain dead until some chance collision sets the whole cycle going again. From time to time a great conflagration in the heavens, which occurred perhaps in the seventeenth century, becomes visible from this earth; and we may imagine, if we will, that two great solar systems have been reduced in a moment to incandescent gas. But space is probably so empty that the most pugnacious of astral knights-errant might wander for millions of years without meeting an opponent worthy of its bulk. If time as well as space is infinite, worlds must be born and die innumerable times, however few and far between their periods of activity may be. Of progress, in such a system taken as a whole, there cannot be a trace. Nor can there be any doubt about the fate of our own planet. Man and all his achievements will one day be obliterated like a child's sand-castle when the next tide comes in. Lucretius, who gave us the word progress, has told us our ultimate fate in sonorous lines:

Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora, Memmi,
tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.

The racial life of the species to which we happen to belong is a brief episode even in the brief life of the planet. And what we call civilization or culture, though much older than we used to suppose, is a brief episode in the life of our race. For tens of thousands of years the changes in our habits must have been very slight, and chiefly those which were forced upon our rude ancestors by changes of climate. Then in certain districts man began, as Samuel Butler says, to wish to live beyond his income. This was the beginning of the vast series of inventions which have made our life so complex. And, we used to be told, the "law of all progress is the same, the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations." This is the gospel according to Herbert Spencer. As a universal law of nature it is ludicrously untrue. Some species have survived by becoming more complex, others, like the whole tribe of parasites, by becoming more simple. On the whole, perhaps the parasites have had the best of it. The progressive species have in many cases flourished for a while and then paid the supreme penalty. The living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honor of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the course of history, survive and flourish. The microbe illustrates the wisdom of the maxim, λάθε βιώσας. It took thousands of years to find him out. Our own species, being rather poorly provided by nature for offense and defense, had to live by its wits, and so came to the top. It developed many new needs, and set itself many insoluble problems. Physiologists like Metchnikoff have shown how very ill-adapted our bodies are to the tasks which we impose upon them; and in spite of the Spencerian identification of complexity with progress, our surgeons try to

simplify our structure by forcibly removing various organs which they assure us that we do not need. If we turn to history for a confirmation of the Spencerian doctrine, we find, on the contrary, that civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time. The Hindu and Chinese, after advancing to a certain point, were content to mark time; and they survive. But the Greeks and Romans are gone; and aristocracies everywhere die out. Do we not see to-day the complex organization of the ecclesiastic and college don succumbing before the simple squeezing and sucking apparatus of the profiteer and trade-unionist? If so-called civilized nations show any protracted vitality, it is because they are only civilized at the top. Ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians; we breed our own.

It is also an unproved assumption that the domination of the planet by our own species is a desirable thing, which must give satisfaction to its Creator. We have devastated the loveliness of the world; we have exterminated several species more beautiful and less vicious than ourselves; we have enslaved the rest of the animal creation, and have treated our distant cousins in fur and feathers so badly that beyond doubt, if they were able to formulate a religion, they would depict the Devil in human form. If it is progress to turn the fields and woods of Essex into East and West Ham, we may be thankful that progress is a sporadic and transient phenomenon in history. It is a pity that our biologists, instead of singing pæans to Progress and thereby stultifying their own researches, have not preached us sermons on the sin of racial self-idolatry, a topic which really does arise out of their studies. *L'anthropolatrie, voilà l'ennemi,* is the real ethical motto of biological science, and a valuable contribution to morals.

It was impossible that such shallow optimism as that of Herbert Spencer should not arouse protests from other scientific thinkers. Hartmann had already shown how a system of pessimism, resembling that of Schopenhauer, may be built upon the foundation of evolutionary science. And in this place we are not likely to forget the second Romanes Lecture, when Professor Huxley astonished his friends and opponents alike by throwing down the gauntlet in the face of Nature, and bidding mankind to find salvation by accepting for itself the position which the early Christian writer Hippolytus gives as a definition of the Devil—"he who resists the cosmic process" (ὁ ἀντιτάττων τοῖς κοσμοῖς). The revolt was not in reality so sudden as some of Huxley's hearers supposed. He had already realized that "so far from gradual progress forming any necessary part of the Darwinian creed, it appears to us that it is perfectly consistent with indefinite persistence in one state, or with a gradual retrogression. Suppose, *e. g.*, a return of the glacial period or a spread of polar climatical conditions over the whole globe." The alliance between determinism and optimism was thus dissolved; and as time went on, Huxley began to see in the cosmic process something like a power of evil. The natural process, he told us in this place, has no tendency to bring about the good of mankind. Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. Nature is the realm of tiger-rights; it has no morals and no ought-to-be; its only rights are brutal powers. Morality exists only in the "artificial" moral world: man is a glorious rebel, a Prometheus defying Zeus. This strange rebound into Manicheism sounded like a blasphemy against all the gods whom the lecturer was believed to worship, and half-scandalized even the clerics in his audience. It was bound to raise the question

whether this titanic revolt against the cosmic process had any chance of success. One recent thinker, who accepts Huxley's view that the nature of things is cruel and immoral, is willing to face the probability that we cannot resist it with any prospect of victory. Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his arresting essay, "A Free Man's Worship," shows us Prometheus again, but Prometheus chained to the rock and still hurling defiance against God. He proclaims the moral bankruptcy of naturalism, which he yet holds to be forced upon us.

> That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves, and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

Man belongs to "an alien and inhuman world," alone amid "hostile forces." What is man to do? The God who exists is evil; the God whom we can worship is the creation of our own conscience, and has no existence outside it. The "free man" will worship the latter; and, like John Stuart Mill, "to hell he will go."

If I wished to criticise this defiant pronouncement, which is not without a touch of bravado, I should say that so complete a separation of the real from the ideal is impossible, and that the choice which the writer offers us, of worshiping

a Devil who exists or a God who does not, is no real choice, since we cannot worship either. But my object in quoting from this essay is to show how completely naturalism has severed its alliance with optimism and belief in progress. Professor Huxley and Mr. Russell have sung their palinode and smashed the old gods of their creed. No more proof is needed, I think, that the alleged law of progress has no scientific basis whatever.

But the superstition has also invaded and vitiated our history, our political science, our philosophy, and our religion.

The historian is a natural snob; he sides with the gods against Cato, and approves the winning side. He lectures the vanquished for their wilfulness and want of foresight, sometimes rather prematurely, as when Seeley, looking about for an example of perverse refusal to recognize facts, exclaims "*Sedet, aeternumque sedebit* unhappy Poland!" The nineteenth-century historian was so loath to admit retrogression that he liked to fancy the river of progress flowing underground all through the Dark Ages, and endowed the German barbarians who overthrew Mediterranean civilization with all the manly virtues. If a nation, or a religion, or a school of art dies, the historian explains why it was not worthy to live.

In political science the corruption of the scientific spirit by the superstition of progress has been flagrant. It enables the disputant to overbear questions of right and wrong by confident prediction, a method which has the double advantage of being peculiarly irritating and incapable of refutation. On the theory of progress, what is "coming" must be right. Forms of government and modes of thought which for the time being are not in favor are assumed to have been permanently left behind. A student of history who believed in

cyclical changes and long swings of the pendulum would take a very different and probably much sounder view of contemporary affairs. The votaries of progress mistake the flowing tide for the river of eternity, and when the tide turns they are likely to be left stranded like the corks and scraps of seaweed which mark the high-water line. This has already happened, though few realize it. The praises of Liberty are mainly left to Conservatives, who couple it with Property as something to be defended, and to conscientious objectors, who dissociate it from their country, which is not to be defended. Democracy—the magic ballot-box—has few worshipers any longer except in America, where men will still shout for about two hours—and indeed much longer—that she is "great." But our pundits will be slow to surrender the useful words "progressive" and "reactionary." The classification is, however, a little awkward. If a reactionary is any one who will not float with the stream, and a progressive any one who has the flowing tide with him, we must classify the Christian Fathers and the French Encyclopedists as belonging to the same type, the progressive; while the Roman Stoics under the Empire and the Russian bureaucrats under Nicholas II will be placed together under the opposite title, as reactionaries. Or is the progressive not the supporter of the winning cause for the time being, but the man who thinks, with a distinguished Head of a College who, as I remember, affirmed his principles in Convocation, that "any leap in the dark is better than standing still"; and is the reactionary the man whose constitutional timidity would deter him from performing this act of faith when caught by a mist on the Matterhorn? Machiavelli recognizes fixed types of human character, such as the cautious Fabius and the impetuous Julius II, and observes that these qualities lead some-

times to success and sometimes to failure. If a reactionary only means an adherent of political opinions which we happen to dislike, there is no reason why a bureaucrat should not call a republican a reactionary, as Mæcenas may have applied the name to Brutus and Cassuis. Such examples of evolution as that which turned the Roman Republic into a principate and then into an empire of the Asiatic type, are inconvenient for those who say "It is coming," and think that they have vindicated the superiority of their own theories of government.

We have next to consider the influence of the superstition of progress on the philosophy of the last century. To attempt such a task in this place is a little rash, and to prove the charge in a few minutes would be impossible even for one much better equipped than I am. But something must be said. Hegel and Comte are often held to have been the chief advocates of the doctrine of progress among philosophers. Both of them give definitions of the word—a very necessary thing to do, and I have not yet attempted to do it. Hegel defines progress as spiritual freedom; Comte as true or positive social philosophy. The definitions are peculiar; and neither theory can be made to fit past history, though that of Comte, at any rate, falls to the ground if it does not fit past history. Hegel is perhaps more independent of facts; his predecessor Fichte professes to be entirely indifferent to them. "The philosopher," he says, "follows the *a priori* thread of the world-plan which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history, it is not to prove anything, since his theses are already proved independently of all history." Certainly, Hegel's dialectical process cannot easily be recognized in the course of European events; and, what is more fatal to the believers in a law of progress who appeal to him, he

does not seem to have contemplated any further marked improvements upon the political system of Prussia in his own time, which he admired so much that his critics have accused him of teaching that the Absolute first attained full self-consciousness at Berlin in the nineteenth century. He undoubtedly believed that there has been progress in the past; but he does not, it appears, look forward to further changes; as a politician, at any rate, he gives us something like a closed system. Comte can only bring his famous "three stages" into history by arguing that the Catholic monotheism of the Middle Ages was an advance upon Pagan antiquity. A Catholic might defend such a thesis with success; but for Comte the chief advantage seems to be that the change left the Olympians with only one neck for Positive Philosophy to cut off. But Comte himself is what his system requires us to call a reactionary; he is back in his "theological stage"; he would like a theocracy, if he could have one without a God. The State is to be subordinate to the Positive Church, and he will allow "no unlimited freedom of thought." The connection of this philosophy with the doctrine of progress seems very slender. It is not so easy to answer the question in the case of Hegel, because his contentment with the Prussian government may be set down to idiosyncrasy or to prudence; but it is significant that some of his ablest disciples have discarded the belief. To say that "the world is as it ought to be" does not imply that it goes on getting better, though some would think it was not good if it was not getting better. It is hard to believe that a great thinker really supposed that the universe as a whole is progressing, a notion which Mr. Bradley has stigmatized as "nonsense, unmeaning or blasphemous." Mr. Bradley may perhaps be interpreting Hegel rightly when he says that for a philosopher "progress can never have any

temporal sense," and explains that a perfect philosopher would see the whole world of appearance as a "progress," by which he seems to mean only a rearrangement in terms of ascending and descending value and reality. But it might be objected that to use "progress" in this sense is to lay a trap for the unwary. Mathematicians undoubtedly talk of progress, or rather of progression, without any implication of temporal sequence; but outside this science to speak of "progress without any temporal sense" is to use a phrase which some would call self-contradictory. Be that as it may, popularized Hegelianism has laid hold of the idea of a self-improving universe, or perpetual and universal progress, in a strictly temporal sense. The notion of an evolving and progressing cosmos, with a Creator who is either improving himself (though we do not put it quite so crudely) or who is gradually coming into his own, has taken strong hold of the popular imagination. The latter notion leads straight to ethical dualism of the Manichean type. The theory of a single purpose in the universe seems to me untenable. Such a purpose, being infinite, could never be accomplished. The theory condemns both God and man to the doom of Tantalus. Mr. Bradley is quite right in finding this belief incompatible with Christianity.

It would not be possible, without transgressing the limits set for lecturers on this foundation, to show how the belief in a law of progress has prejudicially affected the religious beliefs of our time. I need only recall to you the discussions whether the perfect man could have lived in the first, and not in the nineteenth or twentieth century—although one would have thought that the ancient Greeks, to take one nation only, have produced many examples of hitherto unsurpassed genius; the secularization of religion by throwing its ideals

into the near future—a new apocalyptism which is doing mischief enough in politics without the help of the clergy; and the unauthorized belief in future probation, which rests on the queer assumption that, if a man is given time enough, he must necessarily become perfect. In fact, the superstition which is the subject of this lecture has distorted Christianity almost beyond recognition. Only one great Church, old in worldly wisdom, knows that human nature does not change, and acts on the knowledge. Accordingly, the papal syllabus of 1864 declares: *"Si quis dixerit: Romanus pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere, anathema sit."*

Our optimists have not made it clear to themselves or others what they mean by progress, and we may suspect that the vagueness of the idea is one of its attractions. There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength; the ancient Greeks were, I suppose, handsomer and better formed than we are; and some unprogressive races, such as the Zulus, Samoans, and Tahitians, are envied by Europeans for either strength or beauty. Although it seems not to be true that the sight and hearing of civilized peoples are inferior to those of savages, we have certainly lost our natural weapons, which from one point of view is a mark of degeneracy. Mentally, we are now told that the men of the Old Stone Age, ugly as most of them must have been, had as large brains as ours; and he would be a bold man who should claim that we are intellectually equal to the Athenians or superior to the Romans. The question of moral improvement is much more difficult. Until the Great War few would have disputed that civilized man had

become much more humane, much more sensitive to the sufferings of others, and so more just, more self-controlled, and less brutal in his pleasures and in his resentments. The habitual honesty of the Western European might also have been contrasted with the rascality of inferior races in the past and present. It was often forgotten that, if progress means the improvement of human nature itself, the question to be asked is whether the modern civilized man behaves better in the same circumstances than his ancestor would have done. Absence of temptation may produce an appearance of improvement; but this is hardly what we mean by progress, and there is an old saying that the Devil has a clever trick of pretending to be dead. It seems to me very doubtful whether when we are exposed to the same temptations we are more humane or more sympathetic or juster or less brutal than the ancients. Even before this war, the examples of the Congo and Putumayo, and American lynchings, proved that contact with barbarians reduces many white men to the moral condition of savages; and the outrages committed on the Chinese after the Boxer rebellion showed that even a civilized nation cannot rely on being decently treated by Europeans if its civilization is different from their own. During the Great War, even if some atrocities were magnified with the amiable object of rousing a good-natured people to violent hatred, it was the well-considered opinion of Lord Bryce's commission that no such cruelties had been committed for three hundred years as those which the Germans practised in Belgium and France. It was startling to observe how easily the blood-lust was excited in young men straight from the fields, the factory, and the counter, many of whom had never before killed anything larger than a wasp, and that in self-defense. As for the Turks, we must go back to Geng-

his Khan to find any parallel to their massacres in Armenia; and the Russian terrorists have reintroduced torture into Europe, with the help of Chinese experts in the art. With these examples before our eyes, it is difficult to feel any confidence that either the lapse of time or civilization has made the *bête humaine* less ferocious. On biological grounds there is no reason to expect it. No selection in favor of superior types is now going on; on the contrary, civilization tends now, as always, to an *Ausrottung der Besten*—a weeding-out of the best; and the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle. The best hope of stopping this progressive degeneration is in the science of eugenics. But this science is still too tentative to be made the basis of legislation, and we are not yet agreed what we should breed for. The two ideals, that of the perfect man and that of the perfectly organized State, would lead to very different principles of selection. Do we want a nation of beautiful and moderately efficient Greek gods, or do we want human mastiffs for policemen, human greyhounds for postmen, and so on? However, the opposition which eugenics has now to face is based on less respectable grounds, such as pure hedonism ("would the superman be any happier?"); indifference to the future welfare of the race ("posterity has done nothing for me; why should I do anything for posterity?"); and, in politics, the reflection that the unborn have no votes.

We have, then, been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gives us any warrant for believing that humanity has advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience and the instruments of living. The value of these accumulations is not beyond dispute. Attacks upon civilization have been frequent, from Crates, Pherecrates,

Antisthenes, and Lucretius, in antiquity to Rosseau, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, and Edward Carpenter in modern times. I cannot myself agree with these extremists. I believe that the accumulated experience of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value. I only point out that they do not constitute real progress in human nature itself, and that in the absence of any real progress these gains are external, precarious, and liable to be turned to our own destruction, as new discoveries in chemistry may easily be.

But it is possible to approach the whole question of progress from another side, and from this side the results will not be quite the same, and may be more encouraging. We have said that there can be no progress in the macrocosm, and no single purpose in a universe which has neither beginning nor end in time. But there may be an infinite number of finite purposes, some much greater and others much smaller than the span of an individual life; and within each of these some Divine thought may be working itself out, bringing some life or series of lives, some nation or race or species, to that perfection which is natural to it—what the Greeks called its "nature." The Greeks saw no contradiction between this belief and the theory of cosmic cycles, and I do not think that there is any contradiction. It may be that there is an immanent teleology which is shaping the life of the human race toward some completed development which has not yet been reached. To advocate such a theory seems like going back from Darwin to Lamarck; but "vitalism," if it be heresy, is a very vigorous and obstinate one; we can hardly dismiss it as unscientific. The possibility that such a development is going on is not disproved by the slowness of the change within the historical period. Progress in the re-

cent millennia seems to us to have been external, precarious, and disappointing. But let this last adjective give us pause. By what standard do we pronounce it disappointing, and who gave us this standard? This disappointment has been a constant phenomenon, with a very few exceptions. What does it mean? Have those who reject the law of progress taken it into account? The philosophy of naturalism always makes the mistake of leaving human nature out. The climbing instinct of humanity, and our discontent with things as they are, are facts which have to be accounted for, no less than the stable instincts of nearly all other species. We all desire to make progress, and our ambitions are not limited to our own lives or our lifetimes. It is part of our nature to aspire and hope; even on biological grounds this instinct must be assumed to serve some function. The first Christian poet, Prudentius, quite in the spirit of Robert Browning, names Hope as the distinguishing characteristic of mankind.

Nonne hominum et pecudum distantia separat una?
quod bona quadrupedum ante oculos sita sunt, ego contra spero.

We must consider seriously what this instinct of hope means and implies in the scheme of things.

It is of course possible to dismiss it as a fraud. Perhaps this was the view most commonly held in antiquity. Hope was regarded as a gift of dubious value, an illusion which helps us to endure life, and a potent spur to action; but in the last resort an *ignis fatuus*. A Greek could write for his tombstone:

> I've entered port. Fortune and Hope, adieu!
> Make game of others, for I've done with you.

And Lord Brougham chose this epigram to adorn his villa at Cannes. So for Schopenhauer hope is the bait by which Nature gets her hook in our nose, and induces us to serve her

purposes, which are not our own. This is pessimism, which, like optimism, is a mood, not a philosophy. Neither of them needs refutation, except for the adherent of the opposite mood; and these will never convince each other, for the same arguments are fatal to both. If our desires are clearly contrary to the nature of things, of which we are a part, it is our wisdom and our duty to correct our ambitions, and, like the Bostonian Margaret Fuller, to decide to "accept the universe." "Gad! she'd better," was Carlyle's comment on this declaration. The true inference from Nature's law of vicarious sacrifice is not that life is a fraud, but that selfishness is unnatural. The pessimist cannot condemn the world except by a standard which he finds somewhere, if only in his own heart; in passing sentence upon it he affirms an optimism which he will surrender to any appearances.

The ancients were not pessimists; but they distrusted Hope. I will not follow those who say that they succumbed to the barbarians because they looked back instead of forward; I do not think it is true. If the Greeks and Romans had studied chemistry and metallurgy instead of art, rhetoric, and law, they might have discovered gunpowder and poison gas and kept the Germans north of the Alps. But St. Paul's deliberate verdict on pagan society, that it "had no hope," cannot be lightly set aside. No other religion, before Christianity, ever erected hope into a moral virtue. "We are saved by hope," was a new doctrine when it was pronounced. The later Neoplatonists borrowed St. Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Love, adding truth as a fourth. Hopefulness may have been partly a legacy from Judaism; but it was much more a part of the intense spiritual vitality which was disseminated by the new faith. In an isolated but extremely interesting passage St. Paul extends his hope of "redemption

into the glorious liberty of the children of God" to the "whole creation" generally. In the absence of any explanation or parallel passages it is difficult to say what vision of cosmic deliverance was in his mind. Students of early Christian thought must be struck by the vigor of hope in the minds of men, combined with great fluidity in the forms or moulds into which it ran. After much fluctuation, it tended to harden as belief in a supermundane future, a compromise between Jewish and Platonic eschatology, since the Jews set their hopes on a terrestrial future, the Platonists on a supermundane present. Christian philosophers still inclined to the Platonic faith, while popular belief retained the apocalyptic Jewish ideas under the form of Millenarianism. Religion has oscillated between these two types of belief ever since, and both have suffered considerably by being vulgarized. In times of disorder and decadence, the Platonic ideal world, materialized into a supraterrestrial physics and geography, has tended to prevail; in times of crass prosperity and intellectual confidence the Jewish dream of a kingdom of the saints on earth has been coarsened into promises of "a good time coming." At the time when we were inditing the pæans to Progress which I quoted near the beginning of my lecture, we were evolving a Deuteronomic religion for ourselves even more flattering than the combination of determinism with optimism which science was offering at the same period. We almost persuaded ourselves that the words "the meek-spirited shall possess the earth" were a prophecy of the expansion of England.

It is easy to criticise the forms which Hope has assumed. But the Hope which has generated them is a solid fact, and we have to recognize its indomitable tenacity and power of taking new shapes. The belief in a law of progress, which

I have criticised so unmercifully, is one of these forms; and if I am not mistaken, it is nearly worn out. Disraeli in his detached way said, "The European talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." It would not be easy to sum up better the achievements of the nineteenth century, which will be always remembered as the century of accumulation and expansion. It was one of the great ages of the world; and its greatness was bound up with that very idea of progress which, in the crude forms which it usually assumed, we have seen to be an illusion. It was a strenuous, not a self-indulgent age. The profits of industry were not squandered, but turned into new capital, providing new markets and employment for more labor. The nation, as an aggregate, increased in wealth, numbers, and power every day; and public opinion approved this increase, and the sacrifices which it involved. It was a great century; there were giants in the earth in those days; I have no patience with the pygmies who gird at them. But, as its greatest and most representative poet said:

> God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The mould in which the Victorian age cast its hopes is broken. There is no law of progress; and the gains of that age now seem to some of us to have been purchased too high, or even to be themselves of doubtful value. In Clough's fine poem, beginning "Hope evermore and believe, O man," a poem in which the ethics of Puritanism find their perfect expression, the poet exhorts us:

Go! say not in thine heart, And what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?

But this question, which the blind Puritan asceticism resolutely thrust on one side, has begun to press for an answer. It had begun to press for an answer before the great cataclysm, which shattered the material symbols of the cult which for a century and a half had absorbed the chief energies of mankind. Whether our wide-spread discontent is mainly caused, as I sometimes think, by the unnatural conditions of life in large towns, or by the decay of the ideal itself, is not easy to say. In any case, the gods of Queen Victoria's reign are no longer worshipped. And I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing in thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his "Isle of the Penguins," when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying. We shall have added something to our experience. Fontenelle exclaimed, "How many foolish things we should say now, if the ancients had not said them all before us!" Fools are not so much afraid of plagiarism as this Frenchman supposed; but it is true that *Eventu rerum stolidi didicere magistro.*

There is much to support the belief that there is a struggle for existence among ideas, and that those tend to prevail which correspond with the changing needs of humanity. It

does not necessarily follow that the ideas which prevail are better morally, or even truer to the law of Nature, than those which fail. Life is so chaotic, and development so sporadic and one-sided, that a brief and brilliant success may carry with it the seeds of its own early ruin. The great triumphs of humanity have not come all at once. Architecture reached its climax in an age otherwise barbarous; Roman law was perfected in a dismal age of decline; and the nineteenth century, with its marvels of applied science, has produced the ugliest of all civilizations. There have been notable flowering times of the Spirit of Man—Ages of Pericles, Augustan Ages, Renaissances. The laws which determine these efflorescences are unknown. They may depend on undistinguished periods when force is being stored up. So in individual greatness, the wind bloweth where it listeth. Some of our greatest may have died unknown, *"carent quia vate sacro."* Emerson indeed tells us that:

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The careless world has never lost.

But I should like to know how Emerson obtained this information. The World has not always been "careless" about its inspired prophets; it has often, as Faust remarks, burnt or crucified them, before they have delivered all their message. The activities of the Race-Spirit have been quite unaccountable. It has stumbled along blindly, falling into every possible pitfall.

The laws of Nature neither promise progress nor forbid it. We could do much to determine our own future; but there has been no consistency about our aspirations, and we have frequently followed false lights, and been disillusioned as much by success as by failure. The well-known law that all

institutions carry with them the seeds of their own dissolution is not so much an illustration of the law of cyclical revolution, as a proof that we have been carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine. What we need is a fixed and absolute standard of values, that we may know what we want to get and whither we want to go. It is no answer to say that all values are relative and ought to change. Some values are not relative but absolute. Spiritual progress must be within the sphere of a reality which is not itself progressing, or for which, in Milton's grand words, "progresses the dateless and irrevoluble circle of its own perfection, joining inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever." Assuredly there must be advance in our apprehension of the ideal, which can never be fully realized because it belongs to the eternal world. We count not ourselves to have apprehended in aspiration any more than in practice. As Nicolas of Cusa says: "To be able to know ever more and more without end, this is our likeness to the eternal Wisdom. Man always desires to know better what he knows, and to love more what he loves; and the whole world is not sufficient for him, because it does not satisfy his craving for knowledge." But since our object is to enter within the realm of unchanging perfection, finite and relative progress cannot be our ultimate aim, and such progress, like everything else most worth having, must not be aimed at too directly. Our ultimate aim is to live in the knowledge and enjoyment of the absolute values, Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. If the Platonists are right, we shall shape our surroundings more effectively by this kind of idealism than by adopting the creed and the methods of secularism. I have suggested that our disappointments have been very largely due to the unworthiness of our ideals, and to the confused manner in which we have set

them before our minds. The best men and women do not seem to be subject to this confusion. So far as they can make their environment, it is a society immensely in advance of anything which has been realized among mankind generally.

If any social amelioration is to be hoped for, its main characteristic will probably be simplification rather than further complexity. This, however, is not a question which can be handled at the end of a lecture.

Plato says of his ideal State that it does not much matter whether it is ever realized on earth or not. The type is laid up in heaven, and approximations to it will be made from time to time, since all living creatures are drawn upwards toward the source of their being. It does not matter very much, if he was right in believing—as we too believe—in human immortality. And yet it does matter; for unless our communing with the eternal Ideas endows us with some creative virtue, some power which makes itself felt upon our immediate environment, it cannot be that we have made those Ideas in any sense our own. There is no alchemy by which we may get golden conduct out of leaden instincts—so Herbert Spencer told us very truly; but if our ideas are of gold, there is an alchemy which will transmute our external activities, so that our contributions to the spiritual temple may be no longer "wood, hay, and stubble," to be destroyed in the next conflagration, but precious and durable material.

For individuals, then, the path of progress is always open; but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon on the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at first. There will never be a crowd gathered round this gate; "few there be that find it." For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble aspiration. We have no mil-

lennium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or wide-spread retrogression. There will be new types of achievement which will enrich the experience of the race; and from time to time, in the long vista which science seems to promise us, there will be new flowering-times of genius and virtue, not less glorious than the age of Sophocles or the age of Shakespeare. They will not merely repeat the triumphs of the past, but will add new varieties to the achievements of the human mind.

Whether the human type itself is capable of further physical, intellectual, or moral improvement, we do not know. It is safe to predict that we shall go on hoping, though our recent hopes have ended in disappointment. Our lower ambitions partly succeed and partly fail, and never wholly satisfy us; of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots.

APPENDIX

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